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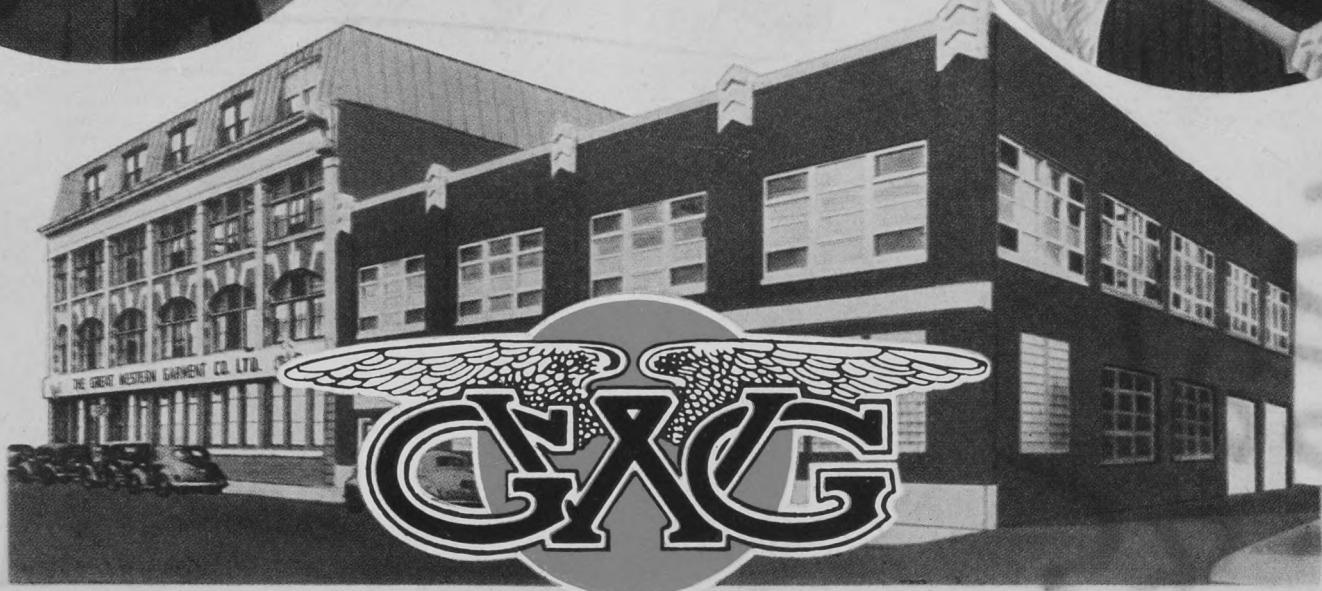


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Affairs of the Sunset Province

Among other things an election is looming up

By CHAS. L. SHAW

THE political prophets are predicting a provincial election in late October or early November and probably by the time this appears in print Premier John Hart will have made the official announcement.

It will be an interesting election whenever it is held, for there are a host of postwar problems to provide the major issues. The old-line parties have decided to sink their traditional differences once again and to make their fight as a coalition, even though a few die-hards may be expected to bolt the traces and run as independents. The main opposition, of course, will be provided by young Harold Winch's C.C.F. group which has taken heart from the recent British election and which is also encouraged by the general swing towards the left, as indicated by the rise of new federal social legislation—the baby bonus, and so on.

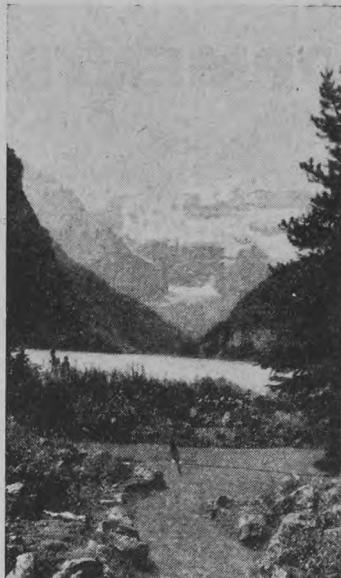
Just what the coalition will choose as the emphatic rallying cry remains to be seen, but it seems likely that John Hart will appeal on his record, which happens to have been a very good one, all things considered. He has maintained the credit position of the province, which, of course, was not particularly difficult in view of boom-time war industry. He has shown an alertness to the special conditions which prevail in British Columbia and make its requirements just a little different from those of the other provinces.

By the time the next session of the legislature is called the government will have in its hands the report of the Sloan royal commission on forestry, and this will probably point the way to a new deal in forest management. Conceivably the report might be ready before the election, in which event the coalition government might include some of its recommendations in the election platform.

Searching For An Issue

But forestry, for all its importance, is not expected to provide a fighting issue to arouse much enthusiasm. More probable it is that the government will announce some departure in the public utilities field or in highway construction, for these are issues that not only affect everyone more or less directly but they are definitely controversial. If the government launches a huge highway building program it will certainly win popularity in many sections, for road construction is long overdue, especially the type of road construction that provides a first-class link between the settled communities and between British Columbia and adjacent provinces and states. The government's stand on public utilities has already been declared. It has taken over some of the smaller companies in order to provide cheaper and more power for farming and other rural areas. It has announced that it will go ahead with the harnessing of Campbell River waterpower.

There is another major issue—the good old Pacific Great Eastern Railway which seems to bob up in new guise for almost every election ever since the days of Sir Richard McBride and



"Honest John" Oliver, which were a long, long time ago.

Premier Hart has been trying to dispose of the P.G.E., which has been owned by the government ever since the private company and contractors failed during the first Great War. He would like to sell it to the C.P.R. or C.N.R.; failing that he might make a deal with American interests or even embark on an ambitious extension program and build the railroad clear into the Peace River country. This might yet furnish the No. 1 campaign issue of the coming election.

For farmers in the Okanagan, Fraser valley and other areas in British Columbia one of the most serious incidents of the past month was the strike of workers at the American Can Co. plant in Vancouver. As this company is the only producer of cans in the province and the strike was called at the peak of the canning season, it looked for a while as though the losses would be staggering for the fruit and vegetable packers. Several small packing plants did have to close up and a fairly large quantity of vegetables was left in the fields; but cans were moved through the picket lines to save the pea crop and while the fourteen-day tieup caused a great deal of inconvenience and much anxiety the actual loss in tonnage may not be critical. The dispute has not yet been settled. The federal government took over the plant and appointed Mr. Justice S. E. Richards of Winnipeg to make a full investigation. The union demanded recognition; the company declined.

Veterans on the Land

Veterans of World War II with a desire to settle on the land are making their dreams come true in British Columbia, although it is still too early to present an over-all picture of the resettlement situation.

In the Fraser valley tenant farmers who rented the strawberry fields previously cultivated by the evacuated Japanese have been notified that ex-servicemen have a prior claim to this land and that they must move off. Presumably there will be plenty of ex-soldiers and sailors to occupy this potentially rich countryside.

Surveyors have pegged off some 4,000 acres in the East Lillooet country for veterans, and the Soldiers Settlement Board may provide irrigation for the flat lands there. It is estimated that 500 soldier families could be settled there if the water is available.

This is just one indication of the future possibilities for settlement. The province offered 1,000,000 acres for settlement provided that Ottawa provided the means of developing it. Up till now Ottawa has hesitated to accept.

Termination of the war with Japan has provided many thousands of potential farm laborers as well as given many ex-farmers an opportunity to return to the kind of life they love. With more men for the farms and the likelihood of a continuing demand for all they can produce, agriculture in the west coast province should be in for a prosperous period.

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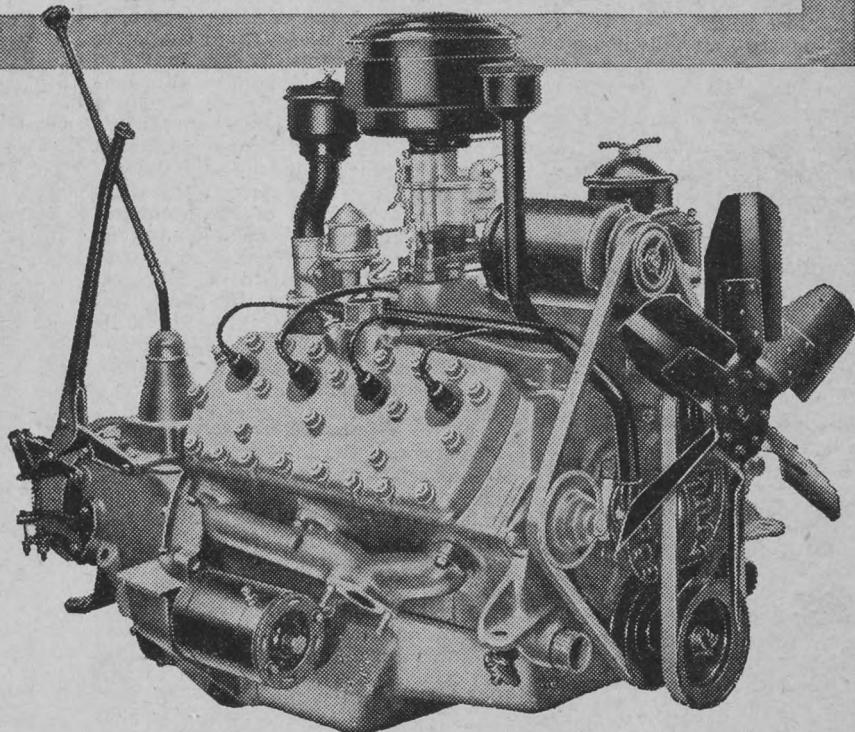
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The Closing Scene

THE war moved into an awesome climax as the last of the Big Three Aggressors submissively signed the documents of surrender. The bloodshed ceased as the echoes of the atomic bombs died away. Twice the Japanese had approached Russia to pave the way for an end of hostilities. The relentless grip of fate was closing around them, but still they clung to the idea of a negotiated peace. Their appeal was in vain. Unconditional surrender had been decreed for all the aggressors at Casablanca and again for Japan at Potsdam.

But the new engine of destruction changed their minds abruptly. They sued for peace. It was not exactly an unconditional surrender, but unconditional surrender with a rider attached. They wanted their emperor retained. It wasn't such a bad idea at that, because he was the only authority which could call off the Jap war hyenas on the far-scattered fronts. He is also the religious head of the Japs, which is something else again. And so the rider was accepted by the conquerors.

Then followed the sour symphony. The Japs laid down a barrage of verbiage. They were in an ugly mood and they wanted to be difficult. In a few days they sent about half a hundred messages to MacArthur. They stalled and explained that bad weather made it difficult to get the word of surrender to the by-passed islands. If such and such were done, it might cause an incident. They warned that reconnaissance planes should keep out of Jap skies. MacArthur had told them to send the first peace mission in white planes marked with green crosses. They arrived in white planes marked with black crosses. They arrived later than ordered. Then a typhoon or two came along to further delay proceedings. It all took time, like getting two fighting dogs apart.

The Climax

FINALLY the closing scenes of the Totalitarian War were enacted. The mightiest armada that ever assembled on this planet steamed into the outer and inner harbors of Tokyo. It trained its guns on the city. Airborne troops occupied nearby landing fields. Mac-

Arthur arrived in an airplane named Bataan. On the Missouri, launched two years after Pearl Harbor, the representatives of the nations assembled. Overhead an umbrella of bombers and fighters, thousands of them, filled the sky. No need to describe the impressive ceremony. The world, through radio, had a seat on the stage as the frock-coated, white-spotted, top hatted emissaries of Japan signed when and where they were told. The only hitch was when the Canadian representative botched his signature.

When Germany surrendered she had no government. The articles of submission were signed by the High Command. But Japan has a government, for the Japanese, though defeated, are not utterly crushed. Their navy and air force have been annihilated but their army thinks this is a recess. Allies Nations, however, will not negligently allow the military caste of Japan to repeat the performance of the Prussian war lords.

The greatest of all wars has ended. It has been won at a price, as all wars are. Its cost was symbolized by the young American soldier, found face down, dead on an island beachhead, ten thousand miles from home. In his pocket they found a book he had been reading. The book was entitled, "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay."

A Busy Summer

TIME hasn't been marching past with leaden feet this summer. It has been roaring past like an avalanche or a typhoon. Think of it! On April 21 the Russians battered their way into Berlin. On April 25 the delegates of 46 countries met in San Francisco. On April 26 the American and Russian forces met.

Then came May. On the 1st it was reported that Adolf Hitler had perished in burning Berlin and neither hide nor hair of him has been seen since. A week later the German High Command signed the armistice terms of unconditional surrender. Only another week passed when a mighty assault was launched on Japan and a rain of fire continued to descend on the home islands from then on.

June saw the completion of the conquest of Okinawa, and the signing of the San Francisco charter. The hail of

steel on Japan intensified. In Germany the rounding up of war criminals continued. In Canada an election was held.

July was a momentous month. On the fifth, the British went to the polls. On the 17 the Big Three first met at Potsdam. On the 26 the announcement was made that, for the first time in the history of Britain, the Socialist Party had won a clear victory. The second one of the great war leaders was removed from the international scene.

But August eclipsed the other months. It was only two days old when from Potsdam came word that the Big Three powers had decreed that Germany, which had twice challenged the world in our time, had been sentenced to military impotence. Then came August 6, perhaps the most momentous date in history, for that day saw the announcement of the atomic bomb. Two days later Russia declared war on Japan, in complete fulfillment, to the hour, of her promise at Potsdam. On the 10th Japan sued for peace. When the month closed MacArthur was on Japanese soil and September was only two days old when Japan signed the surrender documents. The second World War had run its course. If it is not the last world war, it is the second last. Civilization in anything like the form we know it, would not survive a war in which a two-man airplane could carry enough lethal power to utterly obliterate a city the size of London or New York.

government wasn't going to start another civil war there, though it would look with favor on a change of regime by the Spanish people. He told the Greeks to quit their political squabbling and get down to business. He advised the exiled Poles to go home and help build up their country. He denied the Yugoslav charges that Slav speaking Greeks were being mistreated in northern Greece and he admonished people in liberated countries not to lie down and rely on the Allied Nations for continuous support.

But when he came to the Balkans he electrified the capitals. In occupied countries generally the backbone of the resistance movements was the communists. They had the necessary organization, discipline and martyr complex. It was the communists particularly which Bevin had in mind when he said that conditions in liberated countries today made them a happy hunting ground for men seeking political power. He can talk straighter turkey to Russia than Churchill could because he is a socialist. But being a socialist and not a communist, he abhors totalitarianism, with its one party system, controlled press and radio and secret police. He wants free, secret and democratic elections. He therefore told the Russians, in effect, that when they came to the international conference table it should not be with accomplished facts in regard to other countries. Nor was one form of totalitarianism to be superseded by another form. It was time, he said, that the overworked word democracy should be defined. In this his remarks were beamed at Bulgaria, Romania and Hungary, and through them to Russia, in whose sphere of influence they lie. The United States, about the same time protested against the kind of an election which was being pulled off in Bulgaria. The result of this cross fire was that the election was postponed, so that the Bulgarians can practise the democracy they were promised at Yalta.

Bevin's Foreign Policy

AFTER Foreign Minister Bevin's speech in parliament an English paper published a cartoon showing him carrying a suitcase with Anthony Eden's name on it and Atlee smoking a Churchill cigar instead of his favorite pipe. Bevin's outline of the government's foreign policy was greeted with thunderous silence from the government's supporters and warm applause from the Tory benches. But, as an American news analyst remarked, after news analyzing the speech, an Englishman is first of all a citizen of his empire.

The speech from the throne had made no mention of Palestine, Hong Kong, Greece or Spain, all hot spots of foreign policy. But Bevin didn't neglect them. Of Spain he said that its government was its own business. that the British

Harnessing The Critter

IN reviewing some of the leading scientific advances of 1939 this department mentioned the splitting of uranium. The world patiently waited for further news. But none was forthcoming. What had happened to this great scientific achievement? Now the world knows. The researchers didn't stop working, but they stopped talking. The silence was finally broken at 10 a.m., August 6, when the following message was released from the White House: "Sixteen hours ago an American airplane dropped one bomb on Hiroshima . . . That bomb had more power than 20,000 tons of TNT . . . It was an atomic bomb . . . a harnessing of the basic power of the universe."

One of the stories which gained circulation in 1939 was that this new form of uranium was active only in the presence of water. Supposing a bit of it were encased in the side of a pipe, water moving past it would be turned into steam, which could be used to generate power. Cut off the water and it would become inert. Scientists seem now doubtful, however, that it will ever be bought in capsules at the corner drugstore or in Pete's garage.



In the wake of the bomb

The WOLF TRAIL

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU



PART II.

INTO that Gethsemane of physical anguish Dan had flung the last ounce of his strength. He was dimly conscious of being lifted upon the sleigh and being drawn away. But, though the idea hazily crossed his mind that this was the man who had accompanied the girl along the river bed when she came to him upon her murderous errand, though he knew himself to be completely in the Indian's power, and might be on his way to his death, Dan was powerless to move hand or foot.

Nor did he greatly care. The tragedy in the muskeg had for the time broken his spirit, even as it had broken his body. And the affair had been the culmination of days of struggle to reach Lafontaine, which had taxed his powers of resistance to the utmost.

It was a complete physical collapse, and even when the movements of the sleigh stopped, and Dan felt himself being carried into a warm and comfortable interior, he could not arouse himself from his torpor. Unconsciousness became complete, until he opened his eyes to find himself in such strange surroundings that he started up, bewildered, and groping through a haze of confused memories before he realized that he must be in the chateau that he had seen from the other side of the muskeg.

It was mid-day, to judge from the appearance of the sun, which, some distance above the horizon, was casting long slanting rays of light into the room. Dan had been lying upon a mattress that had been placed in front of a large stove, that diffused a comfortable warmth through the long interior.

But the amazing thing was that interior. The long hall was furnished with chairs and tables that must have been transported by sleigh from some point hundreds of miles distant, there were well tanned skins for rugs, there were even two or three pictures on the well-fitted boards of the walls, which, again, must have been brought from some lumber mill. Everything seemed to indicate that this was the home of persons of breeding and refinement.

And yet there was an atmosphere of decrepitude about the interior, too. Dan could see that there was mould here and there, as if the house had long been in disuse. Old cobwebs hung from the rafters, there was the smell of long-closed houses in the air. It was like the ghost of an old seignorial manor house momentarily reincarnated.

As Dan started up, his memories rushing back to him, the Indian came through the doorway. A very old man, with a deeply wrinkled face and snow-white hair, impassive as his race, he moved softly toward Dan, watching him very intently.

"You are feeling better, Monsieur?" he asked in French.

"I'm feeling all right. Where am I?"

"In the chateau on the edge of Lac Sec (Dry Lake), Monsieur."

Dan strode to the window and looked out. He could

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see the mass of limestone on the island, apparently no more than two hundred yards across the muskeg arm, but the cabin itself was hidden among the trees.

"Is Corporal Lafontaine over there?" asked Dan, pointing.

"I do not know, Monsieur."

"You don't know? Is anyone there? A policeman—with a prisoner?"

"I do not know, Monsieur," repeated the Indian stolidly.

Dan could get nothing more out of him than that. He had already discovered that his revolver was gone, but whether the Indian had deprived him of it, or whether it had fallen from his holster during his struggles in the muskeg it was impossible to know.

"Who lives here?"

"It is Mademoiselle Camille, Monsieur."

"I wish to see her."

"She wishes to see you, Monsieur, but she has had to go away."

"When will she be back?"

"I do not know, Monsieur. Perhaps by nightfall."

"Who else lives here?"

"There is nobody else, Monsieur."

DAN was growing more bewildered.

Who was this girl living here alone? That she could be the girl who had tried to murder him in his tent was, of course, unthinkable; and yet—Dan tried to puzzle it out, but the entire situation was unthinkable too, and there was the matter of Lafontaine, which would brook no delay.

"Tell mademoiselle that I thank her for her hospitality," said Dan. "And I realize that I owe my life to you also. I am going to the cabin at the head of the lake. I shall return by evening to pay my respects to mademoiselle."

"There is no way to the cabin, Monsieur."

"But there must be a way. How could that cabin have been built if there is no means of access?"

"There is no way, Monsieur," repeated the Indian in his stolid manner.

"I'm going to find a way," answered Dan.

He stepped out of the chateau. He had half suspected that the Indian would attempt to offer some resistance, but nothing of the sort seemed to be in the old man's mind, and, refusing to burden his mind with any further speculations in the face of the one task that lay before him, Dan made his way down the slope of the little plateau toward the edge of the muskeg.

The rim of the bowl was quite clearly defined. Into this sink for centuries uncounted all the drainage of the great waterways had been carrying down the muck that filled it, so that it resembled a great pit constructed by nature to hold the billions of tons of vegetable refuse that reached to the brim of it, with solid earth about it. It was a veritable lake, a sluggishly moving stream of mire, overflowing at the farther end into the swamps that covered thousands of square miles of territory. Dan could see the little island in front of him, hardly more than a stone's throw away, with the great mass of limestone and the cabin among the trees, but even without the Indian's warning it was obvious that he could not hope to set foot on that moving river of muskeg.

He tossed a stone upon its surface, and it sank immediately, as if in a thick, viscous oil. The whole surface quivered, stirred, and slowly subsided.

Dan made his way along the edge of the swamp to a point immediately opposite the head of the lake. Here, where the cabin was invisible, and the island seemed no more than a hundred yards away, he believed there must be some way of approach.

But again each stone that he tossed into the swamp sank immediately. And for two or three hours Dan moved to and fro, repeating his experiment within a half-circle about the lakehead, but always with the same result.

The sun was dipping into the horizon when he found himself compelled to abandon the attempt as

hopeless. Certainly at one time the muskeg had been bridged, but he realized that it would be a matter of weeks, if not of months, to discover the way.

Unless there came a spell of such bitter weather as would freeze the treacherous surface hard, and of that there was at present no sign at all. The problem seemed insurmountable.

FUMING with anger, Dan returned to the chateau. The Indian had already prepared his evening meal, caribou haunch and amazing coffee. Dan found that he was ravenous. It was not until he had satisfied his appetite that he attempted to question the old man again.

"Mademoiselle Camille?" he asked.

"She awaits you, Monsieur. If you will come this way—"

With a sense of stupefaction Dan followed the Indian through a doorway at the further end of the long hall into another room.

It was almost as large as the hall, but furnished in a still more amazing way. On the floor was a carpet, faded and threadbare, but of a kind that Dan had never seen north of Edmonton. The chairs and tables were of carved wood, the lounge was covered with velour, and on the walls were three or four portraits of men and women, in periuke and military uniforms, in hoops and brocade.

And yet there was the same air of desolation and neglect about the place, as if it had been long closed and abandoned, as if its past had been revived only for the immediate purpose of weaving itself into his own story.

Standing in the centre of the room, under a big hanging lamp, Dan saw the girl!

Dan, looking at her, for the life of him could think of nothing to say to her. He realized that it was by her desire that the old Indian had saved him from death in the muskeg. Death and life seemed to have been tossed from one to the other of them, as one tosses a ball; and here they two stood face to face once more.

But the girl seemed equally at a loss, though she had arranged the interview, and she stood staring at him, a look of haggard wretchedness upon her face.

"Well, we're quits," said Dan at length. "You tried to murder me, and now you've saved me from a worse kind of death. I don't quite get the point of it all, but I suppose it has some meaning to you."

"Yes, we're quits," answered the girl. "You saved my life, and I've saved yours. We owe each other nothing. Perhaps I felt that we had to even up the



score before we could stand in our true relationship toward each other as enemies. But—well, my emotions don't matter. Women change quickly, don't they? I want to know what you are going to do?"

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do," said Dan. "I'm going to cross that strip of muskeg and find what has happened to Corporal Lafontaine. I'm not under any delusion that he's still alive. But I mean to learn what his fate has been. Then I shall come back. I shall learn who you are, and what your part has been in this business. And then I shall bring back La Rue and any one else who is wanted to the law. Did you suppose I meant to abandon my task?"

"You would have abandoned it for ever if I hadn't had Louis drag you from the muskeg," the girl retorted, a spot of vivid red appearing on either cheek. "There is no way to that deserted cabin. You can go no further."

"Listen to me!" Dan felt a sudden flaming anger seize him. "I've lost my dogs, everything—Miska, the best dog I've ever known. You chose to drag me from

Illustrated by

ROBERT RECK

this devilish swamp. Your motives are known to yourself. But I'm going to that cabin."

And Dan felt his eyes grow moist as he thought of that last look Miska had given him. As the muskeg closed over her head she had tried to lick his hands.

"I wish I'd let you die! I wish I'd killed you in your tent!" cried the girl passionately. "I have told you again and again that there's no way over the swamps. That cabin was built before the landslide, twenty years ago."

"But there is a way, and you know what it is," Dan answered. "You're going to guide me there, and you are going to put me on the trail of Alphonse La Rue. I don't know whether you are his wife or not, but I know that you are shielding him, and I believe that Lafontaine has been murdered as Corporal Anderson was murdered."

"Alphonse La Rue?" cried the girl violently. "I told you you were mad. Don't you know that Alphonse La Rue is dead? He died last autumn."

"Your first admission—whether true or false," answered Dan, and again he saw those spots of vivid red flame on the girl's cheeks. "Then you can also tell me as to the fate of Lafontaine. And you're going to answer me. If those wretches have killed him—"

"He's in that cabin," answered the girl sullenly.

"Over there? Alive?"

"Of course he's alive. Policemen have as many lives as a cat, haven't they?"

"Is he maimed? Disabled? No? Then what is he doing there now that La Rue is—as you say—dead? Why is he waiting there? I mean to have the truth."

"He's been waiting for the muskeg to freeze over. He's been waiting there since the spring, like Napoleon on a little St. Helena, and I've been watching him from here. That's funny, isn't it? He got in in the very cold weather last March, and trapped La Rue there. It was clever and daring of him, I grant him that. But he'll have to wait for colder weather than we're having now before he gets out again!"

DAN continued staring at her. Everything that the girl was saying to him seemed a tissue of lies. Suddenly his eyes fell upon her arm, which she had been holding close to her side, under the cloak she had about her shoulders, and he perceived that there was a bandage around it. The under side of the bandage was stained with blood. Dan recalled the blood-stained knife that he had found. And that was evidence enough that she was the woman who had been in his tent, even if the snowshoes had not also pointed to her. Probably it was the Indian, Louis, who had tried to dissuade her from her murderous project, and grappled with her for the knife. Who was she? Jehane La Rue? Who else could she be?

"Listen to me," he said grimly. "You tell me that Corporal Lafontaine has been in that cabin for months, waiting for the muskeg to freeze, and that you have been watching him from here and gloating over his sufferings. Probably you know that he has been suffering from scurvy. Well, I'm going to pay you a compliment by saying that I believe you."

"How dare you!"

Dan smiled. "I'm taking you at your word as to that. But I know there is a way across the muskeg, and you're going to take me there."

"You're threatening me?"

"Exactly. You're going to take me there."

"I know one way. I'm willing to show you that."

"Which way?"

"The way in!" she cried triumphantly. "Not the way out. I'll never show him the way out, nor you either. I'll take you in, and you can join him there. Two members of the police trapped on an island in the muskeg! It will make a pretty story, won't it?" She began laughing, a sort of spasmodic choking that was almost hysteria.

"I mean," she cried, with a sudden, violent gesture, "that Corporal Lafontaine could have saved the life of Alphonse La Rue when he was dying of scurvy, if

he had agreed to let him go. He let him die instead."

"What was Alphonse La Rue to you?" asked Dan.

"He was my husband!"

DAN remained staring at her without uttering a word. So this girl was Jehane La Rue, as he had suspected from the beginning! No, not suspected—known! She could not have been any one else. He had let his mind trick him into the pretense that she might be some one else, but he had known from the first that, as soon as the problem of La Rue and Lafontaine was settled he would have to recognize her for who she was, and—act upon his instructions.

And thus everything became clear to him—her warning, her attempt upon his life, and the reaction of remorse, in which she had saved him from the muskeg, probably in the hope of being able to drive some bargain with him.

She was not utterly base, then. And for those few moments during which Dan continued staring at her, he was conscious of an odd sense of pity for this girl. And this was mingled with a feeling of horror that such a girl as that should be the wife of the notorious outlaw, the cruellest, vilest man who had ever ranged through the north; and that she should herself be wanted by the police upon the charge of murder.

A capital charge! And Canadian law knows no sentimentality. Dan knew as he stood there, looking into her face, which had grown misty, that she was destined to hang for the murder of young Anderson. She would hang, a shapeless, masked thing, with a rope around her neck, in some grim prison yard, and the repulsive thought filled him with pity that she must inevitably come to such an end.

Pity, not only for this girl, but for every man whom

he had ever in the past caught in the meshes of the law.

For the first time in his career Sergeant Dan Keane questioned the value of his calling. But it was only for a few moments. Then came the revulsion. The thought of young Anderson, a boy of twenty-two, whom he had known, foully stabbed to death by this woman while he slept, of the murdered factor, of the crimes that had filled the northland with terror—crimes with which Jehane La Rue's name was linked as well as that of her husband—came as a healthy reagent. It was perhaps the episode of the preceding day that had momentarily shaken the strong soul of the man. Dan became himself again.

And, looking into the girl's face, he was conscious of no pity for her. Rather she seemed like some hideous thing in a beautiful human body, that he must destroy, and would destroy, gladly, in the light of his duty.

But he realized that the girl had been reading more or less of what had passed in his mind.

"You have a warrant for my arrest, Sergeant Keane?" she said quietly.

"I have," Dan answered. He had suspected from the beginning that the warrant, secretly though it had been prepared, was known to that ramifying underworld that was in touch with the police posts everywhere.

"The fact that I have just saved your life means nothing at all to you?"

"So far as my duty is concerned—nothing at all. No more than the fact that you tried to murder me a few hours before."

"Ah, you policeman. You are splendid, magnificent—machines! But still, sometimes in the course of your duty you find it necessary to make a bargain?"

"What bargain?"

"This. Whom do you want more, myself or my husband?"

"Both," answered Dan simply. "When I return, it will be with both of you." The question puzzled him a little, even bothered him. Surely the woman understood that he was not open to any such bargain as the one she seemed to suggest—that he should let her go in return for Alphonse La Rue, who she had said was dead.

Besides, if Lafontaine really had La Rue—

"What I mean is this. If I show you the way across the muskeg—the way in, mind you, not out; if you are blindfolded and led in by me, will you agree to let me go, find your own way out, and capture me later?"

Dan reflected. It was not the sort of proposition that made any sort of appeal to him. But if he refused—Jehane La Rue would mean nothing unless he first relieved Lafontaine, or captured La Rue, in case Lafontaine was dead.

Lafontaine's fate must be cleared up. Dan did not believe a word of what the girl had been saying to him. He could see that she was desperate, willing to forswear herself, do anything to circumvent him.

"I agree to that proposal," answered Dan, after a moment of hesitation.

"You swear not to try to detain me until you have been to the island? Upon your honor as a policeman?"

"I swear it."

"Nor to remove the blindfold? Very well, I'll take you there as soon as it grows light."

IMPATIENT as he was, Dan had to rest content with that. He lay down to rest again in the long hall. He did not know where Jehane—whom the Indian had called Camille—had gone. It was no use trying to watch the front entrance of the building, for there might be a dozen ways of

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With the girl guiding him, Dan move forward. Sometimes she would utter a brief warning.

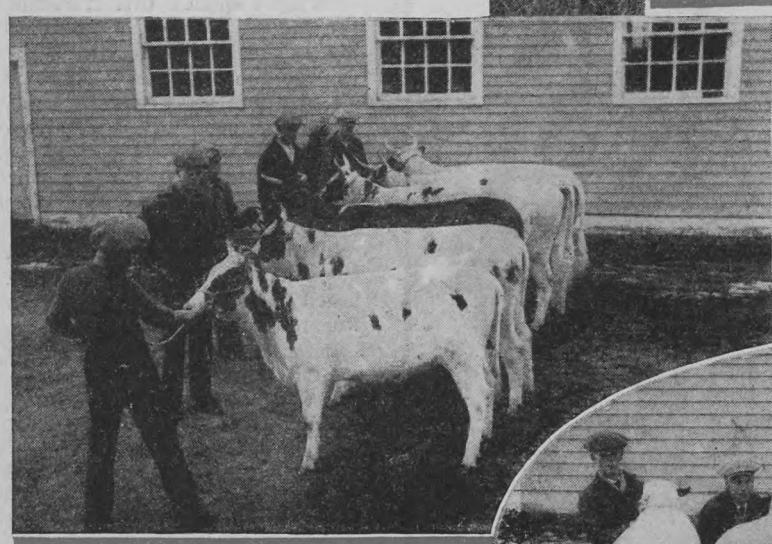
ALBERTA'S SCHOOLS of AGRICULTURE

By H. S. FRY



Principal James Murray, Olds School of Agriculture, with a view of the dormitories, and showing a group of Alberta farm women meeting at the School.

THE biggest industry in Canada has the most problems. There is no doubt of it. In the farming industry of this country there are more than 732,000 separate businesses with an average of not more than about 1.5 male employees for each business. This makes continuity of efficient management an exceedingly difficult condition to secure. Because of the risk involved from climate (a force entirely outside the control of the farmer), credit and finance offer an obstacle more difficult of solution than with most other forms of industry. Because of the peculiar nature of agriculture, too, management experience must be gained within agriculture itself, for the most part, if it is to be successful. Again, and quite apart from repairs and breakdowns, it is utterly impossible to keep farm machinery and equipment working constantly, owing to the seasonal nature of farm work. Moreover, because loss of valuable soil from wind and water ero-



sion and the depletion of soil fertility takes place through cropping, and because of unpredictable and variable weather, the farmer's raw materials cannot be arranged for in advance, to the same extent as in other industries. The susceptibility of all forms of life to pests and diseases of many kinds; the important part played by bacteria in the decomposition of vegetable matter in the soil and in the preservation of food; and the essentially chemical nature of soils and plants as well as animals, make of the successful farmer an amateur scientist, not in one field alone, but several. Successful farming also requires a mechanical ability of no mean order. Then—when the farmer has mastered these fields of knowledge and acquired these skills—then only is he in a position to utilize to the full his basic knowledge



of farming, which is his ability to select desirable crops and varieties and types of livestock and to breed, house and care for his animals and to sow, cultivate, harvest and store his crops, after the principles and practices of good husbandry. Finally, when he has exercised his skill and applied his knowledge, he must face the mass competition of other farmers in many countries. He must meet the obstacles imposed on industry by tariffs and marketing restrictions of many kinds; and he must ultimately accept what remains of the consumer's dollar, after the transportation and distributive agencies have been paid for their work. In the last analysis and in the event of sustained losses over a period of perhaps several years, he can seldom shut up shop and hold his capital more or less intact until a more propitious time arrives.

THESE are some of the problems of agriculture, but they are not all. By far the most important is the low level of education within the industry. It is the most important, because, if the managers of Canada's farm businesses were educated to the level of the managers in

Of six schools established in 1913, two will operate during the coming winter. Over 32 years, these schools have graduated the equivalent of six students per month and provided more than two hundred university graduates in agriculture

other industries, they would be able to tackle their other problems with far greater effect. If ignorance is the greatest obstacle to peace, as it undoubtedly is, how necessary education must be to peacetime pursuits! Napoleon, the Conqueror, once said: "There are but two powers in the world, the sword and the mind. In the long run, the sword is always beaten by the mind"; and Cicero, the famous Roman orator, politician and philosopher commented 2,000 years ago that "as a field, however fertile, cannot be fruitful without cultivation, so it is with the mind without learning."

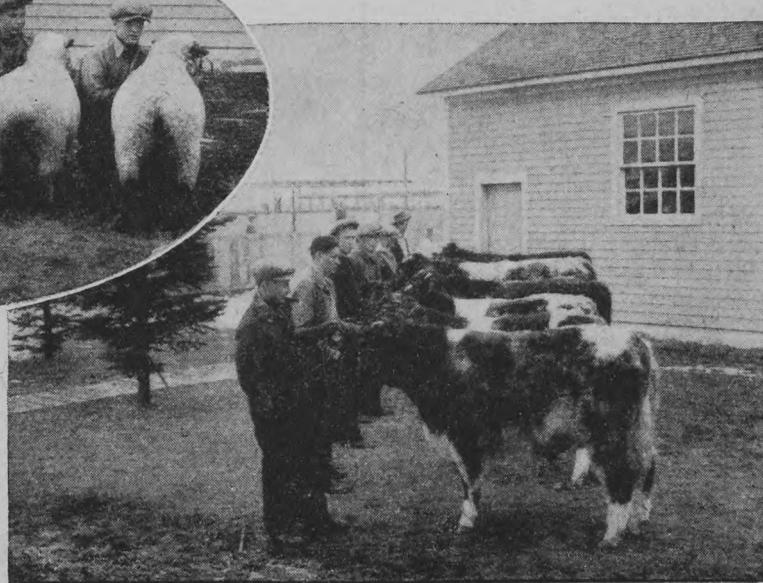
But a system of agricultural education that works well is difficult to design in any state. Probably no country in the world has succeeded as well as Denmark. Many other European countries have permitted their farming populations to decline into a condition of severe poverty, while in the New World, with abundant land, nature in a provident mood and people eager to exploit the almost limitless resources of farm and forest, there has been too little recognition of the necessity for education, created by an advancing civilization and a rising standard of living.

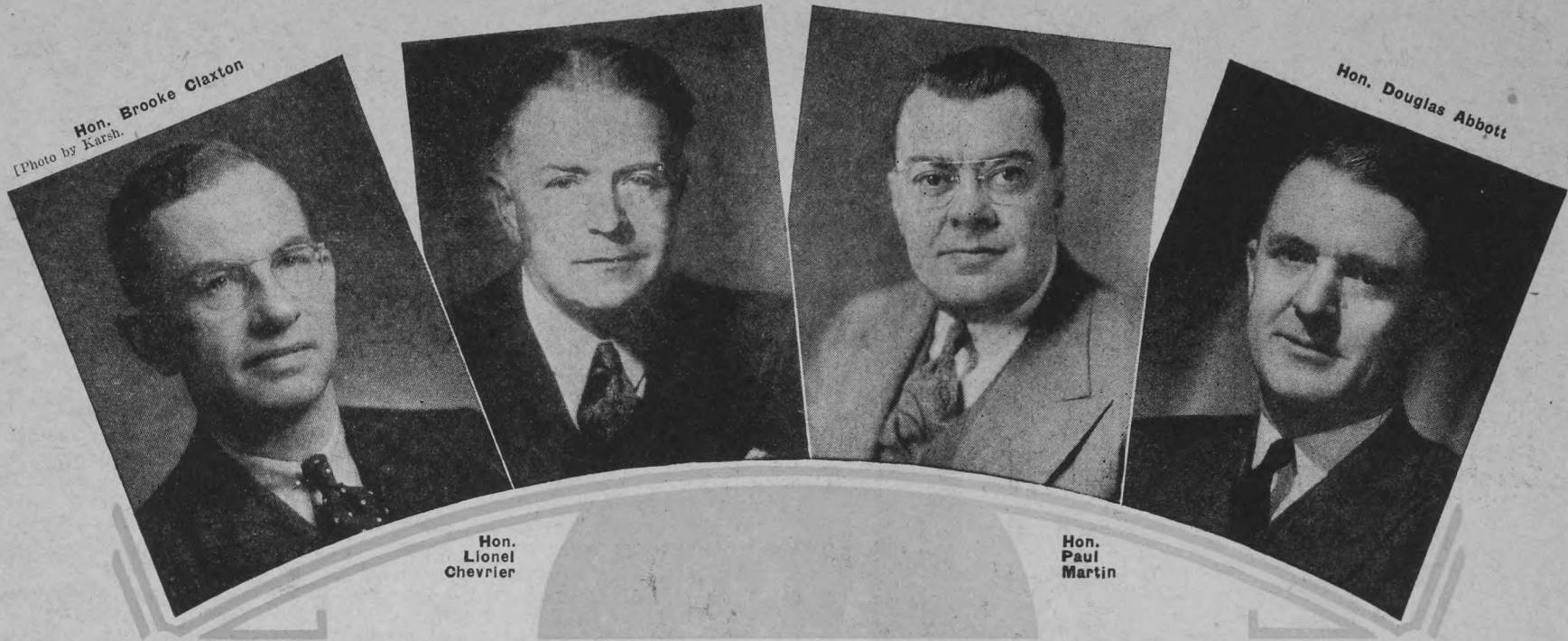
Of all the newer provinces of Canada and most of the older as well, the province of Alberta has tackled this agricultural problem with greater zest and appreciation of its importance, than any other. It may be that this is partly due to the fact that Alberta is a province of unbounded natural resources and that she has a wide variety of agricultural opportunities to help sustain her economy. But it is also due in no small measure to the fact that there have been men of broad vision at the head of affairs in Alberta agriculture. One of these was undoubtedly the Hon. Duncan Marshall, who, whatever else may be said of him by his enemies, recognized the disparity in educational opportunity so applicable to agriculture in every country, and saw the need for a specialized form of vocational training. At his instigation the policy of developing schools of agriculture in Alberta was inaugurated in 1913, only eight years after the province was formed.

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Olds students get practical work in the stables, shops and laboratories. Here, three groups are showing dairy and shorthorn heifers and Hampshire lambs.





School for Cabinet Ministers

EVER heard about Mackenzie King's School for Politicians?

Up till now, in this country, it was believed that you could make a politician overnight, simply by electing him. Much of the bad government we have endured since Confederation is the outcome of this school of thought. We seemed to get our cabinet ministers by spontaneous combustion—or something. Now we are trying to train our politicians instead. For while you can touch a man on the shoulder with a sword and make him a lord, just like that, you still can't make a politician as easily. That takes time. Yet, up till recently, most of our topmost politicos, like Topsy, "just growed." Now, Mr. King's sending his pupils to school.

Actually, there is no enrolment list, no fee, no class yell, or anything like that. There is however, a graduate diploma, which sees the word "Honorable" prefixed to the graduate's name and "Privy Councillor" suffixed to it.

Now let's get away from these unsatisfactory descriptions, and get down to cases.

I suppose I don't have to tell readers of *The Guide* that we often get a pretty bad cabinet minister, because nobody ever taught him anything. The idea now is, wherever possible, to train the young and promising members of parliament, to feed out the responsibility to them slowly, and then, if they prove they have the right stuff, they are made cabinet ministers. Early in the war Premier King saw that his cabinet ministers were being terribly over-worked. Some of them verged on nervous breakdown. He decided to relieve the burden and employ ministerial assistants.

IN Britain the plan is time-honored and there they are called Under Secretaries. Briefly, the British under secretary answers the questions of his department in the House of Commons for the minister. The British system has always worked well, and it was introduced briefly in Canada during the last war by Sir Robert Borden. Thus more than a quarter century ago, we had initiated this British parliamentary practice. For some reason or other, Hon. Arthur Meighen did not choose to continue this custom, and so it languished. When Mr. King got into power, late in 1921, he apparently did not feel the need for them either, and so most people forgot that we had ever had such officials in the Commons.

Mr. King introduced his parliamentary assistants about half way through the war. Middle-of-the-roader as he always is, he created a compromise official here too. The parliamentary assistant first of all, was to share some of the minister's confidences. But he was not necessarily to know cabinet secrets. He was to take an oath like a cabinet minister, but was not to attend privy council. He was half in, half out, of the cabinet.

Mr. King also went half way too, in the matter of appointments. As to the actual personalities, we can come to them later. But I just wanted to point out, at this time, that about half of his parliamentary assistants were young men, and half of them were past the first blush of youth. Half of them were going places; half of them had gone as far seemingly as they ever were going to go. The salary too is about at the half

way mark. A cabinet minister gets \$10,000 as privy councillor, \$4,000 as a member, and \$2,000 for a car. This totals \$16,000. The parliamentary assistant gets \$4,000 as M.P., plus \$4,000 as parliamentary assistant, a total of \$8,000. Again, half way.

If some of the cabinet ministers supported them in principle, they eschewed them in practice. Hon. Angus L. Macdonald, Navy Minister, for instance, never had one. Nor did it seem that Hon. James Gardiner, Agriculture Minister ever wanted one. Of the original batch of parliamentary assistants, the four young ones plus one older man went on to be cabinet ministers. Of the three older men, one resigned but was re-elected as a private M.P.; one resigned was reconciled and later became a cabinet minister; one did not resign, but was beaten in the general elections.

It is of the four young chaps who were all re-elected, and who all got cabinet posts, that I want to talk. I don't suppose you could get four brighter young men in Canadian politics, if you went from Atlantic to Pacific. Since I want to refer to them from time to time, I set them forth here. They are:

Hon. Douglas Abbott, Minister of National Defense (M.P. for St. Antoine-Westmount, Montreal).

Hon. Lionel Chevrier, Minister of Transport (M.P. for Stormont).

Hon. Brooke Claxton, Minister of Health and National Welfare (M.P. for St. Lawrence-St. George, Montreal).

Hon. Paul Martin, Secretary of State (M.P. for Essex East, Windsor).

Now before I go any further, I want to examine this paradox, for a minute. Here we have, representing English Protestant Ontario as privy councillors, two men who are French and Catholic. Then, here we have, representing French and Catholic Quebec, two men who are English and Protestant! So it would seem that if you want smart French Canadians these days you go to Ontario, but if you want smart English Canadians, you go to Quebec. It doesn't seem to make sense, but it has made a strong cabinet.

THESSE young men then, are graduates of the School for Politicians. Here are no men pitchforked into the privy council by geographical accident, by political

The Prime Minister gives his more promising followers a preparatory Course in Statesmanship

By AUSTIN F. CROSS

expediency. These are no By Guess and By Gosh "Honorable." They got into cabinet the hard way, but above all, the right way.

(Let this not be interpreted as a slur on others who arrived at the privy council table in the traditional way. It is just to indicate that if there is a choice, it is better to have our cabinet ministers trained, than to have them land, plunk, just like that, into the seats of the mighty.)

Hon. Douglas Abbott, Minister of National Defense, just missed being born in this century. First of all he can meet the acid test—he can get elected. That he can coax Liberal votes out of rightest, reactionary Westmount is something all Canada should know. He is a St. James street lawyer, was formerly active in Montreal's Board of Trade. Nowadays, he has to spend most of his time in Ottawa, but up till the time he became parliamentary assistant, he shuttled back and forth between Montreal and Ottawa endlessly.

It was noteworthy that he could answer fiscal questions with the best of them, and while he let the Social Crediters scream their heads off, he did turn on Vancouver's Gerry McGeer and Toronto's Arthur Slaght, both monetary reformers, and gave them both barrels. The Socreds he could ignore, but when the Liberals began spouting fiscal heresy, that was too much for him.

His style of speech is the easy offhand way of a group leader talking to a bunch of boys. It is only when you start to listen intently that you realize how effective he is, how simply he marshals intricate finance figures, and how smoothly cogent he is.

MR. KING put all this down in the back of that capacious head of his, and when it came time to create parliamentary assistants, Mr. Abbott was made parliamentary assistant to Hon. J. L. Ilsley. Actually he functioned for Hon. Colin Gibson, minister of national revenue, too. He could get up in the house and answer for either. Since Mr. King did not move his assistants forward in the House when he created them it was odd at first to hear an answer coming, not from near the front benches, but from near the back.

Once, Liguori Lacombe, head of the one-man Canadian Party asked Mr. Abbott for a reply in French. (A man is perfectly justified in asking for this, although it is rarely done.) Mr. Abbott did what neither Mr. Ilsley nor Mr. Gibson could do; he replied in French.

There was quite a race for a while between Brooke Claxton, M.P., for neighboring St. Lawrence-St. George, and Douglas Abbott. They roomed together, they both lived in Westmount, both were St. James street lawyers, both went to McGill University, both were in the first World War. The parallels could be continued. Both were made parliamentary assistants about the same time. Then for several months, Mr. Claxton eclipsed Mr. Abbott, by being made a cabinet minister. But Mr. Abbott was made Naval Minister around election time. When General McNaughton was appointed as co-chairman of the Canadian-American defense board, the departments of army and navy defense were consolidated, with Abbott as Minister.

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WHEN the boy, Mordecai Wiley, heard the shout, he pulled the mules to a stop and looked down toward the road. The postman had gotten out of his buggy and was calling. He was waving something in his hand.

Mordecai unhooked the lines from under his right arm and from around his neck and hooked them over the plow handles and went down across the field to the road.

"Telegram for you," the postman said and handed it to the boy. He climbed back into the buggy but he didn't cluck his horse back into motion. Mordecai opened the telegram.

"Bad news?" the postman asked.

Mordecai spelled out the telegram slowly. "Dunno," he said. He put the yellow piece of paper in his pocket and turned and headed for the team. The postman watched him unhook the lines, lean on the plow handles and ease the plow out of the ground and throw it on its side, then head the team toward the barn on the hill, dragging the plow. Mordecai got the plow close up to the

open shed where the implements were, unhooked the team and tied up the lines on the hames and turned them into the barn lot. The mules wandered over to the water tank and drank apathetically. It was ten o'clock in the morning.

Mordecai slowly wrestled the plow under shelter, took a can of grease from a beam and greased the glistening share. He went in the barn lot, led the mules into the barn, unharnessed them and then led them out and drove them into the meadow. The mules lay down in the dust and rolled, then got up and stood a moment looking puzzled.

Mordecai went over and pumped the water trough full, closed and locked the gate from the barn lot to the fields and walked over to the chicken house. In the chicken house he threw down shelled corn, opened the door so the chickens could go into the fields. Then he walked over to the house.

He gave the cat some milk on the back stoop, went in the house and got a jar from under the bed, opened it and took out the money and put it in his

My Brother Jake

By EUSTACE COCKRELL

pocket. He tried the front door, went out the back and locked it. The cat rubbed against his leg. "There's plenty of mice in the barn," Mordecai said to the cat. He started down the lane on foot to the road that led to town.

JACOB Wiley felt the hand on his wrist and dragged himself from his half-world back to pain and full consciousness. "What's today, Doc?" he asked.

"Tuesday," the doctor said. "How do you feel?"

Jacob Wiley let a little sardonic smile move his lips. "Okey," he said, then added, "They brought me in here Friday?"

"That's right."

"You sent the wire for me?"

"Yes."

"He'll get here today," Jacob Wiley said.

"Yes," the doctor said, "he could make it today with luck."

"Be nice seein' him," Jacob Wiley said.

The doctor held his syringe to the light and looked at it. Jacob Wiley smiled at him gratefully, then looking over his shoulder, shook his head in negation. A nurse came in with Mordecai. The doctor held the syringe out of sight down by his side. Mordecai came only to nurse's shoulder. He came over and looked down at his brother.

"Hello, kid," Jacob said. "Hello, Jake. You hurt bad?"

Jacob Wiley shook his head sideways. "Naw, I just wanted to see you."

"How you feel?"

"I feel okey," Jacob Wiley said. "How's the farm?"

"It's okey," Mordecai said. "I'm breakin' in the bottom for corn."

Jacob nodded.

"How do you like the navy?" Mordecai asked.

"Fine, kid. They treat you good, and there's somethin' doin' all the time."

"Kill any Japs?"

"I didn't choke none to death with my bare hands," Jacob said, "but maybe I killed some."

"Did you get shot?" Mordecai asked.

"Kinda." Jacob Wiley took a breath through his lips and glanced away for a moment. The nurse still stood at the foot of the bed. The doctor had moved

off. "You sure you're doin' all right on the farm by yourself?"

"Can't complain," Mordecai said automatically. "I got shut of the hogs and the cow. I just keep me a few chickens and the mules. I was breakin' in the bottom when I got the telegram . . . reckon that old cat'll make it while I'm gone?"

"Sure," Jacob said. "Plenty of mice in the barn."

"That's what I told him. I threw down a lot of corn for the chickens and let 'em out. I turned the mules into the pasture."

"They'll do fine," Jacob said. He paused and licked his lips. "I want you to break that pasture up this summer and sow it to wheat, kid."

"Yeah?"

"Gotta have a lotta bread for this war."

"Okey, Jake."

"Remember how we used to go up and set on the hill where the gov'ment land starts and I used to tell you it was ours, all them hills was ours?"

"Yeah, Jake."

"And all that country you rode through, that's part ours, too, kid. Gotta have a lotta food for this war, kid."

"Yeah, Jake . . . you—you hurt?"

"Some."

"I'll sow that pasture to wheat, Jake. The Millins'll help me thrash. They gotta lot of girls."

Jacob Wiley closed his eyes. "Yeah," he said. "They had girls to suit ever' taste."

Mordecai Wiley looked down at his brother. "I'll tell Hilda I seen you."

"Okey, kid."

"I'm afraid you'll have to go now," the nurse said to Mordecai.

Mordecai Wiley started to move with the nurse.

"You can come back later," the nurse said.



Mordecai leaned upon the handle of his plow, the telegram in his hand.

"Kid," Jacob Wiley said a little desperately. "You sow that pasture to wheat, kid. I guess I hadn't ought to have left you on the farm by yourself but I had to, kid."

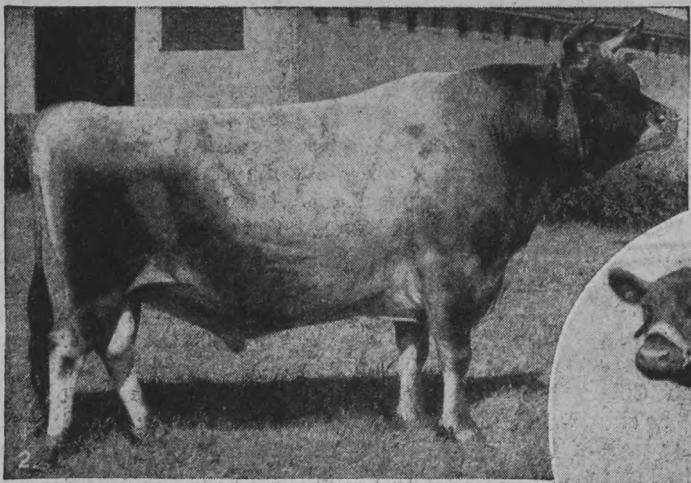
"I'm makin' out fine, Jake."

"Kid, if—if—Listen. Don't go back tonight. Wait till tomorrow. Maybe I'll go with you."

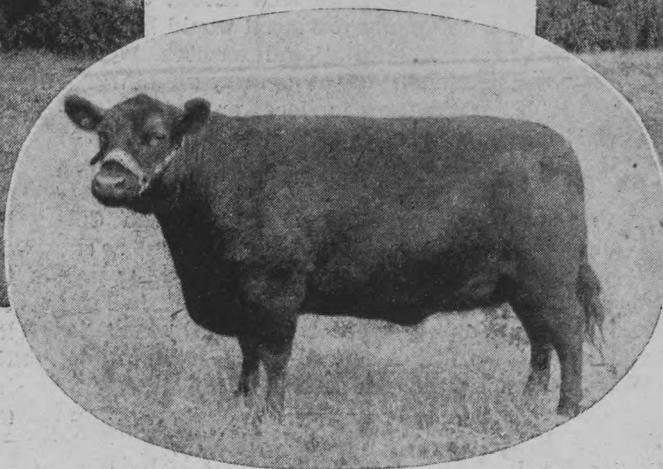
"Jake . . .!"

"Come on," the nurse said. "You can see your brother later." She held herself quite stiff walking out of the room with Mordecai then suddenly she put her arm around him and pulled his head against the starched whiteness of her uniform. "How old are you?" she asked muffled.

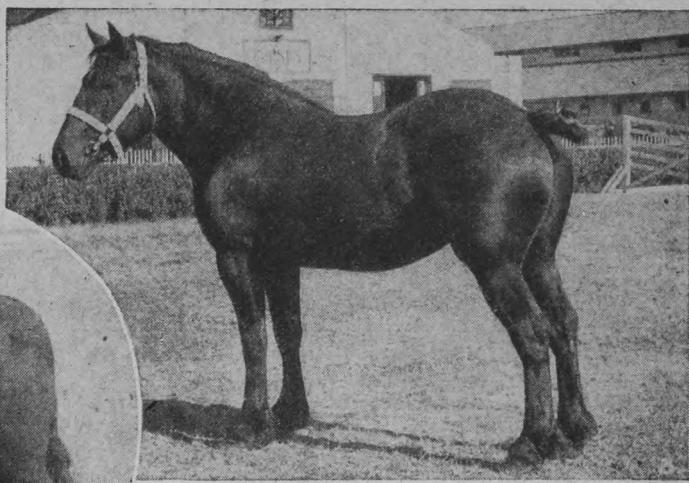
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Lindell Lady's Royal, owned by Bellavista Farms, Milner, B.C., was All-Western Champion Jersey bull this year.



Undefeated champion Aberdeen-Angus cow over the entire circuit, Barbara M. of Anoka 8th, was provided by Edwards Brothers, Watford, Ont.



Starlight Koncarness, All-Western Percheron yeld mare for Hardy E. Salter, Calgary, Alta.

All-Western Livestock Champions

By GRANT MacEWAN

Professor, Department of Animal Husbandry
University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon

the exhibition secretaries and managers aided greatly in the preparation of this report.

Points were allotted to the five prize winners in each of the regular classes; a first prize winner was given five points; a second prize winner, four points; a third prize winner, three points; fourth prize winner, two points and a fifth prize winner one point. In the smaller classes, however, or where fewer than five prizes were given, the winning animal was awarded as many points as there were animals placed. For example, the first prize winner in a class of three was given three points. A bonus of five points was given for a grand championship award and a bonus of three points for a reserve grand championship.

Many good animals are shown at one or two exhibitions only and are thus handicapped in gaining "All-Western" recognition. For the purpose of this article, therefore, no attempt will be made to name a complete list of winners, but rather to recognize those animals which have established especially strong claims to distinction.

The Leading Heavy Horses

THE Canadian Percheron Association was the first to offer trophies for "All-Western" winners. Two

Successful livestock competitions at 1945 "A" Fairs were featured by many newcomers to the show-ring and the establishment of the first All-Western Honors List.

The high-scoring junior-yearling Holstein bull, Raymondale Rag Apple Reviewer, was exhibited from Ontario by W. P. Laidlaw & Sons and W. J. Davidson.



Aberfeldy Butterfly, All-Western Champion Shorthorn Female, 1945, for John Gardhouse & Sons, Weston, Ont.



banners were provided, one for the Percheron stallion winning the highest number of points on the entire circuit; and one for the Percheron mare with the best record. In females, the yeld mare Starlight Koncarness, with 38 points, qualified for top honors for her owner, Hardy E. Salter, of Calgary. This mare won the grand championship at each of the four exhibitions at which she was shown. Standing right next to her on each occasion and winning a score of 22, was the mare Leona, owned by Justhome Ranch, Cochrane, Alberta. In the stallion division, the winner was the two-year-old Ruby's Prince Laet with 26 points and shown by N. S. Charlton, Carstairs, Alta.

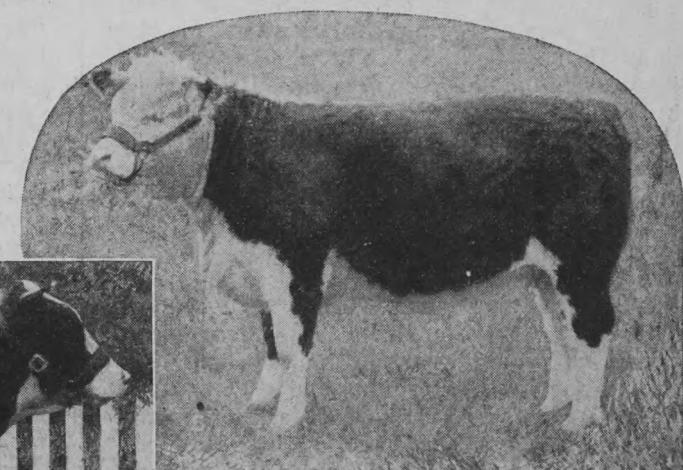
In the class for Percheron brood mares, Ramona, from the Justhome Ranch, was high in score and, to make her claim to distinction more convincing, it could be told that she is the mother of Justamere Drayano's Dansel and Justhome Netta, the "All-Western" tops in the three-year-old and two-year-old mare classes, respectively.

The competitions in Clydesdales and Belgians at the western exhibitions did not lend themselves to complete class-by-class analysis. The high-scoring Clydesdale female, however, was the C. Dunham yeld mare entry, Braemor Princess, a granddaughter of Mahomet's Fashion; and in Belgian females, it was Robert Thomas' mare Paragon Kitty which had the best record. Although exhibited at two shows only, Kitty was taken home to Grandora with two grand champions.

Beef Makers on Top

In the beef cattle divisions, there were two undefeated grand champions at the five exhibitions. They were the John Gardhouse & Sons' Shorthorn

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Miss F. E. Boggs, Bottrel, Alta., provided Carlos Lady, the All-Western Hereford heifer calf.

THE Country GUIDE

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For A Better Canada

The Dominion-Provincial Conference got through its preliminary session without strains and stresses becoming open fissures. One reason is that this country is now face to face with post-war facts which will not fit into prewar moulds. Another is that the proposals of the federal government are so generous to the provinces that it might be politically unhealthy to be too critical of them. Furthermore, the Dominion is in a strategic position in that under the special wartime legislation it already occupies exclusively the income and corporation tax fields. Above all, however there was a statesmanlike and nonpartisan approach to the well-prepared proposals of Prime Minister Mackenzie King. The provincial premiers seem to be desirous of reaching the greatest measure of agreement, in marked contrast to the attitude at the 1941 conference, where the greatest measure of disagreement was the object sought by some of the delegates. The conference has adjourned for detailed study of the government proposals. The real test will come at the next meeting, to be held this fall, when differences will have to be reconciled and decisions reached if the conference is to come to anything.

The federal proposals are comprehensive and involved. Their financial provisions are tied in with a sweeping social security program. Briefly epitomized, the scheme is as follows: For a trial period of three years the provinces would continue to forego their right to income and corporation taxes and would also relinquish their right to collect succession duties. In return, the Dominion would pay subsidies to the provinces on a minimum basis of \$12 per capita of the 1941 census. It would assume the total cost of unemployment relief; defray three-fifths of the cost of a health insurance program, estimated to cost a total of \$250 million a year, with an additional \$13 million a year thrown in for health research; and pay old age pensions at \$30 a month to all persons over 70, irrespective of means, and half of the pensions paid to those between 65 and 70 who were in need. It would pay the provinces grants for pensions for the blind at 21 instead of 40 as at present. It would take over from the provinces various functions in the conservation and development of natural resources. A public expenditure policy would be pursued to counteract depressions and oversize booms and to mitigate unemployment.

The total subsidies to the provinces would be a minimum of \$138 million. Their present income, under the wartime arrangement, from subsidies and succession duties is \$125 million. There would, however, be an adjustment based on the national income. On this adjusted basis, the subsidy would have amounted in 1944 to \$207 million. Looking ahead to 1948, with the estimated increase in population and the maintenance of the present national income at \$1,000 per capita, the subsidy would total \$215 million. If the national income shrank to say \$800 per capita they would aggregate \$172 million. The total federal cost of implementing the social program would add in the neighborhood of \$600 million to the federal budget. The proposals, as presented by the Prime Minister, do not call for amendments to the British North America Act. This, no doubt, is a measure of appeasement for Quebec, which regards with veneration the

THE COUNTRY GUIDE

B.N.A. Act as the supreme safeguard of its minority rights.

Here then, is a plan which, combined with unemployment insurance, family bonuses and other measures already in operation, provides cradle to grave security. It is a national plan designed to provide uniform standards across Canada. The wealth nationally produced would be taxed for the provision of national services. Wealth produced in one part of the country would not be available for taxation for local purposes in another part. In essence it is a redistribution of income both as between individuals and between provinces. The financial arrangement would adversely affect only Ontario and British Columbia. Quebec would fare about the same as she did under the old prewar order. Unless the proposals made by the Prime Minister are in large measure adopted, there is a poor lookout for improved standards of well-being in the prairie provinces and the maritimes.

Atomic Energy and War

It is well that the atomic bomb was demonstrated in this war. It is now out of the realm of theory and experiment. It isn't a matter of what some physicist says about it, or what it did in the desert of New Mexico. It was put to work and the world knows what happened. Two bombs stopped the war. This stupendous discovery is completely revolutionary. With it a great nation could be paralyzed in a matter of hours and obliterated in a matter of days. There are no imaginable limits to the destruction that could be wrought by such an engine of destruction. From that stubborn fact another fact emerges. Wars must stop, that's all. Humanity, in another world war, would massacre itself.

The structure of the peace must therefore be built around the concept of the atomic bomb. The international peace organization will have

Peace

Peace has again settled over a troubled world. The hideous menace which threatened the most fundamental concepts of Christian civilization has been overthrown. The faith that it was not in the purposes of God that the obscene evil which had reared its head could prevail has been justified. Now that the convulsion is over, it is more fully revealed by what narrow margins the tide was turned at more than one crucial point. But the end has come, the victory is complete and all-embracing, and the world can settle down to healing the wounds, removing the wreckage and repairing the damage of the greatest visitation that ever overtook mankind.

What of the future? There is ground for faith that it can be made secure. Never before was a peace built on such carefully planned foundations. No sooner had victory become certain than the plans for the edifice of enduring peace were sketched. Through years of grueling conflict they have been expanded and refined. The Allied Nations have become accustomed to working together. As in no other period in history they know each other's aims and aspirations. By comparison the world was a chaos on Armistice Day, 1918.

Let it be reiterated what has often been said on this page, that this war was not fought to preserve our way of life. It was fought to preserve the right to change and improve our way of life in our own way. The right has been preserved, but has the lesson been learned? So far, in Canada, more has been done to ameliorate conditions of poverty than to remove the causes of it. The question of social security has been boldly faced. The questions of security from exploitation and of ordered progress will have to be faced with equal boldness. The century can still be made, and must be made, the century of the common man.

to embrace every nation on earth. It must have exclusive use of the atomic bomb. The principle of the bomb cannot be kept secret. With the leads already known any physicist worth his salt could work it out in five years. The only guarantee against all engulfing disaster is to control it and that can be done only by the Allied Nations. They will have to so distribute its force throughout the world that any nation which secretly manufactures it and uses it against its neighbor can be decimated between dawn and sunrise. The threat of annihilation, utter and complete, must continuously hang over any nation, anywhere in the world, which dares to use it. The outlook is not hopeless. No one dreamed that this war would be fought without the use of gas but when it came to a showdown the aggressors were afraid to use it first. In the long term interests of humanity it is well that the bomb was put to a practical demonstration in war. Now the world knows what it has to safeguard itself against.

Four Thousand Million

The country has it on the authority of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board that price control has saved the people four billion dollars to date. This is about three times as much money as was raised in the last Victory Loan campaign. It is equal to 40 per cent of all the money that has been raised in the Victory Loans. Price control is still saving the people money, and what is perhaps as important, the country will be saved from the travail of deflation after the war. The farmers of this country were through one post-war period of deflation and those who remember it need not be told that it was not a pleasant experience.

The W.P.T.B. will not be able to gather up its marbles and go home now that the guns have cooled. Inflationary forces will be at work until the warehouses and store shelves are full of civilian goods again. After the last war, prices kept right on climbing three steps at a time until deflation set in in 1920. The conditions are all here for a repetition of that experience unless the price ceilings are maintained. There will be a similar postwar period of hectic industrial activity catching up with civilian needs. The upward pressure on prices will be just as great as ever until the vacuum of goods is filled. Of all the wartime controls, price control will be among the last to go. When supply overtakes what the economists call "effective demand" the work of the W.P.T.B. will be over, but not until then. After that any controls that are needed will be in another quarter. It will be the monopolists, the price ring manipulators and the big shots of the international cartels who will then need controlling.

Another Victory Loan

It's coming around again to Victory Loan time. Next month the canvassers will renew their efforts. The objective will be the highest ever set, \$1,500 million. It is definite that there will not be another loan until the fall of 1946. In the case of payment on the instalment plan the burden will be spread over 12 months. On the other hand the amount of the subscriptions asked for will be greater than before. The reason is that a reduction is expected in the contributions of big industrial and commercial concerns, which are now faced with the costs of reconversion to peace time industry, so that the stocks of goods in the warehouses and on the store shelves may be replenished and the people can buy what they want.

The emphasis this time will not be on supplying the men at the front with the weapons of war. The victory they have achieved is complete and overwhelming. Rather it will be on rehabilitation. This country did not let its men down while they were fighting. It must not let them down when they come home to fit themselves into civilian life again. All they are asking is a square deal. The people of Canada will give them no less.



Toward Wider HORIZONS

The value to the farmers of western Canada of United Grain Growers Limited — the original farmers' Company — is undoubtedly the solid foundation of *stability, efficiency and service* upon which the Company's business operation is built.

These three factors: *stability, efficiency and service* are outstanding in the history of this farmer-owned organization for over 39 years.

The Company's annual report reveals the stability of its credit position. This is important because millions of dollars must annually be borrowed and repaid to finance the Company's business dealings with its thousands of farmer-customers. The purchase of farm supplies for re-sale to U.G.G. customers must also be financed. And these necessarily have to be ordered in huge quantities.

The Company's capable business management is reflected in the efficient way in which farmers' grain is handled and forwarded to world markets through its elevators and terminals and in the

prompt manner in which final settlements are made.

The details of thousands of business transactions are handled in a manner which aims to make it a pleasure for farmer-customers to transact their business at U.G.G. elevators. All this is the result of long years of experience in handling millions of bushels.

The standard of quality of U.G.G. Farm Supplies enables farmers to receive utmost value for their dollars and, through the group buying facilities encouraged by the Company, to save money on their purchases of coal, binder twine, fencing, salt, poultry and other livestock feeds. Careful and conscientious study and supervision are in fact given by the Board of Directors to all U.G.G. policies and business operations.

In looking toward wider horizons United Grain Growers Limited will continue to be guided by the basic principles of *stability, efficiency and service* which have so well served the interest of western farmers for over 39 years.

UNITED GRAIN GROWERS LTD

WINNIPEG

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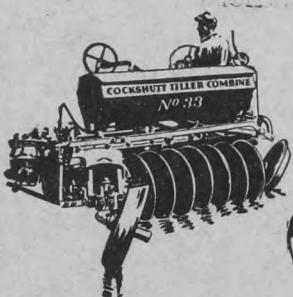
TO FEED THE HUNGRY... A call to Canadian Farmers

The war has been won. Oppressed and devastated nations have been liberated, and in that glorious task the armed forces of Canada have played a heroic part.

But victory brings new problems and new responsibilities to the Allied Nations. In outraged lands, a hundred million people, starving in the wake of war, must be fed, if the humanitarian impulses of democracy mean anything at all.

Here is a task to inspire the farmers of Canada to greater efforts still. Food production throughout the Dominion must be increased even beyond the records reached during the years of war. Every farm in Canada has an important and direct share in the vast and vital undertaking, for they who hunger in Europe must be fed.

In this great covenant of mercy and of rehabilitation Cockshutt farm equipment will play a leading part. We are proud to partner the Canadian farmer in the all-important job which now confronts him.



Cockshutt Tiller Combine is the greatest single development in tillage and seeding practice since agriculture's earliest days. It plows—as it cultivates—as it sows. The use of a Cockshutt Tiller Combine will cut tillage time and cost.



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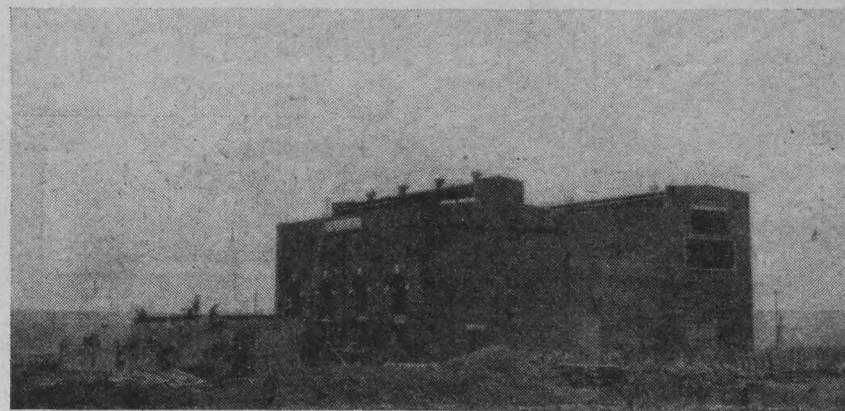
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NEWS of AGRICULTURE



Guide Photo.
In addition to remodelling the old Power plant at Swift Current, Sask., for a horse-processing plant, a cannery plant is being constructed as an addition (right foreground). The plant may begin operation in October.

French Agriculture and the War

THE livestock population of France suffered materially during the war years. Heavy horses suffered seriously, but light horses were maintained pretty much as before. Horse racing was continued in the neighborhood of Paris, largely for the entertainment of German officers.

During World War I, the cattle population decreased by 2,414,000 or approximately 16 per cent. By 1938 this loss had been made up and a further 830,000 cattle secured. During the present war, however, the loss in cattle is estimated at 2,521,000, in addition to which there was a greater loss of weight and quality, because of poor hay crops and shortage of feeding stuffs. It is reported that last year the French hay crop was only 54 per cent of average.

Milking cows, which normally number about eight million in France, decreased to 6,611,000 in 1943-44, in addition to which, milk production fell considerably. Sheep decreased from 9,824,000 in 1938 to 5,000,000 early this year. Pigs likewise decreased from 7,120,000 in 1938 to 3,560,000 at the present time. Breeding stock did not suffer proportionately.

France had to contend with troublesome wheat surpluses all through the 30's. Various expedients were resorted to, including the control of imports, the organization of storage facilities, control of the extraction of flour, dyeing the surplus blue and permitting it to be fed only to cattle. Finally, in 1934, the government financed a wheat board, which was given a monopoly of exports and imports. The Board was widely representative of farmers, buyers, millers, bakers, consumers, and officials. During the war years, the work of the Board was extended to cover rye, barley, oats, and corn, as well as the distribution of

flour. Threshing was controlled and extensive black market operations minimized.

French agriculture, however, is not well organized. Before the war there were many chambers of agriculture in France, but since France was liberated, the government has recognized a need for some national organization of farmers. The Minister of Agriculture, therefore, created a Committee of National Action for Agriculture (C.N.A.). Committees were chosen representative of commodities; funds were provided from the budget and three directors supervised the organization and reported to the Minister. The C.N.A. will expire at the end of 1945 and a general Confederation of Agriculture (C.V.A.) will develop as a permanent organization representative of all departments (provinces) in France. Not long ago, a congress of farmers was held in Paris, attended by about 750 persons from all over France. Unity among farmers is the aim. Free elections will take place and all views on agricultural problems will be given an opportunity to be presented.

There are only about 20,000 tractors in France, only one for every eight or nine in Britain. Several thousand U.S. tractors have recently been purchased, but since French manufacturers were largely engaged in manufacturing armament and were unable to manufacture for the domestic market, the government has raised the price by an amount labelled a "tax of compensation" which the tractor-makers in France will receive. The ability of the market to absorb large numbers of tractors is indicated by the fact that a good horse in France was selling for about \$1,800.

Colombia Buys Canadian Pure-breds

FOUR railway cars containing 52 cattle and nine horses left Richmond Hill, Ontario, on August, 20, for Colombia, to make the largest and most representative shipment of pure-bred livestock ever sent from Canada to South America. Included were nine Percherons, 25 Jerseys, 14 Holsteins, five Aberdeen-Angus and eight Dual-purpose Shorthorns, all headed for breeding stations of the Colombian government and to Caja de Crédito Agrario Industrial, a government credit organization supporting purchase of imported pure-bred breeding stock.

The Colombian buying commission, consisting of Doctors Fidel Ochoa, Manuel Gomez Rueda, and Heliodoro Bonilla, were invited to visit Canada by the Canadian Department of Trade and Commerce, and accompanied by representatives of the Dominion Department of Agriculture, visited pure-bred breeders in Quebec and eastern Ontario. Agents for the Commission were Don Head Farmers Limited, Richmond Hill, Ontario, where the livestock was assembled. Understood, also, were purchases of Ayrshire and Red Poll cattle, Berkshire swine, and Belgian Schipperke dogs.

Rapid Hog Decline

UP to the week ending August 23, 1,489,331 fewer dressed hog carcasses had been graded from the prairie provinces than for the same period during the previous year. Manitoba, which draws heavily from the surpluses in the other two provinces, showed the greatest decline, amounting to 745,035, as compared with actual gradings of 660,086. Saskatchewan dropped from 812,813 to 512,547, for a decline of 300,266. Alberta dropped 544,030 carcasses, from a peak last year, for the same period, of 1,596,122.

O. S. Longman, Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Alberta, recently estimated that Alberta will market approximately one million fewer hogs this year than last, and would lose \$26,000,000 of farm revenue as a result of the decline. Another loss was a market for 20,000,000 bushels of feed grain. He was reported as having said if hog production is to play an important part in the future agricultural economy of Alberta, a 2,000,000 hog production program was a reasonable and worthwhile objective. Incidentally, Mr. Longman estimated that one million hogs from Alberta would provide three ounces of meat per week for 15,000,000 people in Britain for

an entire year, or one extra ounce per week, for one year, for all the people of Britain.

Europe Wants Good Horses

IT is understood that 7,500 of the approximately 40,000 horses to be supplied by Canada to France and the Netherlands are to be shipped this fall, and the balance during 1946. Supplying this number would seem a simple matter, in view of the surplus horse problem which has resulted in the erection of horse processing plants and contracts for the export of 10,000 tons of horse meat. Nevertheless, the two contracts involve not only different markets, but entirely different types of horses. Organizing the purchase of 40,000 reasonably sound agricultural horses has required a great deal of planning before any horses could be bought. Areas where horses may be available must be scouted and buying centres established. The public must be informed of the location of these centres and at which buyers will be present. Holding areas for the gathering of horses that have been purchased must be secured, and arrangements made to keep them there until shipment can be made. Jack Byers, Senior Livestock Promoter, Calgary, and well known to all stockmen in western Canada, will be in charge of buying operations, and will work with a Committee consisting of George Spence, Director, P.F.R.A., Regina; O. Freer, in charge of the Land Utilization Branch, P.F.R.A., Regina; and J. J. Bowlen, Calgary.

It is understood that horses must be from three to nine years old, gentle and broken to farm work, and weigh from 1,450 pounds up.

National Congress of Co-operatives

A REPORT from the Royal Commission on the taxation of co-operatives in Canada will probably be out in time to furnish added zest to the National Congress of Canadian Co-operatives which will be held in the Fort Garry Hotel, Winnipeg, November 26, 27 and 28. Added attractions will be prominent figures in the co-operative movement of Europe and the United States, attending as fraternal delegates; and top talkers, among them U.S. Congressman Jerry Voorhis, will be on hand.

Sponsors, The Co-operative Union of Canada, expect the most important meeting of Canadian co-operatives held in years. For a year or more, the Union has been indulging in self-examination and introspection, having plodded along since 1909 without much change in form or method. Notable co-operative development in recent years in all Canadian provinces led to provincial organizations in Nova Scotia, P. E. Island, Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and British Columbia, and to a demand for more pep and vinegar in the national body. Expected at the Winnipeg Congress is a revised set of rules, transforming the Union into a truly national body with provincial branches, or sections. Further zip has been injected into

Union activities and policies by formalized opposition to co-operatives, originating with confirmed private enterprisers.

Prairie Cash Income Down

CASH income of Manitoba farmers for the first six months of 1945 was closer to the 1943 level than was the case in either Saskatchewan or Alberta. Cash income of British Columbia farmers was more than \$2,000,000 higher than in 1944, and nearly \$5,000,000 over 1943. With a cash income of \$55,691,000 in six months, Manitoba farmers experienced a recession of nearly \$14,000,000, and were within \$5,665,000 of the 1943 level.

Cash income for six months in Saskatchewan having jumped from \$111,319,000 in 1943 to \$209,318,000 in 1944; fell back this year to \$158,683,000. Alberta held the larger share of her gains last year, when she jumped from \$90,466,000 to \$154,294,000. The tally this year was \$129,482,000.

All of the five eastern provinces, except Nova Scotia, showed increases in cash income for the first six months of this year, while the Nova Scotia decrease was around two per cent. The Ontario increase was nearly \$23,000,000.

Interesting with regard to prairie farm income is the fact that, except for January cash income, field crops and livestock almost tied for volume of income produced during the months of February to June, monthly income for each class of production ranging around the \$25,000,000 figure. Livestock marketings were higher than those of field crops in February, March and May, and slightly lower in April and June. Saskatchewan farmers, however, received \$100 from field crops during this period for every \$55 from livestock; while in Alberta, \$75 came from livestock for every \$52 from field crops. In Manitoba, the figures were \$32 from livestock for every \$21 from field crops.

Young Farmers' Clubs in Britain

JUNIOR farm organization in England takes the form of a federation of young farmers' clubs. Not long ago the then British Minister of Agriculture, the Hon. R. S. Hudson, addressing the annual meeting of the federation, congratulated the organization on the progress made during the last four years. "At that time," he said, "you only had 400 clubs with 20,000 members. Today you have more than 1,200 clubs with 60,000 members. That indeed is a notable step toward your goal of 100,000 members."

The Young Farmers' Movement has two aspects, agriculture and youth, for which reasons, both the Ministry of Education and Ministry of Agriculture have been giving grants to the National Federation of Young Farmers' Clubs. Mr. Hudson announced that in future only one grant would be given, but each department would pay half. He said the government had no intention of cutting down the amount of the grant, but that on the contrary the total grant this year would be increased from £19,500 to £22,000.

The Battle of the Flours

THE fight between the millers and bakers of Canada on the one hand and the Division of Nutrition, Department of Health and Welfare, Ottawa, over the question of whether we shall "modify" or "fortify" Canadian bread, goes merrily on. While the antagonists wax enthusiastic over their separate points of view and put their thoughts on paper in the form of briefs and pamphlets, the farmer, whose wheat goes into the bread, and the consumer who is supposed to be benefitted by eating the bread, know very little about the matter and apparently care less.

The whole question resolves itself into the advisability of either "modifying" fine white bread flour, (hitherto found most acceptable to the baking and retail trade), by securing a longer extraction and including more of the bran layers in which a higher content of valuable vitamins exists, or of "fortifying" or "enriching" the white flour by the addition of synthetic vitamins so as to bring bread flour to the desired nutritional level. The government and the Canadian Medical Association argue that Nature's way is the best. The millers and bakers

argue that the artificial way is the quickest; and urge that, whereas Britain in wartime resorted to fortification, as it is called over there, for nutritional reasons, and the United States resorted to enrichment; and whereas perhaps 75 per cent of bread in the United States is now enriched as compared with a suggested six or seven per cent of Canadian bread, sold as Canada Approved Vitamin B white or brown bread (modified), nature's method, as managed by the bureaucrats at Ottawa, hasn't a leg to stand on when it comes to public acceptance. Officialdom replies that the Food and Drugs Act of Canada, under which Canada Approved Vitamin B bread is authorized, operates in the interests of the consuming public, but is not aimed at prescribing vitamin doses to cure the sick. So far, the rounds all have been won by officialdom, who in addition to taking one side in the conflict, also act as umpire and referee. This sort of thing can go on for years, with the public providing the ball and paying the shot, but not bothering to attend the event.

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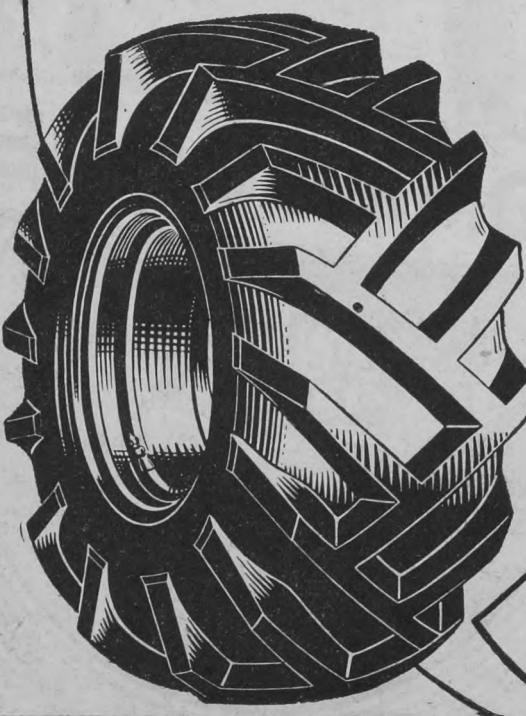
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pockets. The strong, sturdy bars are always clean... ready to take the next deep, forceful traction step.

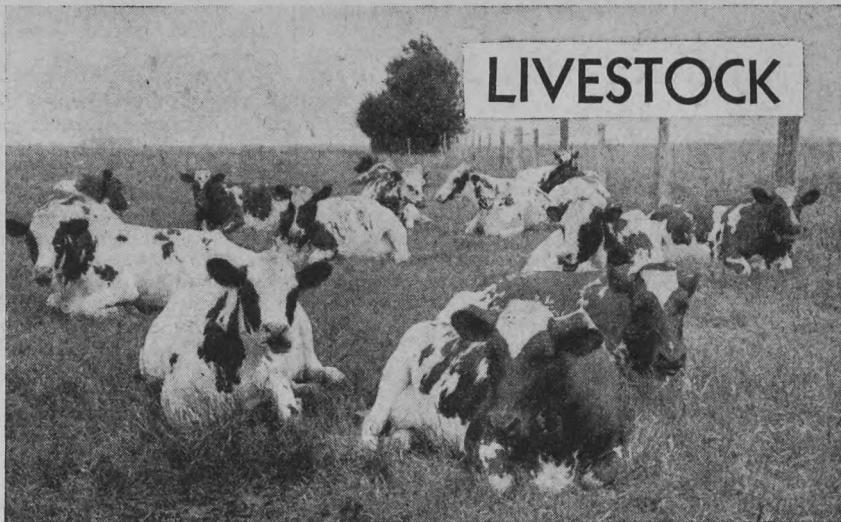
That's why it is just sound economy, when buying tractor tires, to demand Ground Grips, made by Firestone, the pioneer and pace-maker.



THE TIRES THAT
PULL BETTER
LONGER

FIRESTONE PUT THE FARM ON RUBBER

LIVESTOCK



This excellent herd of Ayrshire cattle was photographed on the Dominion Experimental Farm, Morden, Manitoba.—Guide photo.

Measures For Hog Profits

EVERY farmer who raises hogs is influenced, either consciously or unconsciously, by what is known as the hog-barley ratio. Not one farmer in a hundred who feeds hogs has ever figured it out, and probably not many more could define it, but in the course of a year's time or less, it makes itself felt.

The hog-barley ratio is simply the number of bushels of barley which are equal in value to 100 pounds of live hog. As actually applied in Canada, it means the number of bushels of No. 1 feed barley which are equal in price to 100 pounds of B1 hog at Winnipeg, calculated on a live basis. These average yearly hog-barley ratios have been calculated in Canada since 1913. In the United States, the hog-barley ratio is not used, but since such a large proportion of U.S. hog production takes place in the corn belt states, they use a corn-hog ratio. For the 32 years that the hog-barley ratio has been calculated in Canada, the long-time average has been 17.4; that is, over 32 years it has required 17.4 bushels of No. 1 feed barley to equal the price of 100 pounds of live hog at Winnipeg. Actually, the variation has been extremely wide, according to H. K. Leckie, of the Dominion Department of Agriculture. In July, 1920, it only took 10.3 bushels of barley to equal the price of 100 pounds of \$20 hog; but in 1930, the ratio was 37.3; and in November of that year, it required 66.4 bushels of barley to equal the price of 100 pounds of hog. Grain prices dropped very sharply, to be followed some time later by a drop in the hog market.

Notwithstanding the higher price for hogs during the war years, it is very interesting to note that there has been a consistent decline in the hog-barley ratio, year by year since 1939. In the latter year, the hog-barley ratio was 27.6, which meant that hogs were relatively profitable. If it takes the common figure of 21 bushels of barley or its equivalent to raise a hog to market age, and you could buy 27.6 bushels of barley for the price received for 100 pounds of live hog, as compared with 17.4 bushels over the past 32 years, hogs must have been relatively profitable. In 1940, the ratio was 24.9; in 1941, 21.3; in 1942, 20.7; and it dropped to 19.4 in 1943 and to 18.2 bushels of barley in 1944. The figures for 1943 and 1944 also include the advance equalization payment in effect since August 1, 1943, and the quality premiums on hogs in effect since January 24, 1944.

Mr. Leckie suggests, however, that notwithstanding the close relationship which has prevailed between hog production and the hog-barley ratio, the trend of hog numbers cannot be forecast accurately, merely by watching the hog-barley ratio in the months prior to actual marketing. Other factors, such as the overall supply of feed in relation to the numbers of livestock, and the relative prices of other farm products, must be considered; and the additional fact that, as the price of barley advances, hog prices "must show a relatively greater increase to make the barley-hog ratio sufficiently attractive to induce grain growers to market at least part of their grain through hogs, rather than accept a straight cash price." Mr. Leckie therefore suggests that what he calls the "hog-feed margin" would be a useful indicator, in addition to the hog-barley ratio. This is simply the difference between the current price of 100 pounds of dressed carcass (since hogs are now graded by dressed weight), less the cost of 14 bushels of barley (assuming 21 bushels sufficient to produce a 200-pound pig dressing 150 pounds) and is, in effect, the gross margin over and above the cost of feed. Out of this hog-feed margin must be taken all other expenses, including labor, overhead, housing, and veterinary service.

On this basis it is revealed that, in 1924, hog producers fed hogs for a margin of 65 cents per 100 pounds dressed weight over the cost of feed alone, while in 1930, the margin over feed was \$9.46 per 100 pounds. During the war years, the hog-feed margin has risen at least slightly every year, and in 1944 was \$7.44 per 100 pounds of dressed hog above the cost of feed, compared with \$6.08 in 1940. To the extent that costs other than feed have increased more rapidly than the hog-feed margin during the last five years, hog production has been less profitable than during the pre-war years 1938 and 1939.

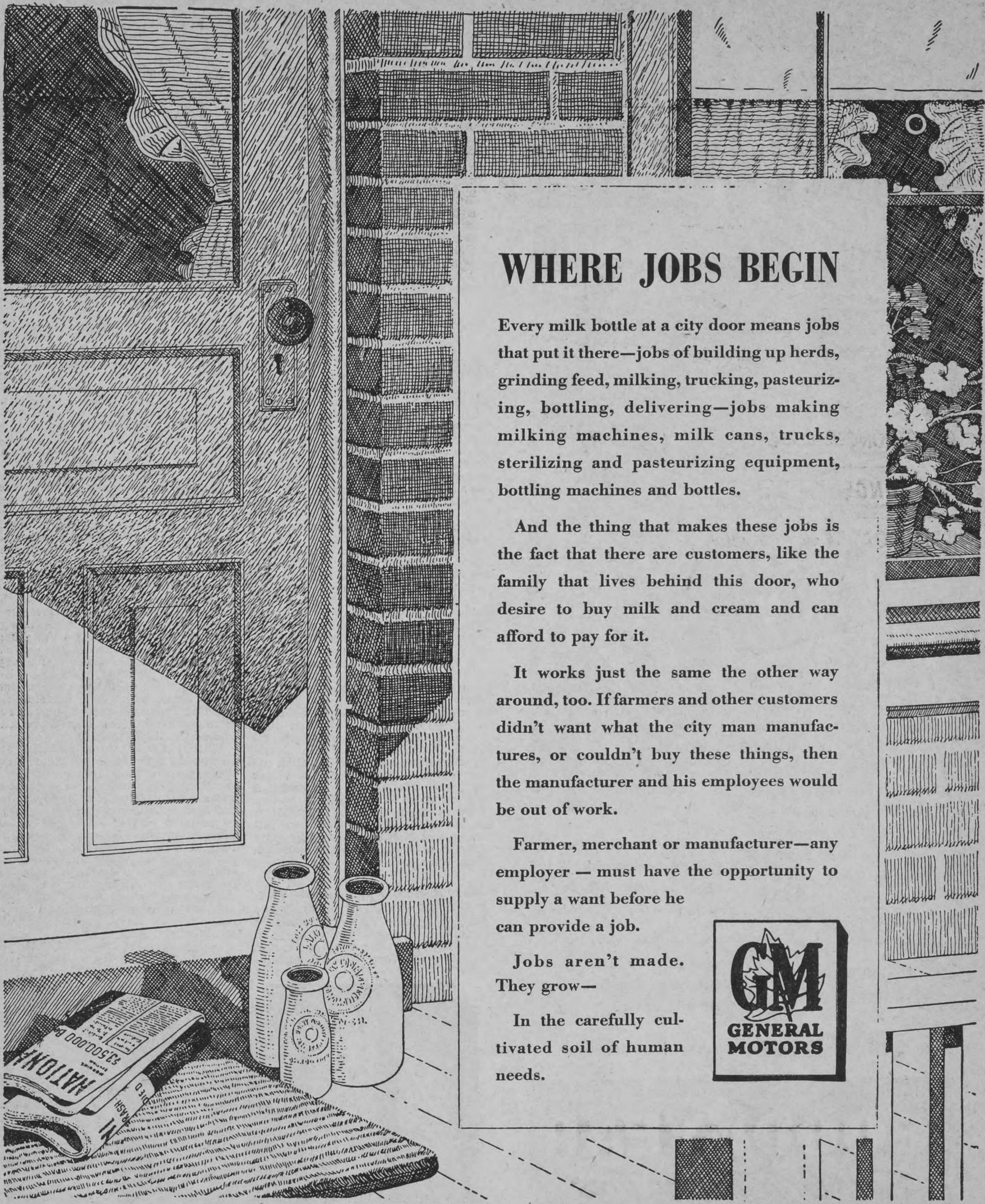
It is interesting to note that, compared with a 32-year hog-barley ratio of 17.4 bushels of barley to equal the price of 100 pounds of live hog at Winnipeg, the 23-year average hog-feed margin for the period from 1922-1944 was \$5.25 per 100-weight, or \$7.87 per hog over and above the cost of feed. For the wartime period, 1940-44, the hog-feed margins have averaged \$6.78 per 100 pounds, and \$10.17 per hog.

Keep Meat Animals Going

SUCCESSFUL feeders of beef cattle for market, are all agreed that low cost production is invariably achieved by keeping the animals fed adequately from birth to marketing age. Many men who have not been successful in marketing and raising beef cattle profitably, have failed because they have not realized the significance of adequate feeding and steady growth. It has been calculated experimentally that cattle fed at a very high level of nutrition will have devoted about 40 per cent of the feed they have eaten, to growth and fat-

ness by the time they are about 2½ years old, whereas other animals, fed in the normal way, will have utilized only approximately 25 per cent of their feed productively and the remaining 75 per cent for maintenance.

Marketing cattle at good weights at a time they are around a year and a half or two years old means that a substantial wastage of feed has been avoided. For each pound of edible meat produced, a three-year-old steer will consume approximately 22½ pounds of dry matter in its feed; whereas an 18-



WHERE JOBS BEGIN

Every milk bottle at a city door means jobs that put it there—jobs of building up herds, grinding feed, milking, trucking, pasteurizing, bottling, delivering—jobs making milking machines, milk cans, trucks, sterilizing and pasteurizing equipment, bottling machines and bottles.

And the thing that makes these jobs is the fact that there are customers, like the family that lives behind this door, who desire to buy milk and cream and can afford to pay for it.

It works just the same the other way around, too. If farmers and other customers didn't want what the city man manufactures, or couldn't buy these things, then the manufacturer and his employees would be out of work.

Farmer, merchant or manufacturer—any employer—must have the opportunity to supply a want before he can provide a job.

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FP 48

months-old steer requires only about 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ pounds. The significance of this difference is, of course, that the younger a steer can be finished, the more economical beef production is, and the more profitable it will be for the owner of such cattle.

With animals raised for meat, the difference between generous feeding of properly balanced rations from the very first, can be seen in the changes in conformation of the animal. Where the feeding is not ample to bring out the meat-producing qualities of a steer, the tendency is for an undue proportion of the weight to go into the cheaper body portions, such as the head, forequarters and legs. When adequately fed, the calf, and later the steer, begins to develop heaviness and meatiness in the hindquarters, the back and the more valuable parts of the body. Thus, by keeping the animal going constantly there is not only a great saving in feed and in time, but also a considerable increase in the quality and ultimate selling price of the beef animal.

In an experiment made in Denmark with Red Danish cattle, where the same sire was used on similar cows, it was found that animals fed on a high level of nutrition to the age of two years and 45 days had consumed 3,598 feed units and weighed 1,558 pounds, with a heart girth of 204 centimeters. Animals of similar breeding, fed on a low level of nutrition to the same age, consumed only 1,387 feed units, weighed only 702 pounds, or less than half as much, and had a heart girth of 158 centimeters.

Many men have, at various times and for many years, discussed the relative importance of breeding and feeding. It is enough to say that the question will in all probability never be resolved in favor of one or the other. Where one of these factors is present and the other absent it is impossible to secure economical and profitable results. Feed is to a considerable extent wasted on animals of poor breeding, while even the best-bred animals cannot produce efficiently on inefficient feeding.

Sheep Worm Diseases

TWENTY-SIX kinds of worms have been found in Canadian sheep; and of these only a very few are responsible for nearly all the losses. These come largely from the stomach worms (causing summer anaemia), nodular disease, and fall or black scours. All of these serious worm diseases are susceptible to treatment with phenothiazine. This important drug is available for Canadian conditions in two forms—tablets and as a drench. Each tablet contains 10 grams, and since phenothiazine is generally used in winter or spring, sometime before the sheep go out on pasture, as a protective treatment, three tablets for animals weighing up to 100 pounds, and four tablets for larger animals, offer a method of speedy treatment. Seventy or eighty animals can be given three tablets each in an hour.

During the summer, signs of stomach worms may be present, in which case the Dominion Department of Agriculture recommends either a bluestone and nicotine drench, or capsules of tetrachlorethylene. This latter drug may also be given as a dose of not more than one-third ounce per 100 pounds weight of sheep. In early fall, too, signs of diarrhoea, or black scours may be present. These should be treated with phenothiazine, using somewhat less than the amounts already described for winter and spring treatment. It is claimed that the treatment before going to pasture prevents the occurrence of nodular disease in young stock during the following season in the majority of cases, and also prevents outbreaks of stomach worm disease.

Many Reasons Why Fats Tests Vary

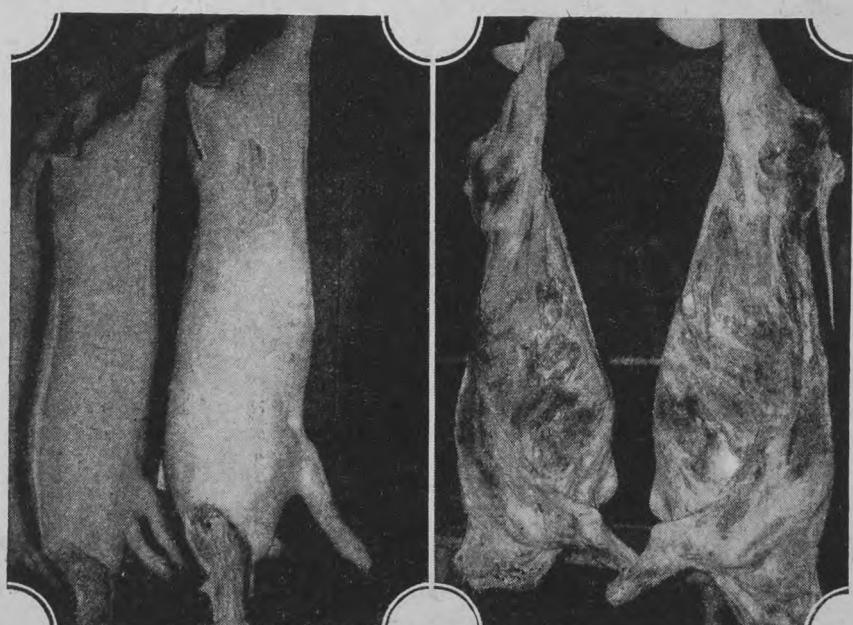
FARMERS who are shipping milk and being paid on a butterfat basis, are frequently puzzled by the variation in butterfat tests which may occur; and sometimes they forget that a large num-

ber of reasons may enter into these variations.

The breed of cow, of course, affects the test, Jerseys averaging around 5 per cent, Guernseys 4.5 per cent, Ayrshires 4 per cent and Holsteins 3.5 per cent. These, of course, are breed averages and do not necessarily apply to individual animals. Individual cows may give milk, from milking to milking, which varies somewhat in butterfat tests. Also the stage of lactation, or milking periods, will show variations in tests. If the average test for the first month of lactation is taken as 100, the second month will probably show about 95.6 per cent, the third month 97.9 per cent, with gradual increases in succeeding months to as high as 118 per cent by the eleventh month.

The first milk drawn is normally lower in tests than the stripplings, which are quite rich in fat. Thus, if the cows are not adequately stripped, the test may be lowered. Frequency of milking has little or no effect on the test, so long as it is regularly done, but the test is apt to be affected if milking is irregular. The same is true if the milker is changed. The cow may be disturbed and not let down her milk.

When a cow is in good condition at calving she is apt to have a higher test during the first two to eight weeks after freshening. Sometimes the morning milking tests higher than the evening and a sudden severe change of feed may be reflected in the test also. Certain illnesses, including fever, may cause the tests to vary quite markedly, and bad storms, such as cold rains or snowstorms, especially when the cows are on pasture in the fall months, will cause the tests to vary. Also, milk from the different quarters of the udder may differ in tests almost one per cent of fat. Finally, the fat tests of cow's milk generally increases from first freshening until the third to the sixth lacta-



[Guide Photo.
Here are low grade carcasses of hogs and cattle, made so by bruising and careless handling. These bloodshot beef sides and the gouged ham, represent serious annual losses to farmers.

"Can ya 'magine? Aunt Judy of all people!"

JOAN: Yes, isn't it *terrible*—brushing her teeth without massaging her gums! Think Aunt Judy doesn't know . . . ?

JANE: Guess not, Sis. Better tell her this minute how we learn in school to exercise our gums. Jeepers, if she wants her *teeth* to stay healthy, you'd think she wouldn't go skipping her *gum massage*!

AUNT J: All right, chicks—*give!* What's all this talk about gums—and massage?

JOAN: Oh, Aunt Judy—you must be fooling. *Everybody* knows about today's soft foods not exercising gums, often letting gums get tender and flabby. And so you better massage them every time you brush your teeth because, well . . . Aunt Judy, don't you know that "pink" on your tooth brush is a *sign*?

AUNT J: Sign? Sign of what?

CHORUS: *Sign to see your dentist right away!*



IN hundreds of Canada's schoolrooms, children now learn the importance of gum massage to sound, sparkling teeth.

Many dentists also recommend regular massage to help strengthen flabby, tender gums and safeguard your teeth.

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush, don't ignore this warning. It means *see your dentist right away*. He may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage," as so many dentists do. For Ipana Tooth Paste, with

massage, is designed to wake up circulation in the gums, help them to firmer health . . . help your smile to a new sparkling brightness.

Special Notice to School Teachers

Ipana's 5-Way Programme for teaching Dental Health now includes a life-like model of a set of teeth. Entire Programme available to teachers *free of charge*. Write today to Bristol-Myers Company of Canada Ltd., Dept. CG1, 3035 St. Antoine Street, Montreal 30, Que.

Guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"

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Tractor owners, who give proper care to their tractor spark plugs—and replace worn out, inefficient plugs by installing new broad heat/range AC's—will have fewer problems of power losses, and get better tractor performance from today's fuels.

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KNOWLEDGE IS POWER

regapped. **3** Always insist on AC's when you buy new spark plugs.

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tion period, after which it may decrease about one-half of one per cent. In some areas, the milk tests tend to drop in the

spring until about June or July, and then gradually increase until December or January.

Minerals In Livestock Feeding

MINERALS are important in the feeding of livestock and it has been found that there are no less than thirteen mineral elements known to be essential for animal life. These include calcium, phosphorus, iron, iodine, cobalt, magnesium, sodium, potassium, chlorine, sulphur, copper, manganese and zinc. Fortunately there are only four or five which are commonly deficient under western Canadian conditions.

Some minerals are referred to as trace elements, which are seldom noticeably deficient and which are required in only very small quantities.

It is true, nevertheless, that each one of these minerals is essential and if it should not be present, even though only the tiniest proportion is necessary, unthriftiness or definite ill health would result.

It is sometimes very difficult to determine when a mineral element is deficient and which element is required. Many scientists in several different countries have devoted a great deal of time to the study of mineral deficiencies; but in spite of all that has been discovered, there still remains a large field which must still be covered to bridge the gulf between suspicion and established fact.

Deficiencies of phosphorus, cobalt, copper and iodine occur among grazing animals. Sometimes these deficiencies exist even when the pasture itself seems to be adequately supplied. In some cases there may be sufficient minerals provided in the pasture, but it is not available to the animal; that is to say, it may not be in a form which the animal can use, or, due to some lack of balance between a particular mineral and some other, there may still be, in effect, a deficiency.

Various diseases of livestock are common in certain countries, such as Australia, South Africa, Sweden and Germany, which are caused either by deficiencies of certain mineral substances or by excesses of these substances. In western Canada, particularly in the prairie provinces, goiter in livestock and hairlessness in pigs, is the most characteristic evidence of mineral deficiency. Science may be expected to continue the study and investigation of this subject, so that it may be possible ultimately to correct deficiencies or excesses before animals are exposed to them and thus avoid the losses that now occur, because we do not yet know enough about the behavior of mineral substances in relation to the growth and fattening of domestic animals.

Proven Sires Are Best

THE selection of dairy bulls is a matter of prime importance to the herd owner. It ought to be remembered that in a herd of average size, the owner will be spending hundreds of hours per year in about three years' time taking care of the daughters of the herd sire he purchases. If the young bull, bought at a sale, increases the average milk and fat production for the herd, well and good. If he decreases the average pro-

duction, it means that the dairyman has wasted a portion of all these hours of work by not taking a few hours longer, or a few days if necessary, to select the right herd sire.

It is impossible to tell from the appearance of a bull, which may represent the finest dairy type, whether he will be able to reproduce, in his daughters, the ability to yield well. John Hammond, of the Cambridge School of Agriculture, England, recently used an illustration of two young pure-bred bulls. The dam of one had yielded 9,363 pounds of milk, and the dam of the other, 8,700 pounds. The twelve daughters of the first young bull, however, averaged only 5,310 pounds, while eleven daughters of the second averaged 8,700 pounds of milk.

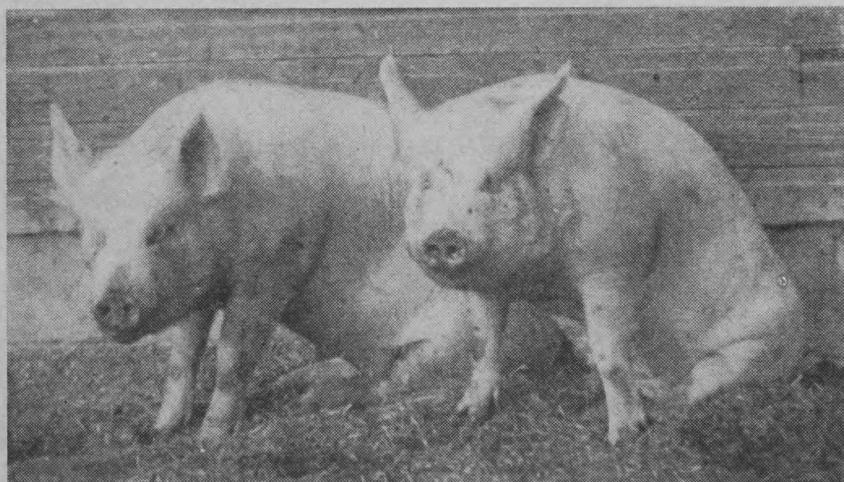
The reason for the failure of the bull from the higher producing dam to produce high producing daughters lies in the fact that the sire represents only one-quarter of the genetic, or breeding value in the pedigree of an animal. If the milking ability of the dam only is known, and the sire is not a proven sire whose daughters have been tested, a young bull from such a sire may well decrease, rather than increase the average yield of a herd.

The higher the average milk production of a herd, on which a newly purchased sire is used, the less likely he is to increase the herd average, unless he is a sire of proven quality sufficient to justify the hope of increase, or unless there are sufficient records back of him, in all directions, to warrant the expectation of an increase.

Winter Browse Is Good Feed

THE forage to be found on grasslands varies as to its feeding qualities, in different seasons of the year. Throughout the growing season, nearly all the grass that is common on range land provides plenty of satisfactory livestock nutrients. When these grasses ripen, however, and are exposed to the weather in the fall and winter, the Dominion Experimental Station at Manyberries, Alberta, has found that their composition changes radically. The nutritive value of these grasses declines until, "many of them do not contain sufficient nutrients to adequately provide for the needs of livestock during the winter months."

The experiment station points out, however, that this is not true of the common browse plants. These include willows, buckrush, sagebrush, tree seedlings, salt sage and winter fat, which retain more than adequate supplies of phosphorus and protein, the two nutrients that are scarce in the grasses during the winter months. Cattle hunt these browse plants out during the winter wherever they can find them, proving that Nature has given them an instinct for the right kind of feed. It follows, that every effort should be made to conserve browse so that as much as possible of it will be available on the range for winter grazing. As pointed out by the Manyberries station, "it provides a valuable supplementary feed during the late fall and winter and is better than a shed when storms occur."



"Outlook's kinda gloomy, ain't it? Betcha these farmers will be sorry later on, they killed us off so fast."



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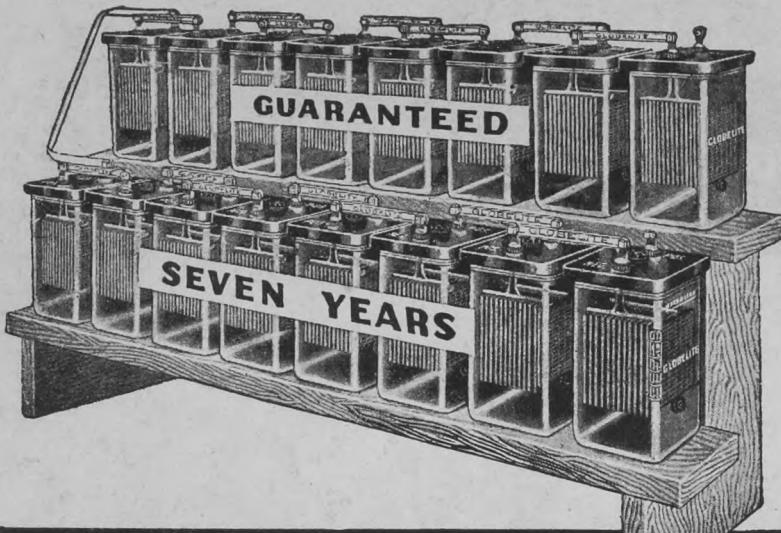
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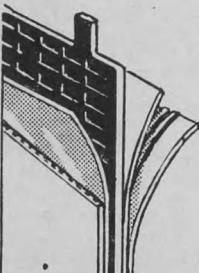
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FIELD

This good looking crop of corn was grown on wheat stubble at Morden in the Manitoba cornbelt. Wheat after corn yields about as well as wheat after summerfallow.

Soil Loss Is Costly

FULLY one-half of the best grade of farm land in the United States is located in the States of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa and Illinois. The United States Soil Conservation Service has found by soil erosion surveys that nearly one-half of the land in these States is seriously eroded and that more than 13 million acres of formerly productive farm land has lost much of its top soil.

A similar loss can take place in western Canada. It is going on right now. One inch of soil spread over an acre would weigh approximately 140 tons. That, in other words, is the amount of soil that is lost from an acre of land in Canada that is eroded to the extent of one inch in depth. In many parts of western Canada there are not many inches of good top soil left. There will be less and less of it unless the process of erosion is stopped by good farm and cultural practices.

When rain falls on sloping land, it seeks a lower level like any other water but, along with it, it carries a part of the surface soil over which it runs. Most of the loss from erosion comes from a few heavy rains during the season, but any rain heavy enough to cause run-off will also bring with it some loss of soil.

unless sloping land is kept roughened or covered with plant growth.

In districts where the rainfall is fairly generous, as much as 150 tons of this soil per acre, may be lost from fallow land. But it has been found by experiments, on good grassland over a five-year period, that the loss was less than 1/10 of a ton of soil per acre annually. Land planted to crops like corn has been found, in the cornbelt States, where rainfall is fairly generous, to lose an average of 100 tons of soil per year over a five-year period.

Where erosion has become a fairly serious problem it generally indicates faulty farm practice in the community. What is required is some change in practice that will decrease the amount of water running off the soil. It is possible either to loosen the soil and leave it rough so that water will soak into it more readily, or put some kind of vegetative cover on the surface which will obstruct the movement of the water and allow it to penetrate into the soil more readily. Stubble or other trash on the surface of the ground will act in a similar way to a growing crop. Vegetation will not only keep back the movement of water, but it will help to keep the surface of the soil open.

A Fall Cover For Land

SOILS in northeastern Saskatchewan are relatively high in organic matter and humus. The area is also relatively well supplied with moisture. Notwithstanding this, soil drifting sometimes occurs in periods of high winds, and serious soil losses take place. For this condition the only permanent cure is less summerfallow and more grass.

A general change of this kind, however, will require a considerable amount of time; and meanwhile, these losses are likely to occur wherever summerfallow is found, unless steps are taken to handle the fallow so as to minimize the drifting of soil. As pointed out by the Dominion Experimental Station at Melfort, a heavy infestation of perennial weeds makes the cultivating of summerfallow just before freeze-up more or less a necessity. Stinkweed is also very common throughout the area and unless destroyed in the fall may present a problem the following spring. In such cases, however, it is pointed out

that the one-way, the disc and rod or cable weeders should be avoided, owing to the fact that they pulverize the soil too much. On the other hand, the duck-foot cultivator will break the land and leave it somewhat lumpy, so that it is the most satisfactory implement to use, particularly if the ridges are left crosswise to the slope of the land.

It is also pointed out that cover crops have been used very successfully to prevent soil erosion in the fall. These are seeded about the end of August. Sometimes the fallow is left without cultivation (where only annual weeds are present) and the land given a weed cover as protection against drifting. This practice is only harmless if the weeds will die during the winter. Sometimes perennial weeds are only present in small clusters, in which case these smaller areas can be cultivated while the remainder of the land is left protected by the annual weeds over winter.

Crested Wheat Grass For Spring and Fall

IN the spring of the year more than a million acres of crested wheat grass are grazed by Saskatchewan and Alberta livestock. It provides excellent, early spring pasture owing to its ability to grow at low temperatures. Moreover, since crested wheat grass provides more nutritious feed when grazed closely so as to keep the plants in the leafy stage, it is desirable to make the greatest possible use of it in the spring.

Later, however, when the seed starts to develop, the crested wheat grass plant is not nearly so nutritious or palatable, so that it is advisable to move the stock to some other pasture if at all possible

—perhaps to a native pasture which has been able to make considerable growth while the crested wheat grass was being grazed closely. It is advisable, according to those who have studied crested wheat grass carefully, to cut a crop of hay from a crested wheat grass pasture later in the season, even though the crop is very light. The old growth will be removed and the pasture left in better condition for the next season. Later in the fall, crested wheat grass makes good pasture again as a rule, provided there has been sufficient moisture to make good growth. Where this is the case, many of the late fall leaves will remain green during winter under the snow.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT OIL



HOW OIL WAS BORN

... MILLIONS* OF YEARS AGO ...

Illustrated above is the birthplace of oil. Drawn from a model built by modern scientists, our picture shows the marine life that existed on the floors of ancient seas which covered large parts of our continents and more than half of Canada—300 million years before man came upon the earth.

A miracle took place

As generation after generation of these strange-looking plants and fish and underwater animals died, they settled down into the mud of the ocean bottom. And all the time, great pre-historic rivers were sweeping seaward the remains of animals and plants that lived in the forests. Along with millions of tons of silt, these too were deposited on the sea floor.

As the ages rolled by, a miracle took place. Buried under the salt water, the mud and silt turned to limestone and shale... the fatty parts of the plant and animal matter underwent a chemical change and became oil.

The earth's crust shifted

Then came a time of great upheaval, when the submerged lands thrust upwards, pushing back the shallow, inland seas. The old sea floors, with their layers of rock and oil, were cast up high and dry to form parts of today's continents.

Some of the oil seeped to the new earth's surface, to form asphalt pits such as are found in Trinidad and California. But most of it was buried thousands of feet below ground level. There, mixed with salt water and gas, it soaked into sandy pockets and pools where it was trapped and walled in by masses of hard rock through which the oil could not seep.

Hundreds of useful servants

Today these underground stores of oil, found in many parts of the world including Canada, are of great service to mankind. Not only do they provide the gasoline and oil to drive and lubricate our motor cars; they are also the source of essential petroleum products that serve the factory worker, the painter, the printer, the doctor, the railroadman, the roadmaker, the housewife and the farmer.

It may surprise you to know, for example, that Imperial Oil Limited makes several hundred individual petroleum necessities for Canadians, in its refineries in British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and Northwest Territories.

* According to geologists, some of today's oil-bearing earth strata were formed in the "Ordovician Age" which began 300 million years ago.



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This message is the first of a series; the next advertisement will tell "How the ancient seas brought oil to Canada".

Oil bearing strata, formed from the beds of ancient seas, may be found many thousands of feet above sea level.

Oil is also found where the old seabeds still lie near the present sea level.



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With each Eclipse Windmill are furnished 36 feet of wood pole, a swivel, bed and guide plate, ball bearing turntable, pump slide, pullout lever and sufficient special grade oil for one filling—nothing extra to buy.

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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION "THE GUIDE"

An Ounce of Weed Prevention

By MANLEY CHAMPLIN

OWING to the cool weather in May or early June and the drouth during June, the weed problem is likely to be worse than usual this year. Weeds always tend to grow between the grain plants when the stand is poor. This year, there are many fields where the growth of the crop was retarded at first by the cool weather and later by drouth, which, in some fields, withered the side stools, thus thinning the crop and giving weeds an opportunity of which they have taken full advantage. Anything that can be done economically to prevent these weeds from going to seed and thus increasing the weed seed numbers in the soil is well worth while.

On farms where there is sufficient livestock to require a good deal of feed, some of the fields that had been intended for grain were probably harvested early for green sheaves when they were too weedy to make a worth while grain crop. By doing this, it is possible to prevent many weed seeds from maturing and shelling out on the land. This applies especially to weeds that produce most of their seeds high up on the plants such as wild oats and darnel.

Farmers that do not have livestock of their own to feed green sheaves were, perhaps, able to find a market near by where they can sell feed to neighbors who need it. Others, perhaps, thought it worth while to put up a few stacks of sheaves as a reserve, in case of need for feed at some future time.

ON the Field Husbandry experimental farm and seed farm at the University of Saskatchewan, we always give the grain stubble a light or shallow discing as soon as possible after cutting the crop, unless we have sown grass, alfalfa or sweet clover on the field. This discing cuts off and kills thousands of small weeds before they have had a chance to go to seed, or to make a large growth and exhaust the moisture from the soil.

While talking with one of the neighbors, who takes pride in having as clean a farm as possible, he stated that he felt pretty sure that a good deal of vermin was also destroyed by discing the stubble. He was thinking of insect pests that are planning to spend the winter at the surface of the ground, or at the base of the stubble.

It is true, of course, that discing cuts or breaks some of the stubble down so that it does not stand up and catch snow as well as it would if not discing, but if the weeds are not killed when small, they often make a heavy growth in the stubble and waste a good deal of soil moisture, besides leaving the fields in bad condition to prepare for seeding in the spring.

The result is that such fields often have to be burnt off in the spring in order to prepare them for seeding. The burning kills some of the weed seeds and

clean crops are sometimes produced after burning. The trouble about burning the stubble and weeds is that it hastens soil erosion and exhaustion. The supply of humus and fiber in the soil is very important from the standpoint of resisting soil-drifting and soil-washing and also to maintain a good state of tilth. For that reason, it is best to avoid burning the stubble whenever possible and to resort to burning only in emergencies.

WEEDY stubble fields can be worked into fallow with modern implements with very satisfactory results. One-way discs cut through the trash and leave the stubble at or near the surface. They can be used on a wide variety of soils and under varying rainfall conditions for the first operation in May or June on next year's fallow. If the one-way is followed with a packer, the soil will be pressed firmly around the weed seeds, thus helping them to sprout and form plants that can be killed with the cultivator in the next operation.

To those who may be worrying about the trash that may remain on fallowed land that is to be seeded in 1947, it can be said that most of the trash will have disappeared into the soil or will have been so well decayed and broken up that it will give no trouble during the work of seeding.

In the chinook belt of southern Alberta and south western Saskatchewan, blade weeder are finding an important place in preparing fallows. These implements cut through the soil under the stubble and weeds and leave them standing. Under dry climatic conditions, the weeds are killed effectively by this type of implement.

WHEN weed seeds are plentiful as they promise to be this fall, dropping almost everywhere on the just and the unjust, the poor and the well-to-do alike, it is just as well to avoid turning them down too deeply into the soil. Shallow tillage will keep them near enough to the surface so that they will have a chance to sprout and form plants so that they can be killed by cultivation or tillage. The late, great Professor S. A. Bedford, of Manitoba, used to say that you cannot kill a weed seed until it grows and there is a lot of truth in that statement. His famous slogan, "Grow them out" is well remembered by many of us and is well worth remembering.

So to sum up in a few words, let us prevent the weed seeds from dropping on the land if we can; and let us grow out the weed seeds that escape us and then kill their progeny. Lastly, let us avoid burning the weedy stubble, except in cases of emergency, where there is no other practical solution.

(Note: Manley Champlin is Senior Professor and head of the Field Husbandry Department at the University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon.—Ed.)



An excellent field of Kharkov winter wheat on the farm of Zoel Cote, Donnelly, Alberta, in 1944.—Guide photo.

Light Soils Need Humus

LIIGHT sandy loam soils, which exist to a considerable extent in some of the drier areas, are difficult to handle from the standpoint of cropping practice, because they do not store water efficiently. The result is that such soils do not benefit from summerfallowing as much as heavier types, besides which they are more subject to drifting.

The tendency of these light soils to drift is also encouraged by the fact that, since they do not benefit as much from fallow, the practice is to crop them more regularly, and therefore to subject such soils to more continuous stirring in tillage operations.

It is a fundamental of good farm practice that light soils are as a rule more deficient in vegetable matter or humus than heavier soils, and that, therefore, every effort should be made to grow grass or clovers on them over a period of years in order to increase the humus content and therefore enlarge the water holding capacity. Mixtures of alfalfa and crested wheat grass in the drier areas, or brome grass and the legumes where brome grass does well, are, on the whole, the most satisfactory crops for soil improvement, since they also provide excellent pasture or hay. A mistake often made, however, is to leave such mixtures down too long. If the primary object is soil improvement, they should be left down long enough to establish a first-class sod, broken early in the season, and followed with only sufficient cultivation to keep weeds under control.

Agriculture in the prairie provinces stands greatly in need of more definite and well established crop-rotations. It is folly, however, to adhere too rigidly to some fixed plan of cropping, when frequently a little more flexibility might improve the soil, increase revenue, or provide the needed feed for livestock. It follows that on lighter soils in need of more organic matter or humus, hay and pasture crops, and livestock go together. Such soils need the beneficial effects of the grasses and legumes, and these, in turn, in order to be utilized efficiently and economically, require livestock. In addition, the livestock is valuable for the manure, which not only adds the needed organic matter to the soil, but enriches it appreciably in the major plant food constituents generally lacking in the lighter soils.

High Protein From Ensiled Legumes

IF the western farmer did not require to buy any balancing or supplementary feeds, such as concentrates and protein supplements, he could operate a much more self-contained unit and at substantially decreased cost. Where cattle and sheep are involved, the object of the feeder must be to utilize as much roughage as possible and to have this of the highest possible quality. Ruminants, such as cattle and sheep, are adapted to the economic disposal of roughages and require only sufficient grain and supplementary feeds to balance the ration.

Protein is the chief factor in short supply in practically all fodder crops; and to secure fodder crops with as high a protein content as possible, should be the aim of the feeder, especially where dairy cattle are concerned. Putting alfalfa, red clover, soybeans or young grass crops into the silo, is probably as good a method as any of preserving the high protein content of young plants. Corn, of course, is the ideal silage crop, but contains only 1.8 per cent of protein according to analyses made at Ottawa. Alfalfa silage, on the other hand, contains 4.5 per cent protein, soybeans 3.7 per cent and young timothy 3 per cent. It is pointed out from Ottawa that the protein is so high in these crops that they are somewhat difficult to ensile.

Corn is ideal partly for the reason that it contains relatively large amounts of sugar that readily ferment and are easily converted into lactic acid which preserves the silage crop. In crops containing high percentages of protein such as alfalfa, the protein may be broken down into undesirable compounds before sufficient of the desirable acids have been produced from the limited amount of sugar contained in the crop. For these reasons, such crops as alfalfa, clovers and grasses, must either be wilted before ensiling, so as to bring the



This **OLIVER combination** brings better plowing at lower cost

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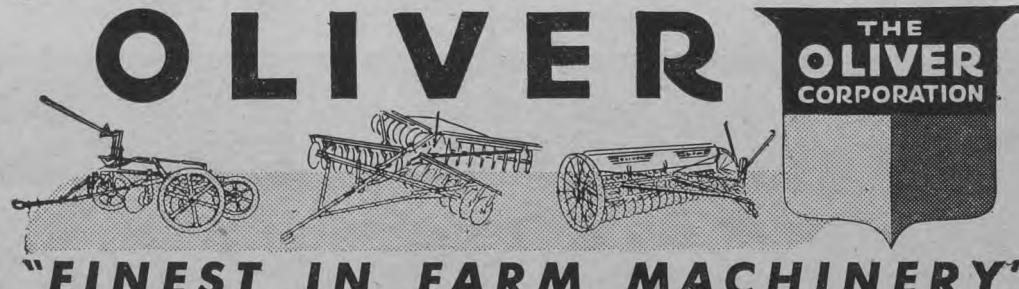
This Oliver Tractor Gang pulls as much as 20% lighter . . . does a finer all-around conditioning and covering job . . . holds to true furrow depth better . . . and scours easier than ordinary plows working in similar soils.

The answer is Raydex, the famous Oliver plow base with replaceable shares so inexpensive you can throw them away when they get dull.

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See your Oliver dealer. Find out about the many other features that contribute to the plowing efficiency, handling ease, and long life of the Oliver No. 514A Tractor Gang. Your Oliver dealer will show you why you always plow best with an Oliver, and assist you in the selection of proper base equipment to best meet your soil types and farming practices.

Machinery production is limited, but you'll get every possible help when you call at an Oliver dealer's store. If you must wait for an Oliver Raydex-equipped plow, it will be well worth while in tractor fuel savings alone. **THE OLIVER CORPORATION, Regina, Calgary, Edmonton, Saskatoon, Winnipeg.**



HOG PRODUCERS!

HOLD YOUR POSITION

ON THE

BRITISH BACON MARKET

BY MAINTAINING

HOG PRODUCTION

The importance and value of the British bacon market to the Canadian hog industry has been recognized for many years.

The outlet for surplus hog products in that market has been the main factor in determining hog values in Canada.

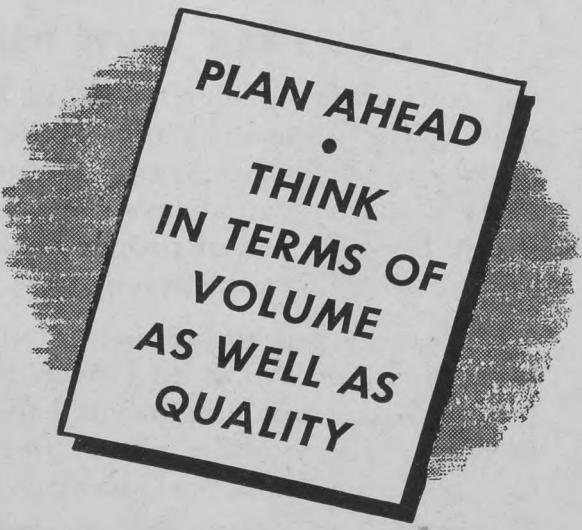
The Canadian hog industry until the outbreak of the war did not capitalize fully on the advantages of the British market because of irregularity of supply and variation in the quality of the product.

During the war years Canada's capacity to produce a large volume of bacon of satisfactory quality has been demonstrated. Canada is now the chief supplier of bacon to Great Britain and Canadian bacon is favourably regarded by the British bacon trade.

The position which the Canadian product now holds on the British market can be consolidated and made to work to the best advantage of Canadian swine producers only if bacon continues to go forward in large quantities regularly, and only if the quality of hogs and bacon is maintained.

It is only by continued assurance that bacon of high quality will go forward regularly and in large volume that the fullest benefit of the British Market will result.

The volume in which hogs are produced in the next two years may well determine our future position.



203

AGRICULTURAL SUPPLIES BOARD
Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa
Honourable James G. Gardiner, Minister

moisture down to 60 or 70 per cent, or preservatives must be used.

Either cane or beet molasses at from 40 to 60 pounds per ton of crop, or 16 pounds of phosphoric acid per ton, or barley or corn meal at 100 pounds per ton, will act as preservatives and develop sufficient lactic acid from the sugar in the molasses, or from the starch in barley or corn meal, to preserve the crop. The weatherman is not so important a factor in ensiling as in haymaking, and properly handled, grasses and legumes will provide nutritious feed with comparatively little loss.

Share-the-Earning Plans

INFORMATION from Minnesota is to the effect that in that state the difficulty of getting permanent farm help and the labor shortage generally, has led a number of farmers to share, in some measure, the proceeds of the year's work with their hired men. It appears that most of these "share-the-earnings" agreements provide for a definite wage for the worker, in addition to a share in the earnings from one or more of the farm enterprises, or even from the entire farm business.

The Country Guide has not learned of any similar arrangements between farmer and employee in western Canada, but would be very much interested in learning of any such agreements that may be in operation.

Most of the agreements of this type in Minnesota are based on gross sales from the farm, or from a particular enterprise, and not on net farm income. The reason is, apparently, that bonuses based on net farm income require the keeping of accurate farm accounts, and even so, disagreements are fairly frequent. In one case a farmer paid his hired worker a cash wage per month plus 10 per cent of the milk and hog sales. Most of the feed was produced on the farm, but for any purchased feed required, 10 per cent of the cost of such feed could be deducted from the gross sales from the cows and hogs before dividing the proceeds. In this case, the division was made as the proceeds were taken in. The hired worker had full responsibility for the care of the dairy cattle and the hogs. With the aid of a milking machine he was able to do the work alone. The farmer looked after all the poultry and got all of the receipts. Both families lived in separate houses. The hired worker received all of the usual perquisites except meat, the cost of which was deducted from his 10 per cent of the hog sales.

In another instance, a profit-sharing plan was followed on a farm where the farmer furnished a house, electricity and the usual perquisites except meat, to a married man. This plan has been followed for five years on this particular farm where a basic wage for the months of January, February and December is agreed on. The wage is increased by \$10 each month from March to July. Beginning with August, wages come down \$10 per month until they reach the basic wage in December. This sliding scale helps to provide more pay per hour during the period when farm work is heaviest, as well as a larger monthly wage. After the first year, the hired worker on this farm receives a bonus of three per cent of the net farm profit as determined for the income tax return of the farm. In the third and each year thereafter, this bonus is increased to five per cent.

In another instance, sharing of the proceeds from rented land was reported. In this case 30 acres of corn were rented for cash, the operator furnishing all the machinery, the hired man paying for the husking of all the corn. The cost of gasoline for the tractor was shared and the crop was shared on a 50-50 basis.

Seeding Roadside Allowances

AN attack is being made on Manitoba weeds this year in a number of municipalities which are co-operating with the Manitoba Weeds Commission, the Dominion experimental farm, Brandon, and the P.F.R.A., to seed down road allowances.

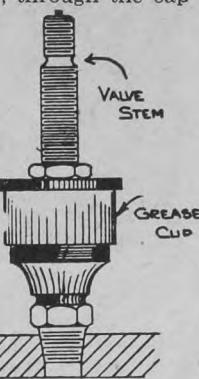
A note from the Dominion experimental farm points out that for every section of land in the more open parts of Manitoba there are 24 acres of road allowance.

For The Mechanically Minded

Suggestions for the farmer and gadgeteer

Pressure Grease Cup

This is a diagram of a handy home made pressure grease cup. It consists of a common grease cup, through the cap of which is drilled a hole large enough for a discarded auto tire valve stem to go through, with a valve stem nut on each side of the cap. The valve stem takes the grease gun nicely, but the valve core must be used to hold in the pressure. In case a 45 degree bend is needed, the valve core can be removed, the stem heated and bent to the shape wanted, the valve core inserted, and the stem then locked in the grease cup cap with the two nuts. This would be of especial value in overhauling old discs and other machines equipped with large grease cups.



In the other diagram we showed how one reader made a pressure lubricator by soldering an auto tire valve stem into the cover of an ordinary grease cup. This works fine in summer, but is likely to give trouble when the grease gets stiff. This trouble can be avoided by screwing or soldering a regular Alemite or Zerk fitting into the cap so a pressure gun can be used for forcing the grease in under pressure. —I.W.D.

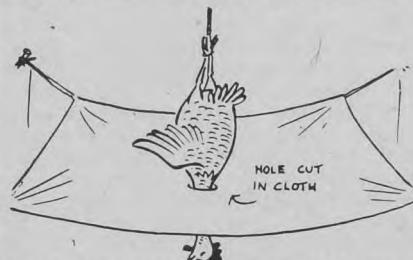


B



Saving Feathers

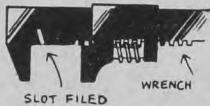
To save the feathers hang the bird up. Next hang the sheet up high enough for the head and neck to go through the hole up to the shoulders through a hole



cut in the middle of the sheet. It is easier saving them this way than gathering them off the ground.—Mrs. A. Helm, Ebenezer, Sask.

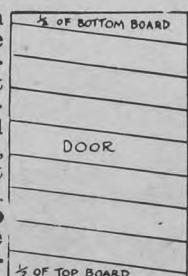
Circular Saw Set

I made this circular saw set from an old Model T Ford iron monkey wrench. A slot is filed between the jaws to fit over the saw tooth and the handle pressed down until the inner jaw hits against the blade of the saw. As this jaw is adjustable, any set can be put on the saw. The end of the wrench may have to be heated and tempered to make it tougher and prevent the slot from spreading. I have used this set for 15 years and find it works well.—Harry Cooper, Glenora, Man.



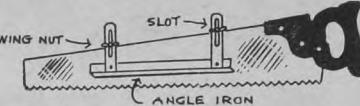
Sawing Granary Door Boards

I noticed the postmaster's assistant in our town sawing the door boards for a granary he was building at a slight angle. On enquiry it was explained and demonstrated that, cut like this, they lift out without difficulty. It isn't necessary to slip or pound them to the top to remove them.—H. D. Falconer, Glentworth, Sask.



Saw Gauge

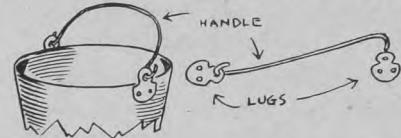
A handy gauge for a cross cut saw can be quickly and easily made with two short pieces of strap iron and a piece of light angle iron about 15 inches



long. Two small holes are drilled through the saw near the back edge. Small stove bolts with wing nuts hold it in position. The slots in the strap iron provide room for adjustment to any depth.—Paul Tremblay, St. Paul, Alta.

Door Hook From Old Pail Handle

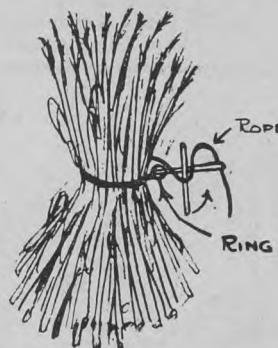
Old pails should not be thrown away. The sheet metal may come in useful for many purposes. The metal bale and lugs can be used for making a door hook.



The bale is left attached to one lug and cut the right length and bent into a hook. The other lug then is placed where needed. Each lug has to be bent at a right angle.—Paul Tremblay, St. Paul, Alta.

Fodder Shock Binder

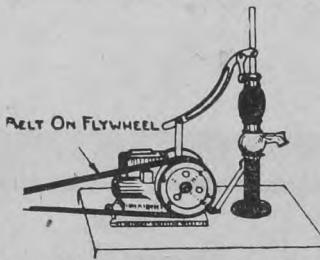
This diagram shows one way of tying fodder shocks so they will not tumble down, even when the corn is very tall. Use a small rope with a ring or a loop in one end. Stick a large wooden pin into the shock about where you wish the tie to come. Lay the ring or loop on this large pin, extend rope around shock and pass over large pin. Put a smaller



pin under rope and through the ring or loop at right of large pin. Bring end of rope under large pin and loop over end of small pin. With the small pin begin to wind the rope around the large pin keeping the end of the rope to the outside. Wind tight enough to bring the shock into shape, then tie with binder twine, and remove rope. This makes the pressure even all around and does not pull the shock out of shape.—I.W.D.

Old Engine Pump Jack

Here is a diagram of a home-made pump jack which has been used for three years and found very satisfactory.



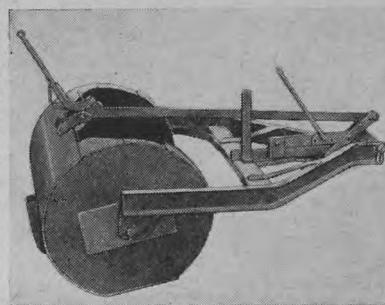
The pump is an ordinary standard make, while the pump jack is made from an old discarded 1 1/2 h.p. engine with everything stripped except the base, flywheel and crankshaft, connecting rod and grease cups. Two strap irons are bolted through holes drilled through the connecting rod, and to a hole drilled through the pump handle. A washing machine engine can be used for power with a V-belt pulley removed and a flat belt run on the shaft alone and around the flywheel on the pump jack.—I.W.D.

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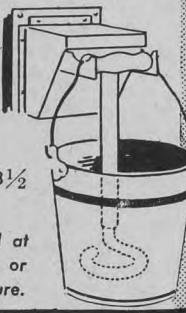
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For higher egg production and healthier flocks feed **Bradcliff**, the new high quality Poultry Grit and Shell Producer.

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Bradcliff Poultry Grit and Shell Producer is produced in our new 100 ton modern mill and plant located at Verona, Ontario. Is 100% Canadian product developed and produced under the most modern conditions for Canadian Poultrymen.

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99% Insoluble

Tested and approved by the Department of Agriculture. An effective, attractive pure white grit, very hard and guaranteed free from harmful elements such as: magnesium carbonate and fluorine. Sized and screened clean, won't splinter, slow to dissolve, lasts longer in the gizzard thereby promoting the grinding action for better use of feed value.

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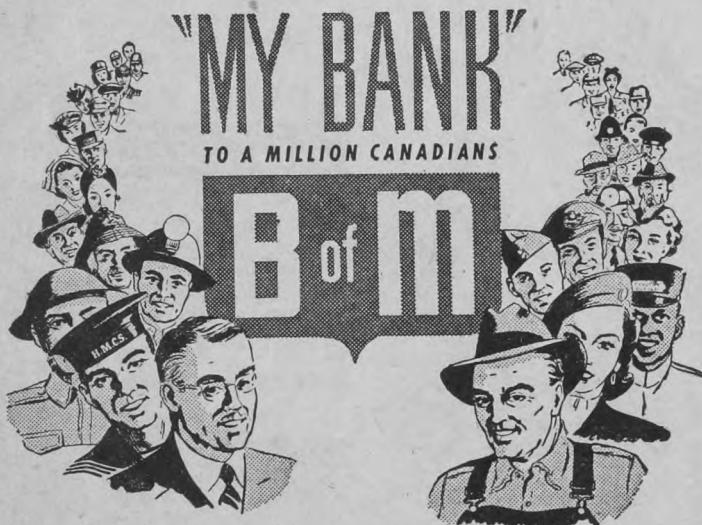
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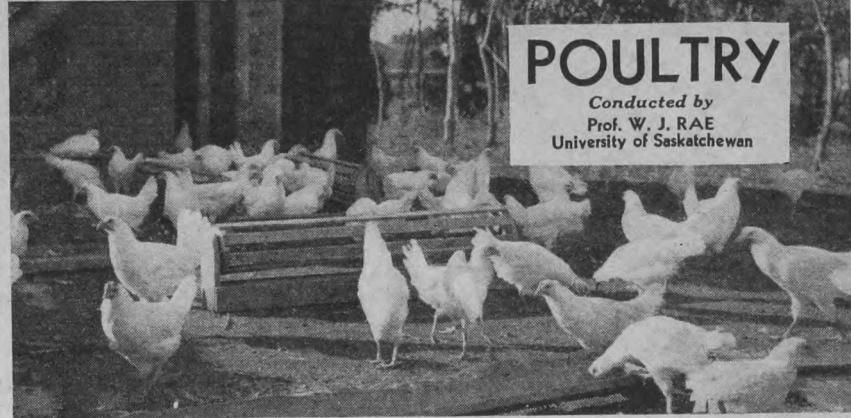
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A flock of alert, busy hens always adds something to farm income.

Industrial Uses For Poultry Products

In recent years the term "Chemurgy" has become quite familiar to farmers when discussing the problem of disposing of surplus farm products. The term has been used to apply to the science of developing industrial uses for agricultural products, with the object of reducing food surpluses.

There are certain industrial uses for eggs and poultry products which are receiving increasing attention. Probably the most important recent development has been the use of fertile eggs in the manufacture of vaccines. One of the first discoveries in the field was that the virus affecting horses which caused encephalomyelitis, or sleeping sickness, could be grown in chick embryos and from them could be produced a vaccine which proved very effective in preventing outbreaks of this dread disease. Since then numerous other vaccines have been developed, some of which have excellent promise in controlling not only animal diseases but some human diseases as well. In poultry, very effective vaccines for the treatment of fowl pox and laryngotracheitis can be grown on chick embryos.

Inedible eggs such as those from incubators and the rots from candling stations are used in the preparation of animal foods and fertilizers. The separate parts of the egg also have distinct uses. For instance the egg white is used in the manufacture of pharmaceuticals, varnishes, paints, printers' ink and adhesives. They are also useful in assisting in photographic work, bookbinding, textile dyeing and in the tanning of leather and occasionally in the clarification of wine. Egg yolks find a use in the manufacture of soap, shampoos, and paints. The shell of the egg can be used for mineral mixes and for fertilizer. Most people are familiar with the use of feathers in the manufacture of pillows, cushions, mattresses and feather dusters. During the early years of the war a very important industry developed in Montreal which used the white feathers of the White Holland turkeys for the manufacture of expensive pieces of women's apparel. These garments are made from maribou which is the processed turkey feathers. Probably as time goes on and in the years to come when surpluses of eggs again begin to accumulate, new and more fascinating industrial uses will be found for a product which at present is greatly in demand as human food.

Keeping Records Brings Satisfaction

POUlTRY keeping is a business and no business can operate successfully unless accurate records are kept. Records are the means by which farmers can identify and increase profitable enterprises and eliminate those which do not show a profit. Poultry records will bring the poultryman more satisfaction than any other work he can do. Plan to keep daily egg records, records of feed purchased and fed. Keep track of sales and of produce consumed and above all, record mortality.

Quality Is The First Essential

THE demand for high quality eggs is growing and is likely to continue to grow during the next few years. C grade eggs are neither attractive nor palatable to the consumer. More and more city housewives are demanding A grade eggs.

POULTRY HANDBOOK

Many interesting and profitable poultry articles have appeared in The Country Guide in recent years which have now been gathered together by our Extension Director, G. B. Wallace, into a convenient little handbook which is just off the press. If you would like one of these little books for convenient reference, slip a quarter (25 cents) into an envelope now and send it to The Country Guide, 290 Vaughan Street, Winnipeg, with your name and address plainly written, and a brief request for the handbook. It will be sent postpaid.

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Years before rubber sources were cut off, synthetic rubber boots made by Miner were displayed at the New York World's Fair—the first synthetic rubber footwear shown in America.

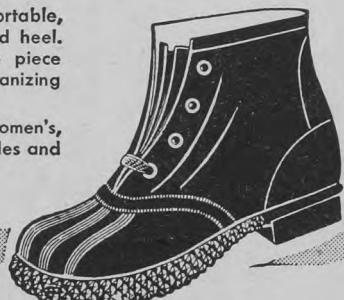
Yes! Miner pioneered... and today, our accumulated experience produces the finest synthetic rubber footwear you can buy. Always ask for Miner.



Leeds — Men's 15" knee boot — comfortable, wide last designed for easy throat entry. In processing Miner Synthetic Rubber Footwear a protective film floods surface evenly — gives a lasting gloss that resists farm acids, and withstands oxidizing action of the air. Women's and Boys' 11½" boots also made.

Vimy — wide, comfortable, full-fitting last—large solid heel. Unified into virtually one piece construction by Miner Vulcanizing Process.

Men's, Boys', Youths', Women's, Misses' and children's styles and sizes.



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This four-year-old Lydia apple, bore 179 fruits for Abraham Falizniak, Edmonton, Alberta.

Plant Bulbs Early Enough

IT is not too early to think about fall planting of bulbs. These are so important in the early spring gardens that there should be a few somewhere around every farm house. It is not necessary to have many, or to have them in wide variety.

Such bulbs as the daffodil are not easy to keep in prairie farm gardens, because they are not as hardy as tulips. Nevertheless, it is always fun to experiment with something that takes just a little more care than fully hardy plants require, in order to see whether they can be made to succeed.

Bulbs should have a well drained and fairly rich soil, but it should not be too heavy. Bone meal is frequently beneficial in soil suitable for bulbs, but fresh manure should be avoided. In general, bulbs should be covered with soil to a depth about equal to three times the diameter of the bulb itself. Thus the snowdrop and the crocus are planted about three inches deep and about three inches apart.

Planting bulbs early enough gives

them plenty of time to take root and become well established before freeze-up. Fall planting in more northerly areas, should for this reason, be done a little earlier than where the winters are not so severe and freeze-up does not come so soon. Most of the spring blooming herbaceous perennials can be moved or planted to best advantage in autumn. Experience at Morden may, perhaps, offer a base from which to estimate the best planting time within your own district. Experience there shows that iris and evergreen conifers can be moved to best advantage in August. Tulips, lilies, peonies, raspberries, bush fruit and spring blooming perennials including rock garden plants, transplant to advantage in September, while the last half of September is satisfactory for lilacs, roses and larch. Any green foliage adhering to deciduous shrubs or trees is plucked off at planting time. It is not considered advisable to move any autumn-blooming perennials until spring.

Seedling Apples Begin To Bear

AS I have seen several letters in your paper about fruit trees in the prairie provinces, I thought I would tell you about my apple trees I have in northern Ontario. Eleven years ago I received from you a packet of apple seeds. I planted them in the autumn in my flower garden. The next year I had several small seedlings come up, and I kept them there for a year. The following spring I planted them out in the garden, and for two or three years we grew other crops between the rows of apple trees, and kept them clean and looked after them. Then they were sort of neglected for three or four years, but three years ago we started pruning them a little and got a few apples off a couple of trees. Since then we have been pruning a little and last year we had one tree which had about a bushel of apples which were lovely—also a crab, off which we got about 40 quarts, which we canned. We have eleven trees in all that are bearing. Of course, being grown from seed, we do not know the names of any of them. However, we are expecting more to bear fruit this year, as we have about 29 trees left out of what we set. There is quite a variety among the different fruits. We have had some which have been very good eating out-of-hand, and some are cooking varieties.—Mrs. M. Neilson, Stratton, Ontario.

Peonies Are Touchy

PEONIES are favorites with nearly everyone, not only because of the large showy blooms, but because of the rich foliage they show after the bloom is over.

Peonies do not like to be moved very much or very often. Once in five years is enough, according to those who have specialized in growing them, and September is the best time to divide and transplant.

The roots in a large peony plant may go down a foot or more. Care must be

taken not to damage them more than absolutely necessary. The leaves should be cut off before digging begins and the loose earth removed from the roots, which are better if exposed to the air for a few hours. It is preferable to wash off all the soil with water and examine the roots carefully so as to see where they can be divided with the least damage. Large clumps are best divided by forcing a digging fork into the centre, but in the case of smaller ones the dividing can be done by hand. It is necessary, however, to secure, as a minimum, a tuber with two or three eyes, but in general it is better to have several tubers with six or seven eyes in each transplant.

Since peonies are rather temperamental, the ground should be well dug and some well-rotted manure thoroughly mixed in. The roots, when planted, should be set so that about two inches of soil is above the crown. Sometimes peonies do not bloom merely because the root has been set too deep. After the ground is frozen a mulch should be provided.

Promising New Plums

FRUITS of better quality, ripening early, on trees that are hardy and healthy, are eagerly sought by home-makers in northern prairie districts.

While spending the summer of 1943 in and around Morden, Manitoba, I noted a plum tree in the orchard of A. Spangelo's Morden Nursery which ripened its fruit earlier than any tree in the district. This early plum, named and introduced by Mr. Spangelo as Agnes, is a seedling of Pembina and a sister variety to the now famous Mina, which it resembles considerably in size, shape, and quality for eating out of hand. The tree, however, is quite different, being neatly upright and spreading, but quite dwarf. Trees of Agnes bore a heavy load of fruit, and came through the hard winter without a scar.—John A. Wallace, Beaverlodge, Alberta.

Sod In The Orchard

QUIET a large number of fruit growers in the prairie provinces who find it difficult to cultivate around their fruit trees, partly from lack of time, and partly because of the low-growing habit encouraged in prairie fruit gardens, practice the system of growing fruit trees in sod or sod mulch. Where grown in sod only, it is usually a sign of neglect, but the sod mulch system, in which the grass is supplemented by some kind of cover, may, under certain circumstances, give good results. It is specially useful on rough land or hillsides where erosion might wear away the soil too rapidly. It also encourages the development of a better color in the fruit, but its success will depend largely on the amount of mulch provided in order to conserve moisture.

Cultivated orchards, however, provide a better supply of nitrogen for the growth of the trees. Clean cultivation warms up and aerates the soil more satisfactorily in the early spring, so that the nitrate nitrogen formed as a result of this soil activity increases more rapidly under cultivation than under a sod mulch. As a result, quickly available nitrogen, such as sulphate of ammonia or nitrate of soda, should be used to supplement this cultural practice. By reason of this deficiency in nitrate nitrogen, however, the sod mulch enables the careful fruit grower to regulate more exactly the amount of nitrogen in the soil and available to the

trees. Where clean cultivation is practised, the nitrogen supply may be too liberal and cause growth so late in the season that winter injury may result from immature wood. Where the sod mulch is used, it is possible to regulate the amount of fertilizer applied and thus control the growth of the tree more satisfactorily.

Orchards grown in sod only, with no attempt to provide additional mulching material for moisture conservation, are seldom satisfactory. Sod orchards, however, can be quickly changed over to the mulch by the addition of old hay, straw, or similar material at the rate of about 100 pounds per (medium) tree, and spread out as far as the branches go. After applying such material for two or three years, the probability is that the grass cut from between the rows will provide sufficient additional mulch. A sod mulch, however, provides one obstacle to successful fruit growing in that it encourages injury from mice during the winter, especially where the trees are young. It is therefore questionable whether it is ever advisable, on fairly level land in the prairie provinces, if the grower is careful to stop cultivation by, say, the first of July in the colder parts of western Canada where hardiness is a more important factor, and not later than July 15 or the first of August in areas where the climate is milder.

Raspberry Varieties

SOME varieties of raspberries are able to survive very low temperatures under prairie conditions and still produce a satisfactory crop the following summer. At the Dominion Experimental Farm, Indian Head, where a wide range of varieties has been tested for years, and where no protection of any kind is given to the raspberry canes during the winter, it has been possible to sort out varieties on the basis of hardiness in a way that would be applicable to a very large area in western Canada.

Chief and Sunbeam are regarded as the hardiest red raspberries at Indian Head. Chief is perhaps the most reliable for general use, not only because it is hardy, but because it yields well and produces large berries of good color and moderately good quality. Sunbeam is as productive, and is, moreover, quite spiny.

Ottawa is a comparatively recent variety which is well regarded at Indian Head because it produces large, firm, dark red fruits of good quality, and grows vigorously. It stands next to Chief in yield. Ohta is as hardy as Ottawa, but the berries are smaller, the quality for canning not as good, and the fruit drops readily.

Next in point of hardiness are Latham and Ruddy. The former is an old variety, hardy, with large red fruit and yields fairly well. Ruddy grows vigorously, but generally needs support to keep the fruit clean. The fruit is purple, productive, but does not store well.

A fourth group of varieties contains Newman and Herbert, both fairly well known, but not considered particularly hardy. A fifth group contains Viking and Neuberg. These varieties at Indian Head kill back on the average more than 50 per cent, although it is considered that Viking would probably come through the winter if bent over and covered with soil.

Have The Winter Storage Ready

IF the rush of work, or neglect, or some other cause prevented the proper cleaning of the vegetable cellar in the spring, it would be a good idea to attend to this well before the winter storage season begins. Where vegetables and fresh fruits are stored, they frequently take on objectionable odors and flavors, as the result of exposure to mold organisms. Timbers in vegetable and fruit cellars frequently rot long before they should, because of these mold organisms which work best under damp, unsanitary conditions.

Cleaning the vegetable and fruit cellar is a particular but not a very big job; the aim should be to clean it thoroughly, removing all left-over fruits and

vegetables that are damaged in any way, even to the small bits and pieces. Walls, ceilings, floors, and especially all wooden racks and parts should be washed thoroughly, with a view to removing the spots of mold that are almost sure to be found. A wire brush is very useful for this purpose. The storage should be allowed to dry out as thoroughly as possible by leaving doors and windows open, and then a good fungicide used to kill the organisms.

Suitable fungicides in powder form, containing soluble copper, can be obtained from any dealer carrying insecticides. After the fungicide is used, the storage should be well aired and dried as thoroughly as possible. A sprinkling of chloride of lime on the floor will help to keep the place fresh and clean until it is needed. The more ventilation it can be given on bright, sunny days, the better.

Catches Mice Under Snow

THOUGHT I would tell you of a method of mouse control that has so far proved very good in my orchard.

It is simply to go around after a fresh snow and locate their "blow-holes." These can readily be seen as small, round holes, which the mouse pushes through the snow. There are no mouse tracks about as a rule. At each of these holes a cavity is scraped in the snow large and deep enough to accommodate an ordinary mouse trap which is baited with a few grains of wheat. A shingle or small board is placed carefully over the set. Do not disturb the runways leading to the blow-hole by tramping on them.

One, two, or rarely three mice will be caught at a hole. This method gets them every time. With a cleanly cultivated orchard a person can catch the mice all around the border and prevent them from ever reaching the fruit trees. It is much cleaner and quicker than indiscriminate placing of poison baits. The mice should be caught early in the winter.

Your horticultural page is very fine, but would suggest that more information on the new kinds and varieties of fruits being introduced would be welcome.—D. C. Millar, North Battleford, Sask.

* * *

Q. (G. S. B., Theodore, Sask.): There is a sticky substance dropping from our Manitoba maples. What is it and why does it come?

A. The material is known as honeydew. It is excreted by aphids or plant lice. The sweet sticky substance is attractive to ants and some other insects. The box-elder, or Manitoba maple, is the home of aphids almost every year. They may be destroyed by spraying with nicotine sulphate.



BIGGEST TRUCK USER in the World

HE'S THE BIGGEST truck user in the world—the farmer. More than one-third of all the country's motor trucks are on the farms—double the number used in any other industry.

Yes, he's a big truck user—the Canadian farmer.

And the trucks he's using today are old trucks. He's had mighty few new trucks for the last five years.

But what a job—what a war job—the Canadian farmer has been doing to feed Canada's fighters and her allies—to feed the world. For years in a row Canadian farmers have broken all previous records of food production.

Thousands of men have gone from farms to war and industry, and with less than one-fourth the new farm machinery of pre-war years, the men, women and

children left on farms have produced the greatest crops in history. They've worked unceasingly from sunup to sundown, and they've done the job.

And got the food to market by keeping their old trucks running.

Our hats are off to the Canadian farmer.

We're proud that the dependable and economical operation of rugged International Trucks has contributed to the farmer's unparalleled job. And that International Service (the nation's largest company-owned truck service organization) has helped to keep the farmer's trucks rolling.



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NEW TRUCKS—The government has authorized the manufacture of a limited quantity of International Trucks for essential civilian hauling. See your International Dealer or Branch for valuable help in making out your application.

Buy more war savings certificates and keep them

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Every time you add oil you automatically increase the cost-per-acre of operating farm equipment. If the oil you use lasts longer this represents an actual saving in running costs!

Peerless Motor Oil is refined at Canada's most up-to-date refinery, by the famous B-A 5-Point process. After making the most efficient oil it is scientifically possible to produce, it's "Alloyed" to help resist the effects of heat, pressure and oxygen. This means that it retains its body longer than the oils you have used before. So, because it is made better it lasts longer! At all seasons of the year it does a better job, and stays on the job longer.

Change now to Peerless Motor Oil for cleaner engines, lower repair costs, less cost per acre!

PEERLESS MOTOR OIL
"It's Alloyed"

THE BRITISH AMERICAN OIL COMPANY LIMITED

How Broley Bands Bald Eagles

The Eagle Man, a retired Canadian bank manager, is teaching the Americans a lot about their National Bird

By MYRTLE BROLEY

Do you know just what the spread of an eagle's talons is? Well I do, for I measured the marks left by the sharp claws of one on my husband's face and found it extended seven and a half inches from his head to his chin as well as across both eyes, just missing these precious organs.

As a rule Charlie's injuries are on his hands, arms and legs. This time a scrappy youngster had managed to get the talons of one claw deeply into Charlie's left hand. Trying to pull them out, even using his pliers for extra pressure, he bent his head down to get a clearer view and the eagle grabbed. As Charlie says, the fact that he had no hair saved him, for the twelve weeks old bird was unable to get a good grip on the too bony head. The tussle lasted some minutes and then the band was put on the horny leg, but Broley has scars he will carry for the rest of his days.

Possibly you wonder just what he was doing to get this close to such a ferocious young bird. Some years ago, on his way to spend the winter in Florida, C. L. Broley, a retired bank manager of Winnipeg, was asked by the Wild Life Service of the United States to try and oversee the banding of a few young bald eagles. This resulted in the banding by him of six hundred and sixty birds.

The bald eagle has shown good sense in choosing Florida as its principal nesting area. There are many large trees in which to build the huge nests, they can find a plentiful supply of the big sticks which they break off trees to make their nests, as well as Spanish moss for the lining and the waters nearby abound with good fish, their preferred food.

The nests are not as easily seen as one would imagine. During his first year or two in Florida, Broley had no idea of the large number he was to find. He got little help from people in the regions where he searched. Now, however, they have become eagle conscious and he gets many letters telling him about nests. The address on a great percentage of these is simple "Eagle Man, Tampa, Florida," but they reach him safely and quickly.

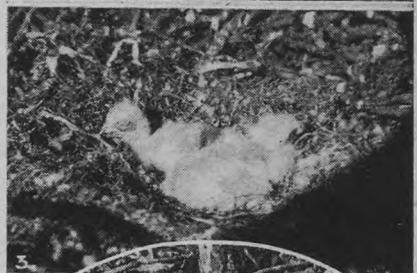
His work is easier now for the same nests are used year after year unless damaged or the parents are killed. The adults do not attack as he climbs up his rope ladder but content themselves with swooping at him and scolding loudly. Even the young when banded at the right time, four weeks of age, submit fairly well but it is not always possible to get them just then. He sometimes discovers a new nest with eaglets ten or eleven weeks old. These are larger than their parents at this age and, ready to fight any intruder, give him some bad minutes. Occasionally one decides to leave the nest—they cannot fly until eleven or twelve weeks of age—and sails off only to flop to the ground some hundred feet or so away. Then Broley has to descend the ladder, make his way through palmettos or shrubs festooned with cat-claw vines, after it, ties it up in a big piece of canvas and carry it up to the nest again. The eaglet would not be able to take off from the ground and so would die of starvation since the parents would not feed young on the ground though they will continue to bring fish, raccoons, rabbits and such food to the nest long after the offspring are able to fly about. In addition to getting well scratched up by the clawing young fury which fights him every step of the way, he runs the risk of meeting with a rattler or deadly moccasin. He has seen and killed a number of these snakes but only once has he been in real danger.

Last spring he had gone across a stretch of woodland with three friends to a tall pine in which there was a big nest with two young birds. The ground around the tree had been burned over and he remarked that he felt safer there as a reptile would be easily seen.

Spreading his piece of canvas on the ground he put out his pliers, his string of numbered bands and other articles he wanted to take up with him. Then he began laying his fish line, with the

four ounce weight on the end, back and forth so that, when he put the weight in his spoon-ended stick to flip it over the lowest sturdy branch, it would run out smoothly. This line hauls up a sturdier rope, which in turn takes up a still stronger one to which is fastened his rope ladder.

Everything being now in readiness, he stepped back for his throw. His yell and flying jump brought his friends



Look closely at the top illustration and you will see Mr. Broley standing with his back against an eagle's nest which has been built up year after year until it is at least 16 feet deep. The bottom of it is over 60 feet from the ground. Next below is a nest with two eggs in it. The third picture down shows newly hatched eaglets, quite innocent and helpless looking. In the oval they are three weeks old and have already learned to look ferocious. The objects beside them are fish. Mr. Broley has found as many as 20 fish in one nest. The bottom picture shows young eagles just ready to fly. The bird at the left showed up in New Brunswick just four weeks after leaving its nest. It was caught in a muskrat trap. Bald Eagles are not bald, but the feathers of the head and neck go white at five years of age. How Mr. Broley does his work is described in the article. This summer he is in Canada, looking for the nesting place of the few Whooping Cranes now living.

THE WARTIME PRICES AND TRADE BOARD
FARMERS' BULLETIN

HUNGRY EUROPE NEEDS MEAT

The shortage of food in liberated Europe is desperate. Meat is one of the most critical needs.

As a great food-producing nation, Canada must, can—and will—help to meet this emergency.

That is why slaughtering has been placed under strict control.

That is why ration coupons will soon be used again by Canadians to buy meat.

There is only one objective:—To reduce meat consumption in Canada in order to provide direct aid for the hungry peoples of Europe.

Slaughter Control

Farmers who slaughter meat for their own or their farmer neighbor's use are required to submit monthly reports (Form RB-61) and to surrender coupons for the meat they use and sell.

Any excess of meat over the farmer's or his neighbor's needs may be sold only to the holder of a regular slaughter permit.

The minimum amount which a farmer may sell to such a permit holder is one quarter of beef or half a hog carcass. Sheep, lambs or calves slaughtered by a farmer for his own or his neighbor's use may not be sold into the meat trade.

Locker Operators

Under the meat rationing regulations, locker operators are required to submit a list of their patrons to the nearest Ration Branch Office.

A supply of Consumer Declaration forms is being forwarded to each locker operator who will, in turn, distribute them to his patrons. The patron is responsible for completing the form and filing it with the Ration Branch Office.

Consumers must surrender coupons for all meat held in lockers over and above 4 lbs. for each person in the household at a rate of 2 lbs. per coupon. However, no more than 50% of the "M" coupons in the ration books of the consumer and his household need be surrendered.

MEAT RATIONING FACTS

Amount of Ration will be roughly 2 lbs. (carcass weight) per person, per week.

Rationed Meats. All cooked, canned, fancy and "red" meats.

Unrationed Meats—beef brain, head, tail, blood, tripe; calf brain, head; pork brain, head, tail, pigfeet, spare ribs; lamb brain, head, tail, fries; poultry, game and fish (canned or fresh).

Coupons—brown "M" coupons in Ration Book No. 5. One coupon will become valid each week.

Coupon Values—Group "A", 1 lb. per coupon; Group "B", 1½ lbs. per coupon; Group "C", 2 lbs. per coupon; Group "D",

2½ lbs. per coupon; Group "E", 3 lbs. per coupon.

Tokens. Tokens, eight of which are equivalent to one coupon, will be used as coupon change.

Farmers must turn in to their Local Ration Boards a coupon for each 4 lbs. of meat (carcass weight) they use in their households from their own slaughterings. So that they may buy other meats from their butchers, no more than one-half of the valid coupons in the hands of the farmer and his household need be surrendered. Farmers who sell meat to a neighbour farmer must collect coupons at the rate of 4 lbs. (carcass weight) per coupon.

Rationing

Is your assurance of a fair share.

Is a protection against waste . . . shortages . . . inflation.

That is why farmers are asked to continue to collect and turn in coupons, to their Local Ration Boards—once a month—in the RB-61 envelope.

SPEED UP CATTLE MARKETING THROUGHOUT SEPTEMBER

October and November are the months in which cattle marketings are normally heaviest.

To avoid congestion during the peak period, as many as possible of the following classes of cattle should be marketed by September 30th—

- (1) Dry cows.
- (2) Plain cattle, particularly dairy types and bulls.

In addition, steers and heifers in good condition should be marketed promptly throughout September.

Efficient organization of marketing is necessary to obtain the full effect on cattle prices of continuous purchasing and shipment by the Meat Board, of beef of all grades, to fill requirements of the United Kingdom and of liberated countries.

Efficient organization of marketings is also essential to the effort which is being made to relieve the critical world meat situation.

Late gains in weight can be offset by price declines in overloaded markets.

Market early and avoid congestion!

AGRICULTURAL SUPPLIES BOARD
Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa
Honourable James G. Gardiner, Minister

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over. There, right where he had stepped and just where his hand had hovered several times in his work, was a four-foot rattlesnake. So well did its coloring blend with the ground about, Broley had to point it out before some of the others could pick it out. Evidently it had just finished a big meal and, sure that the man had not seen it, refrained from striking. It is well known that these vipers lie still as long as they are unseen but seem to know at once when they have been glimpsed.

The banding of these eagles brought to light some interesting facts. Eagles do not stay in the one locality all the time but move north in the summer, returning in the fall to their old locations. Young birds make quite a lengthy trip the first year, sixteen of his Florida eagles were found in Canada. Their food is not poultry, lambs and so forth as many people suppose but mostly fish and the coarser grained ones at that. Both birds help in the incubating and also in feeding the eaglets.

The Gopher and the Weasel

IT was a very noisy gopher and the shrill, repeated whistlings attracted our attention. The animal was hunched over a hole, chittering its teeth in angry fashion. Our approach did not alarm it in the least, and we stopped only a pace away.

"It's a mother gopher," said Bruce.

"Something's after her young, down in the den," I suggested, watching her peer down the hole.

Just then the gopher drew back a little, and out of the entrance popped the triangular brown head of a weasel. And to our amazement the mother gopher instantly darted towards the killer with teeth bared. The weasel jerked his head hastily out of sight and left his assailant furiously snapping her teeth and daring him to come out.

"I thought weasels could easily kill gophers," marvelled Bruce.

Undoubtedly they can, but there was no mistaking the desperate courage of that mother gopher, willing to tackle the formidable killer who had blood-sucked her helpless young down in the den. Again and again the weasel's flat head came into view, and each time the gopher flung herself at him. The long-tailed prairie weasel, possibly a half again larger than the angry gopher, was always too fast for the rodent and withdrew into the hole unscathed. But it was obvious that the weasel, perhaps because he was blood-sated on her young and therefore no longer hungry, did not relish the idea of a fight.

We were anxious to secure pictures of the little drama. Already we had a close-up of the angry gopher, too concerned with her own troubles to take fright at our nearness or our clicking cameras. Now we wanted a snap of the weasel, and realized the only way we could get one was to first drive off the hole-watching gopher who prevented the killer coming out. So we nudged her away from the hole; she went unwillingly and twice attempted to dodge past us and return to her vengeful post.

Once she was away, angrily whistling from a hole-mound thirty feet away, the weasel stuck his head out of her den-hole and surveyed us with the intense curiosity so characteristic of his kind. I snapped one picture of this pose, but neither of our two cameras was fast enough to record his lightning moves when he finally streaked away.

The mother gopher, again oblivious to us, hurled herself recklessly across the intervening space and closed briefly with the weasel. There was a confused blur of bodies, a thin snarl, and a fierce hissing from the gopher. Then the weasel flashed clear, turning at right angles to his interrupted course and leaping toward a new hole haven. The mother gopher did not pursue him, but hurried back to her den hole and disappeared.

There can be little doubt as to the horrors awaiting her in that looted den. And while our sympathies may be with this brave little gopher mother on this occasion, we should not lose sight of the fact that weasels do wonderfully valuable work for western farmers by keeping the grain-raiding gopher and mice legions in check. Were it not for the lithe killer's occasional wanton visit to a poultry roost, the presence of a weasel on a farm field should always be welcome.—KERRY WOOD.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY

Peace Means Increased Call on Canada for Wheat

End of the war in the Pacific means an immediate increase in the demand for Canadian wheat for overseas shipment. Ships released from the task of carrying troops, munitions and supplies to the Far East can now be assigned to other work and particularly to carrying cargoes of food and foodstuffs. At the same time Canadian railways are able to assign more cars and engines for moving wheat. On that account the process of shipping the wheat forward from country elevators will be accelerated. Quite possibly it will be so rapid that before long the Canadian Wheat Board will be urging western farmers to speed up delivery of wheat to country elevators in order to keep pace with the demand. The greatest call for Canadian wheat will come within the next six months. By the time new crop wheat in Australia and Argentina is available it may be that the shipping situation will have eased sufficiently so that ships which in the meantime will be restricted to the short North Atlantic run, can be diverted for longer hauls.

Argentina has old crop wheat for shipment now and to some extent is succeeding in getting it moved. Australia is still short of grain and is relying on imports to make up deficiencies. The drought there has been broken and the country hopes to harvest a good crop. Movement of Alberta wheat to and through Vancouver will be in greater volume than since the beginning of the war. Increased movements can take place to Australia, New Zealand and South Africa to make up for deficiencies there due to recent droughts. Demand for wheat to go to Russian Pacific ports is likely to be large. Up to the time that Russia declared war on Japan ships under the Russian flag loaded a good deal of wheat at Vancouver for Vladivostok and Japan made no effort to interfere with such movements which would have been impracticable at that time for any ships except those bearing the Russian flag. Some of the American ships built on the Canadian Pacific Coast were turned over to Russia for this movement. Interrupted very briefly by the Russian war with Japan the movement of wheat to Vladivostok is now likely to be large. A great concentration of Russian troops in far eastern Siberia and in Manchuria will increase the need for food there.

Chinese demands for imported food are likely to be large. Quite probably however the Chinese demand for Canadian wheat will be brief and after January of 1946 Australia will be expected to meet needs there. India, where food scarcities are again feared, may call for shipment from Vancouver during the next few months but like China, is likely to rely on Australia after that time. India's food needs are likely to be relieved considerably as soon as it becomes possible to obtain rice from Burma and from Siam.

Once normal shipping conditions are restored Vancouver will again ship wheat to Great Britain and continental Europe by way of the Panama Canal. In the immediate future some ships returning from the Pacific may be able to pick up grain cargoes there.

The big movement of Canadian wheat, however, will continue to be from North Atlantic ports as a matter of economizing cargo space. With the short crop in Alberta one of the problems facing the Canadian Wheat Board will be to what extent it will continue to send Alberta wheat by the eastern route at an additional rail freight cost as compared with sending it through Vancouver.

British and European demand for wheat from North America has been concentrated on Canadian wheat. If commercial considerations alone were in question that would be the case be-

by UNITED GRAIN GROWERS

cause Canadian prices are considerably lower than those which prevail in the United States. The latter country has been subsidizing wheat exports to some limited extent but hardly enough to make up for the lower price of Canadian wheat. Where price was not a primary consideration as in the supplying of lend-lease wheat from the United States and mutual aid wheat from Canada, Canadian wheat has frequently been supplied to overseas countries mainly for internal transportation reasons. The railway and port congestion in the United States has been so great as to interfere with wheat shipments which might otherwise have been made. In spite of large quantities of wheat in that country the Government of the United States has not been pressing disposal of its wheat abroad because of the very large quantities which have been used for making industrial alcohol, as well as up until recently, for livestock feed. Alcohol will continue to be made from wheat in order to conserve corn for human food and livestock feed. The demand for industrial alcohol will fall off considerably with the end of the war as it was used to a great extent in the manufacture of explosives. However, a great deal of alcohol is used in the manufacture of artificial rubber and other industrial uses, and is likely to continue especially in the manufacture of plastics which have been developed during the war. Ultimately there will probably be a return to the use of molasses as a raw material for industrial alcohol rather than grain, but that will only be possible when shipping conditions permit large scale imports of molasses. While the United States will not need any bread wheat from Canada there is a scarcity of Durum wheat in that country, which is likely to bid for any of such wheat which can be spared. Possibly however, the demand for macaroni products in Europe will be so great that all exportable Durum wheat will be required overseas.

Trans-Atlantic Politics Have Bearing on Future of Canadian Wheat

The problem of marketing Canadian wheat will begin to re-emerge before long, and the question of markets, in the ordinary commercial sense will begin to be important. During a considerable part of the war while Canada has been disposing of her wheat, the process has been largely one of applying it to war needs, and, since the German surrender, for the benefit of the peoples of allied countries. Developments of the past month, both in Great Britain and on the continent of Europe, will have an important bearing on both markets and marketing methods.

The election in Great Britain brought the Labor party to power. That means an expansion of the peace time functions of government there. The first steps in that direction have already been officially announced in the speech from the throne at the opening of the British Parliament, the projected nationalization of the Bank of England and of the coal industry. A further step, predicted by some leaders of the party before the war, may be Governmental import of food and feed stuffs, continuing the practice established during the war. Intentions in that direction have been declared by some spokesmen for the Labor party, although not included in the speech from the throne. In that, the Labor party appears to have been influenced by the National Farmers' Union, which, during the election, actively campaigned for control of agricultural imports. In presenting that idea in Canada recently, delegates of the National Farmers' Union suggested that imports through a government board might be advantageous to producing countries, because market competition could be eliminated, and the policy of

such a board should be to maintain prices at levels that would mean prosperity for producers, and thereby tend to create opportunities for British export trade.

The idea that British agriculture should be protected, and prices maintained for home-grown produce, appears to have been fairly generally accepted in Great Britain. In consequence the plan of controlling imports through a government board, to prevent domestic prices being adversely affected, may be accepted. But much opposition has developed to the idea that such a board should deliberately pay more than necessary for imports. If it is established, or the present Cereals Import Board is retained, a lot of people will expect it to use its bargaining power to make the best possible bargain. They would expect to find Australia and Argentina ready to underbid Canada, and also the United States, which, by means of export subsidies might quote low prices for export, and still maintain its policy of high prices for domestic consumption. Under some circumstances such a board might be in a position sufficiently powerful to obtain large quantities of wheat from the Canadian Wheat Board at a low price. Under other circumstances, if wheat should be scarce, the bargaining advantage might lie with the producing countries. How such a board would fit into the machinery proposed under the Washington Wheat Agreement still remains to be seen. Under that agreement, producing countries are supposed to regulate the quantities of wheat going into international trade according to an established set of percentages. But a purchasing board, even although Great Britain is party to the Washington Agreement, might decide that a different set of percentages would govern British imports from different countries. The Washington Agreement provides for international agreement on a basic wheat price. So far, such agreement has not been reached, and may be difficult to reach until ocean freight rates and international exchange rates have become stabilized.

One danger to Canadian interests must be recognized in any quota control of trade, either by exporting or by importing countries. In the past Canadian wheat has been marketed on the basis of quality, and consumers' preference. It has been demanded because it was better than other wheats. A quota system, whether administered by exporting or importing countries may tend to prevent consumers from giving effect to their preferences, and to prevent producers from getting the benefit of quality. British millers, of course, have long been keen buyers, on the basis of both price and quality, and they will probably oppose plans which will prevent them exercising choice in their purchases. The Co-operative Wholesale Societies of England and Scotland are the largest millers in Great Britain and the Scottish Co-operative Wholesale Society has probably been the biggest individual buyer of Canadian wheat.

The influence of those societies with the Labor movement has always been important, and the Labor government is likely to be influenced by their attitude.

Any government in Britain would probably be committed to maintaining British agricultural production at a high level. But the Labor government is likely to be insistent on improving the standard of nutrition of the people of Great Britain and that attitude may lead to an emphasis of home production of other commodities than wheat.

It will be necessary to await the development of agricultural policy under the new government, and for this country to be prepared to adjust its plans and policies to whatever conditions may develop.

Next to be noted are the peace terms imposed upon Germany and the suggestion that Germany is to become predominantly an agricultural country,

with its scale of manufacturing reduced, and its need for imports kept to a minimum. Germany, before it began preparing for the last war, used to be a large importer of Canadian wheat, and its imports of wheat and other agricultural produce from Danubian countries and from other parts of Europe, tended to improve marketing conditions for Canadian products. Cutting down German agricultural imports will tend to the disadvantage of Canada and mean some cost to this country.

Conditions in Germany may be offset to some extent by developments in Poland. That country has lost a good deal of its eastern agricultural area to Russia. It has received, however, large additions of former highly industrialized German territory. Poland may become an industrial country, one needing grain imports, instead of an occasional exporter of wheat and rye. Enlargement of Russian boundaries and the increasing industrialization of Russia, along with the growth of population of that country, may well mean that it will no longer be an exporter of grain. Italy and France used both to be good customers for Canadian wheat and Canada must hope for conditions that will again make exports to those countries possible. Re-establishment of Austria as an independent country, and the desire of Czechoslovakia for improved commercial relations with the countries of the Danubian basin, may possibly provide an outlet for the wheat exports of those countries and prevent them from trying to force their products into the British market. As conditions in Greece improve, that country, the wartime sufferings of which were relieved to some extent by shipments of Canadian wheat, made under Red Cross auspices, may want to, and be able to keep its markets open for imports on a commercial basis.

Only gradually will the conditions become clear under which Canada may hope to find markets for wheat in the future in Continental Europe. But the development of those conditions warrants the closest attention by all interested in the prosperity of the agriculture of western Canada. The future welfare of the wheat growing industry of the prairie provinces depends upon the establishment in Europe of an economy that will permit imports of wheat on a large scale by differing countries. The remaking of Europe is in progress, and there at the same time the destiny of prairie agriculture is being moulded.

Mutual Aid Wheat

Mutual Aid wheat was a problem which was giving some concern to the government when the war in the Pacific came to an end. Extensive changes in arrangements for the supply of wheat to allied countries may now be called for. As will be recalled some time ago the Government of Canada bought from the Canadian Wheat Board, 100,000,000 bushels of wheat at a basic price of approximately \$1.46. There had already been exhausted the nearly 300,000,000 bushels of wheat which the government took over on September 27, 1943, when the wheat market was closed. It was understood that an additional extensive purchase was under discussion between the government and the Wheat Board just about the time the war came to an end. Now it is doubtful if the Mutual Aid plan for supplying Great Britain and other countries will continue. Instead outright purchase by those countries may take its place. In that case the Government of Canada might find it necessary to provide other countries with Canadian dollars and then let them make the best arrangements they can for buying their supplies of Canadian wheat.

As an example there was a brief period at the end of the war in Europe when it was understood that Russia would no longer be supplied with wheat on a Mutual Aid basis. It was understood

Continued on page 37, column 2

Speeding Food Production on Canada's Farms



WITH the freed people of Europe clamouring for food...with the necessity of sustaining our own armed forces...and with stock-piles depleted at home, the need for top production on Canada's farms is very urgent.

To meet this need, farmers all over Canada are depending more and more on mechanized equipment.

That is one reason why the White Rose organization places such a high importance on the production and distribution of fine quality petroleum products for farm use.

WHITE ROSE MOTOR OIL AND GASOLINES

the PICK of them all!

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CANADIAN OIL COMPANIES, LIMITED



NEIGHBORLY NEWS

Contributed by the Elevator Agents of
UNITED GRAIN GROWERS LIMITED

A Good Citizen Passes

Henry M. Jones, well-known citizen of Roland, passed away recently. He was born in Port Perry, Ontario, and is survived by his widow and two daughters, Wilma of Carman, and Mrs. Robert McCallum of Roland. Mr. Jones was very highly thought of in the district and was a good citizen. He will be greatly missed.—*Roland, Man.*

Wins Grand Championship

Frank Isackson, of Wishart, won the Saskatchewan Grand Championship for Apex Wheat weighing 69 1/4 pounds per bushel at the Regina Exhibition. His many friends will also remember that in 1933 he won the world championship for wheat at the Chicago World Fair. Mr. Isackson has been a shareholder and a steady customer of United Grain Growers Limited for many years.—*Wishart, Sask.*

Former U.G.G. Agent Passes

Andrew Easson Rowan, former U.G.G. employee passed away recently at Carrot River. He was born at Dunblane, Scotland, and had resided in Saskatchewan for 41 years. For many years he was in the grain business and later acted as relief agent for the United Grain Growers at a number of points. Andy, as he was familiarly known, will be greatly missed, and his many friends at the U.G.G. elevator at Hendon, Ethelton, Wood Mountain, Glentworth, as well as Carrot River, will deeply regret his passing. Mr. Rowan was a veteran of the First Great War.—*Carrot River, Sask.*

Retires After 32 Years' Service

John A. McDonald, U.G.G. Ltd., agent at Ranfurly, has retired at the age of 67. He had operated the same elevator continuously for 32 years. He opened the elevator in November 1913, when it was built by the Alberta Farmers Co-operative Elevator Company. This is an excellent record for long and faithful service to the farmers in the Ranfurly district, and we hope that he will have many years in which to enjoy his well-earned retirement.—*Ranfurly, Alta.*

"First Load" Delivered at U.G.G.

The first load of grain to be delivered for the crop year 1945-46 was brought in on August 6 by J. Saskatch and sold to the U.G.G. elevator at Hazlet. This barley was somewhat light in weight and graded No. 1 Feed. The estimated yield in this field is considered to be on an average of four bushels per acre.—*Hazlet, Sask.*

Fifty-first Annual Exhibition

A large crowd was attracted to Saltcoats' 51st Annual Agricultural Exhibition. There were over 600 entries and exhibits were of a very high order. A dance in the evening concluded a very successful day.—*Saltcoats, Sask.*

Lightning Destroys Farm Buildings

Hugh McCullough, well known farmer of this district, had the misfortune to lose by fire, caused by lightning, his hip roof barn and a granary and pig house. In the barn at the time it was struck were three horses, three fat cattle and a bull, and approximately 1,000 bushels of oats. The granary also contained approximately 1,000 bushels of oats. Mr. McCullough was unfortunately only able to save two of the horses. A score or more pigs were badly burnt. The fire brigade from the town of Kenville, despite valiant efforts, were unable to save the destruction as the fire had become too far advanced.—*Kenville, Man.*

Remodelling Job

The old hall in Bredenbury is being taken down and the lower storey remodelled. This is an improvement that will be appreciated by the citizens of this community.—*Bredenbury, Sask.*

Boys Return From Active Service

Pte. A. C. Zaharia and Pte. Chesnick have both arrived home at Stornoway after seeing plenty of action overseas. They both have enlisted for the Pacific, and after spending their fifteen days' leave they will go direct to the Pacific coast unless the surrender of Hirohito should change present arrangements.

* * *

A. Morrison and family of the local C.N.R. station here have been transferred from Stornoway to Tate, Sask. They leave with the best wishes of their many friends.—*Stornoway, Sask.*

The pictures show the Bingo Booth and a 1911 model Ford, bearing the inscription "Buy a ticket on Lizzies' youngest son." The event took place at the sports day sponsored by the Ways and Means committee for a Memorial Rink. The owner, Mr. Simmonds, can be seen standing by his car, which he has driven since 1911 without a lay-up—and it is still in good running order! —*Hartney, Manitoba.*





WAKE UP LAZY WEB SAWS

"Cut more pulpwood" is the cry. The shortage is acute, and a profitable market is waiting for your crop. To pile it up fast, keep those saws sharp—with the best Web Saw Files in the world—BLACK DIAMOND.

Experienced woodsmen call this the fastest cutting file of its kind. Touching up saw blades with it is only a few minutes' easy work.

For deepening raker gullets, the new Black Diamond Round Gulleting File has no superior. For crosscut saws, get the Black Diamond Special Crosscut File; and for handsaws, get Black Diamond Slim and Extra Slim Taper Files. At your hardware merchant's.

NICHOLSON FILE CO., PORT HOPE, ONT.
"Support the NINTH VICTORY LOAN"

**BLACK
DIAMOND
FILES**
FOR EVERY PURPOSE
MADE IN CANADA BY CANADIANS



The WINNER

of the 1941 Chevrolet
awarded by
B. P. O. E. Lodge #85, Red Deer,
Alta., is
Mr. MAXWELL ZACHARUK
Drumheller, Alberta
with ticket number 3320-G

Congratulations to the winner, and sincere
thanks to all contributors.

ATTENTION!

This ad is addressed to a man not over age 55 who is concerned about his future security and interested in getting a business of his own. He may be too old for heavy work. Perhaps his income is uncertain or not enough to meet present-day demands. He may be discouraged, but if he has good references and a car, there is a possibility of him qualifying for better than average earnings. He should forward full personal history to the advertiser, Box 167, The Country Guide, Winnipeg.



[Photo by Rosettis, Calgary.]

Alvin Hilker, of Red Willow, and his four outriders—Erwin, Jack, Argyle and Oris Lyster—won the championship in the Chuck Wagon Races at the Calgary Stampede this year. Above is shown Alvin Hilker receiving the trophy from Lord Bennett and Rube Ward, president of the Calgary Exhibition and Stampede. This was Mr. Hilker's first appearance at the Calgary Stampede, and the fact that he won this trophy in competition with such outstanding chuck wagon outfits as those of Dick Cosgrave, Theo Thage, and others who have been competing for years, is a tribute to his ability as a horseman and to the co-operation he received from his four outriders. Alvin has had a reputation in this district for many years as an outstanding horse trainer and horseman generally, and the fact that he was able to win the championship on his first appearance at the Calgary Stampede is ample evidence that this reputation is justified.

The Red Willow district is proud of this local boy and his outriders, who have distinguished themselves in this greatest of rangeland sports. Alvin and his father have hauled their grain to the U.G.G. at Red Willow for many years.

School Improvement

Meadowvale school has been redecorated inside and work done on the school grounds, improving the general appearance.—Clonmel, Sask.

W. D. Albright Scholarship

In honor of the service that Mr. W. D. Albright has contributed to the Peace River region in the capacity of Superintendent of the Experimental Station, at Beaverlodge, Alberta, a "W. D. Albright" scholarship is to be created. Other forms of recognition of Mr. Albright's work have been suggested, but the Committee have decided on the Scholarship Fund as being the most suitable. It is calculated that \$7,000.00 will yield an annual Scholarship of \$200.00.

It is requested that everyone who has benefited in any way from Mr. Albright's service will make a token contribution of One Dollar to this fund and that thus Mr. Albright's work and influence will be remembered and will continue to be an inspiration in time to come.

The appeal is in the main being directed to local organizations, which are requested to canvass their members and their friends for contributions.

Remittances should be sent promptly to E. C. Stacey, Beaverlodge, Alberta, who will issue receipts in the name of the Committee and who will hold the funds in trust pending their final disposal.

MUTUAL AID WHEAT—Concl'd
that the Russian government was making arrangements to pay in cash for wheat it might need, presumably with American dollars which it controlled, or possibly in the expectation of gold exports from Russia. Later it was understood that the Mutual Aid plan was resumed for Russia. Once again it seems likely that Russian supplies of Canadian wheat will be obtained on a more commercial basis.

Another problem that will require prompt attention is that of the price of flour in Canada. Canadian millers under the price ceiling program have been required to sell flour at a price based on 77½ cents for wheat. They have however, been buying their Canadian wheat from the Wheat Board on a basis of \$1.25 per bushel and the government has been reimbursing them for the difference. The plan was complicated by arrangements in connection with the Excess Profits Tax, as Canadian millers were understood to be making good profits from milling wheat for account of the British Government.

Much of the control which the government has exercised over the wheat and flour trade and also its control of prices, have been exercised under the War Measures Act, the force of which will of course expire within a certain time after the end of the war. Presumably it will be valid for at least a year and possibly under emergency conditions can be extended. There is a constitutional problem involved in connection with the respective powers of the Government of Canada and those of the provinces. Under normal conditions the powers of the Dominion Government are somewhat severely limited by the constitutional powers of the provinces over property and civil rights.

PROTEST EMBARGO ON MALTING BARLEY EXPORTS

Late in August the Dominion Feeds Administrator put an embargo on exports of barley for the current crop year. This was in order to conserve supplies of feed for eastern livestock. United Grain Growers Limited promptly called attention of the government to the serious injustice resulting to producers of malting barley, and suggested that if exportable malting barley has to be diverted to feed uses in Canada, producers should get an extra premium in compensation. The following is the telegram sent which explains the situation:

"Desire to call to your attention serious consequences order of Feeds Administrator prohibiting exports malting barley to United States. In first place there is immediate burden on producers of malting barley who have taken extra trouble and expense and have sacrificed higher yields to be expected from feed varieties of barley. Most of them will now lose malting premium which was incentive to production. They will be discouraged in subsequent years from such production. Permanent loss is feared of market for malting barley built up during recent years. Canada's exchange position adversely affected by loss of many millions American funds. Dominion Treasury directly affected because equalization fees will be lost which would have offset advance payment fifteen cents per bushel to barley producers. If after review of situation government still feels livestock production in eastern Canada will be endangered if exportable malting barley is not retained for feed, producers of such barley should get extra premium in compensation."

Don't let LEAKS ruin your PROFITS



FIX ROOFS NOW

before winter sets in

A LEAKY ROOF can be costly in damage to stored crops and equipment . . . can ruin the health of your animals or reduce their production . . . can make life miserable at home.

It's hard to work on the roof in rain, snow or sub-zero temperature. NOW is the time to do that work and make your buildings snug and weather-tight.

BARRETT "Storm King"® Roofing is ideal for this work. This patented product is "laps ahead" of all other roofings. Double-coverage of entire roof surface, concealed nailing that doesn't rust or come loose; cold cemented laps that don't lift or tear with wind, and a fire-safe mineral surface on top.

Storm King Roofing is quick and easy to apply and assures years of sure protection at low cost.



Ask for

STORM KING®

*TRADE MARK REG'D.
ROLL ROOFING
THE BARRETT COMPANY LIMITED
MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

MY BROTHER JAKE

Continued from page 10

"Goin' on twelve," Mordecai Wiley said.

MORDECAI had to lean a little forward when he wanted to look out of the day-coach window. Barney Robertson had a little paunch and Mordecai couldn't see much out of the window when he leaned back.

Barney had gotten on at San Diego, too, and they had sat together for almost two days and nights now but they hadn't said much to each other. Barney was a well-dressed fellow maybe fifty, with fine-looking hands like he didn't have to work, though he had some traces of grease under his nails. He wasn't a farmer; didn't know wheat from oats and didn't seem to care. He had been asleep beside Mordecai when the train woke him when it stopped the first night.

The train grumbled past some oil wells past a little station and Barney leaned forward to look at the name of the town. Then he stood up and got his satchel down from the rack above, opened it and took out a bottle. He looked at his watch, a timetable, opened the bottle and took a drink out of it, put the top back on, then took it off again, and took another drink. He put the bottle in his inside coat pocket.

"Won't be long now," he said. He closed up the satchel and put it back on the rack. "Some ride."

"Where you going, mister?" Mordecai asked. He felt he ought to say something.

"Little factory town down the line," Barney said. "I got on at San Diego. You were asleep." He paused. "Been workin' in an aircraft plant."

"I guess you fellows make good money," Mordecai said.

THE COUNTRY GUIDE

"Peanuts," Barney said. "I'm a dealer, really."

"Dealer?"

"Yeah—I don't deal in nothin'. A dealer in stores, gambling stores."

Mordecai said uneasily, "You deal cards, like?"

"Cards, dice, roulette, anything," Barney said. "I was workin' in Reno, had some trouble, went down to San Diego and got on workin' with the airplane people—some plant they got—I saved me up a stake. I'm gonna open my own place."

"You mean you're fixin' to open you up an airplane factory?" Mordecai said.

Barney laughed. "Uh-uh, I'm gonna open me up a little place where the guys can drop the dough they make in an airplane factory."

"It's against the law, ain't it?" Mordecai said, vaguely troubled.

"I got the fix in," Barney said. "There's a town out here where they are puttin' up a factory; got it up now. I knew the D.A. in the old days and he's gonna let me go. He can handle the sheriff."

"You mean they won't arrest you?" Mordecai said.

"Not unless I don't pay off," Barney said. He took the bottle out of his pocket and took a small swallow. "Their love for law and order," Barney said, pleased with himself, "is skin deep. Frogskin deep."

"I wouldn't think you'd want to do that now," Mordecai said slowly.

"Why not?"

"Well, with the war and all."

"What's your name, kid?" Barney asked.

"Mordecai. Mordecai Wiley."

"Where'd you get a handle like that. Mordecai—some handle," Barney said.

"I wouldn't think you'd want to quit workin' in an airplane factory now, with the war and all," Mordecai said again.

"What's your trade, kid, or do you just go to school?"

"I'm a farmer," Mordecai said.

"And you are farmin'?" Barney asked.

"Yeah, that's right."

"Well, kid," Barney said. "I'm a

dealer, see. A gambler. That's my trade. That's what I'm gonna work at just like you are a farmer."

Mordecai thought about this for a moment. "But you was workin' in a airplane factory."

"You think one guy buckin' rivets is gonna make any difference?" Barney asked.

Mordecai didn't answer him for a while. "I dunno," he said finally, thinking about the farm, wondering how the cat and the chickens would make out. He didn't think about the mules. He knew the mules would be all right.

"Your folks gonna meet you when you get where you're goin'?" Barney asked. Mordecai's silence had made him a little uneasy and he felt like talking with the drinks he had taken.

"Naw," Mordecai said.

"They aren't?"

"They're dead," Mordecai said.

"I'm sorry to hear that," Barney said.

"Who works the farm?"

"I do," Mordecai told him. "Me an' Jake used to."

"Jake?"

"Yeah, my brother. But he had to get in the war. He joined the navy."

"What are you doin' ridin' out here? Been out to see some folks on the coast?"

"I been to see all the folks I got," Mordecai said. "I'm goin' home, now."

"Where do you live?" Barney asked.

"I live in the Ozarks," the boy said, "bout four miles from town." He paused. "Jake wanted me to put the pasture to wheat, said they'd need a lot of bread for this war—he wanted to tell me some things. I went out to see him."

"And now you're goin' home?" Barney said.

"That's right."

"I used to have a home" Barney said.

"Seems like a long time ago."

"And now you ain't got one?"

"Nope."

Mordecai thought about that for a minute. He was remembering what Jake told him. "Mister," he said finally, "you got a home—see all that ground out there rollin' by? That's your home. Everybody in this country has got a

home and they're home all the time."

"Who told you that, kid?" Barney Robertson asked.

"My brother Jake. That's what my brother Jake sent for me to come see him for," Mordecai said, realizing something he hadn't known before. "He wanted to tell me that. He told me to break the pasture to wheat but it was the same thing, kind of, you see . . ." His voice died out. "You see?" he said again, eagerly.

BARNEY Robertson didn't say anything. He looked at Mordecai with a funny look on his face but he didn't say anything. Finally he pulled his hat down over his eyes and leaned back in his chair. It was getting dark. Mordecai sat and looked out of the window as the country moved past. He could see some hills in the distance.

It was dark outside. The conductor came by and spoke to Mordecai and he straightened up. He felt dirty, tired and small. He stretched his back and sat up straight. He couldn't see anything outside.

The train came to a stop. Mordecai looked at the man next to him. Barney Robertson was watching him from under his hat.

"How was Jake?" Barney Robertson, like he knew the answer, didn't want to ask the question, but couldn't help himself.

Mordecai Wiley spoke in a rush: "I went out there and he was hurt in the hospital and he asked me to stay until the next day and I stayed. He died that night and I'm bringin' him home. He's up in the baggage car."

Barney Robertson remembered the old sad song but he couldn't remember anything more than the title.

"I'm gonna bury him," Mordecai said. "They wanted to send him back with a guard of honor but Jake don't need no guard of honor."

Barney stood up and held his hat in his hand where he'd caught it. "You believe about that — that stuff about home?"

"Yeah," Mordecai said. "I know it." He got up and started down the aisle.

Rid Your Barns OF FLIES, MOSQUITOES AND OTHER PESTS

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Now Available for the First Time in **Green Cross* BARN SPRAY**

Canadian Farmers are to be the first civilians in North America to be able to buy DDT, the miraculous war-proven insecticide, to free their barns, dairies and stables of flies, mosquitoes, etc.

Because production of meat, milk and other vitally needed foodstuffs is sharply increased when animals are freed from flies and other annoying pests, a limited quantity of DDT has been specially released for the manufacture of Barn Spray.

DDT does not simply stun or repel flies, etc.—it KILLS. Any fly which alights on a surface sprayed with DDT even weeks and months after application meets certain death. Because of its long-lasting lethal qualities, two sprayings a year are usually sufficient. "Green Cross" DDT Barn Spray may be used without any fear of danger to man or animals simply by following the directions on the can and using it only for the purposes recommended.

"Green Cross" DDT Barn Spray can be applied with any type of sprayer or a brush, and one gallon is sufficient to cover 1600 sq. ft.

Supplies Limited—Until war requirements have been fully met, civilian supplies of DDT will be strictly limited. If your dealer cannot supply all you want at once, please understand and accept delivery when available. Just to be sure, order your next year's requirements now and store it for use next Spring.

Where to Buy Your DDT—"Green Cross" DDT Barn Spray is a product of Green Cross Insecticides and distributed by:

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Supplies may be obtained in gallon or quart cans from any local dealer handling the products of one of these companies. If there is not a dealer in your vicinity, write for booklet and information to your nearest branch of any of the above companies. Look for the "Green Cross".

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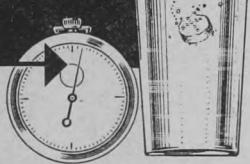
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NIAGARA FALLS ONT

Barney walked down the aisle with the kid and looked out on the desolate platform. Up the train he could see them unloading the casket.

"I'm gonna bury him up on the hill where the gov'ment land starts," Mordecai said and his voice was even but the tears rolled down his cheeks. "We used to set up there and he said that it was our land, that's why he went away and joined the navy."

Barney ran back and got his bag and stepped off the train as it started moving out. They had moved the casket into the baggage room and the kid was gone. Barney walked down the platform and back, his feet sounding loud on the boards, but the kid was gone.

Mordecai Wiley walked up the hill. He got to the house and went around and opened the back door. Inside he found the lantern and lighted it and then went out on the back stoop and called the cat. The cat appeared in the edge of the light, walking languidly, bored. Mordecai went out to the chicken house, shone the light in. The chickens looked startled and one of them fluttered down from its perch and scratched in the straw. He went into the tool shed and got a shovel and a pick and, with the cat following him, he started on up the hill. He was very tired and the muscles in his back hurt from sitting so long on the train. At the top of the hill he marked the spot and started digging.

It was a long hard job and when the grave was deep and he couldn't see out, he stopped and leaned on the shovel and sobbed for a moment. The cat's bright eyes glared down at him but the cat mewed companionably and he picked up his shovel and moved the lantern and went on digging.

He climbed out on the shovel handle and took the pick and fished the shovel out and then the lantern. He staggered a little, going down the hill. He was very tired.

In the house he lit a lamp and got out his clean overalls and his other shoes and washed himself off with cold water and wet his hair and combed it and got a clean shirt. When he was dressed, it was light enough for him to blow the lantern out. He came out of the back door, noticing a pan of food sitting on the kitchen table that had spoiled. He went and got the mules up and harnessed them and hitched them to the wagon. They broke into a hard trot, feeling good, and he had a hard time holding them. He let them trot all the way to town.

BARNEY Robertson was sitting on the truck. He took a drink out of the bottle that he had in his pocket and lit a cigarette when he saw the boy coming and stood up to kick some life back into his feet.

"Hello," Mordecai said. He climbed down and tied the mules.

"Hello, kid. You gonna have a funeral?"

"I never—I never thought . . ." the boy began.

"Rest a minute, kid." Barney went into the station and then he came out. "Oughta have a funeral," he said.

"I guess I should have told people," the boy said. He was very tired and tears came to his eyes. "I couldn't think of nothing but getting Jake . . ."

"Rest a minute, kid," Barney said, and he sat down on the baggage truck and pulled Mordecai up beside him.

The men came down pretty soon, dressed in their old uniforms. They were middle-aged men but they had gotten into their uniforms. One was dressed like a chaplain. They rolled the casket



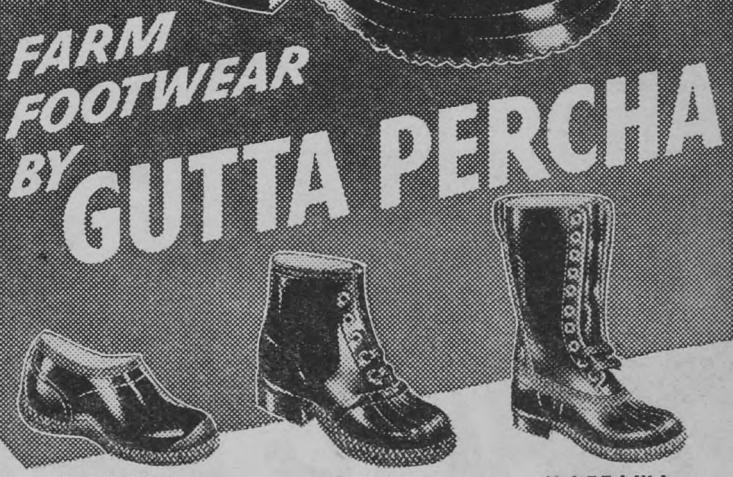
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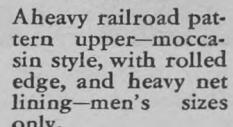
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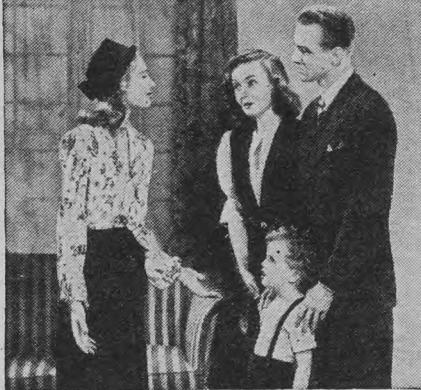
**"What he needs
is an old-fashioned spanking!"**



1. My husband, Jim, brought his sister home for dinner the other night — and walked in on such a scene. Little Tommy was putting up a terrible fuss about taking his laxative, and I'd just about lost *all* my patience.



2. When Jim saw what was going on, he was ready to spank Tommy then and there. We might have had an awful argument if Jim's sister hadn't spoken up. "Don't mind my interfering," Janet said, "but maybe I can help."



3. "It's wrong to force medicine on children," she said. "Doctors say it can upset their nervous systems. Haven't you heard about Castoria — the pleasant-tasting laxative made *especially* for children?"



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out and into the wagon and one of them got up to drive the team and Barney carried Mordecai and sat in a car with some of the men. Mordecai didn't wake up until they were going up the hill.

When he woke up, there were a lot of people. It seemed like hundreds and some of them were crying. They had the casket over the grave and they had the flag draped over it and there were the men to fire the guns.

Mordecai watched them, not sure he was awake. "Take it easy, kid," Barney said. "I couldn't get no sailors, but what's the odds?"

Mordecai saw Hilda and he started to say something to her but he couldn't for a minute. Hilda was crying, standing by her father, and her sisters were with her, but not crying, just looking at Mordecai.

He wanted to ask them about helping him with his threshing if he sowed the big pasture to wheat but he couldn't speak. Somebody spoke and somebody played taps.

"Take it easy kid," Barney said. "Maybe they do it different in the navy but what's the odds? He can see them hills good from here, what's the odds?"

"Thanks, mister," Mordecai said. "Seems like I didn't think of nothin' I should've."

"You did all right, kid," Barney said. Some men came and patted him on the head and spoke to him and he answered them but he didn't know what he said. He hoped it was all right.

"Kid," Barney said. "I used to farm when I was a kid. What about me stayin' on a while and helpin' you?"

"Thanks," Mordecai said. "But I won't need no help."

"Naw," Barney said. "I guess you won't."

He walked down the hill, holding Mordecai by the hand. He smelled of whiskey and cigarettes and good wool clothes. Occasionally Mordecai would see him turn his head and look back up the hill and beyond the hill. They stood together and watched the people leave.

Somebody had unhitched the team and tied them up. Mordecai hitched them to the plow and drove them out to the pasture. Barney watched him.

He sighted at the mound of earth up on the hill and lifted up on the plow handles and spoke to the mules and the mules went into their collars and a thick black ribbon of sod turned over. It was straight as a line.

Barney sighed, yelled something, and waved. Mordecai waved back. Barney went down and caught a ride into the town and got back to the station. He got his ticket and when he got on the train he found he'd have to stand or sit in the aisle. He got out his bottle and took a small drink. The bottle was near empty; it would never last him to San Diego. But then a guy didn't want to get behind a rivet gun with a headache. "Some kid," he said aloud and sat down in the aisle on his suitcase.



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"Lassie Comes To Canada"

By SHEILA McIVOR

I LAUGHED, I cried and held my breath in suspense in the auditorium of the theatre as I watched Lassie bring living breathing life to the late Eric Knight's immortal story "Lassie Come Home."

Now, I have had the enthralling experience of fondling and making friends with the flesh and blood Lassie, wonder dog star of the screen. For a moment or two I was speechless as I looked at the sheer canine beauty of the collie dog with his long soft silky coat of pure gold and white touches of dark tan and a natural wave on his back. His long nose and adorable brown eyes and expressive ears pronounced him the thoroughbred which he is.

He pranced around the apartment room to welcome J. Rothwell, M-G-M's publicity representative and myself when we came to interview his owner, Rudd Weatherwax.

After hugging, and "shaking hands" with Lassie, I listened to the story of how Rudd Weatherwax, who owns a dog kennel in Hollywood and trains and rents dogs to the studios acquired Lassie.

When Lassie was six months old, (he is now nearly three years old) he disliked motor-cyclists, and gave his original owner much worry by chasing them up and down the street.

Rudd Weatherwax, who had been asked by the owner to come and see Lassie, immediately sensed the rare intelligence of the dog, and bought him for the sum of ten dollars!

With his patience and genius for training dogs, Weatherwax transformed the "troublesome" pup into the million dollar movie star of today who has made dog screen history in his portrayal of "Lassie Come Home" as it has never been equalled since the days of Rin Tin Tin.

"Do you ever whip or punish him when he disobeys?" I asked.

"I never whip him. Lassie responds to kindness and rewards of candy, and when under exceptional circumstances he disobeys, I scold him," replied his owner.

He then put Lassie through a brief performance in quietly spoken words of command to which the dog instantly responded. Lassie bowed with dignity like an actor taking a curtain call, and did several other "acts."

As a reward, Weatherwax gave him candy which he gobbled with the eagerness of a child. Though Lassie has a "sweet tooth" he is fed regular square meals of healthy food including raw beef.

Lassie is a good traveller in real life as well as on the screen. He travels in style on trains in drawing-rooms.



Though Lassie does most of the dangerous stunts in pictures himself he has a double and stand-in, who is used for emergencies and for preparatory hours when the actual acting services of Lassie are not required. The stand-in is Lassie's own son. A young daughter of Lassie's was also brought to Vancouver Island and presented to the R.C.A.F. for a mascot and as a gesture of courtesy for the co-operation given by the R.C.A.F. in the filming of "Son of Lassie," many of the scenes being "shot" in the vicinity of the airport at Patricia Bay to make the story authentic.

It is rare that Lassie steps out of his role of movie actor, but on one occasion during the filming of this picture, when he and Peter Lawford climbed out of the icy waters of the Pacific Ocean near Patricia Bay, Vancouver Island, instead of lying down on the rock exhausted as the scene calls for, Lassie behaved like a very ordinary dog and shook himself violently!

Weatherwax had to use his best persuasive powers to coax Lassie to repeat the scene as the script calls for. Peter Lawford, tall, dark and handsome, who co-stars with Lassie in "Son of Lassie" chatted to me about England where he was born, and places in France which we had both visited.

The son of Lieutenant General Sir Sidney Lawford and Lady Lawford, tradition called for him to be educated at Eton, followed by Sandhurst for an army career. But his parents allowed him to follow the career of his choice, acting. He received his education through private tuition and travelling around the world. He has been acting on and off ever since the age of seven years when he appeared in his first picture at Elstree. Though averse to the army as a career, Peter did not hesitate to offer his services on the outbreak of this war. His offer was rejected on account of injuries received to his arm through accidentally falling through a window.

In "White Cliffs of Dover" Peter played the part of Irene Dunn's grown up son. His performance gave him a loving niche in the hearts of mothers and created romantic sighs amongst the young girls. John Rothwell informed me that Vancouver Island and Banff, Canada, were especially chosen for the locale of the film "Son of Lassie" because of the magnificent scenery which resembles that of Norway, the supposed scene of the story.

Samuel Marx is the producer, S. Sylvan Simon, director, assisted by Hermann Webber. Donald Crisp, Nigel Bruce, and June Lockhart make up the supporting cast in "Son of Lassie."

Abbott handled himself so well that it confirmed in the mind of Premier King what he had surmised all along, namely, that Abbott was ready for higher company. So, when Hon. Angus L. Macdonald broke with Mackenzie King belatedly over the Ralston affair, it was Doug Abbott who got this key post.

On Abbott's shoulders had fallen many of the plans for the Pacific War. The fact that the Banzai Boys didn't like hon. atomic bomb and folded up, in no wise detracts from his earlier efforts to re-orientate the Canadian Navy. Meanwhile, ranking officers who talked to him liked him, found him easy to get on with, contrasted his ready affability with the moodiness and introspection of the able but sad-faced Angus L.

There's only one thing I scold Abbott for and that is, for not knowing his



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SCHOOL FOR POLITICIANS

Continued from page 9

Later he will take over the ministry for air.

Abbott proved himself a smart operator in the house, so they created him the acting parliamentary assistant to the Department of National Defense. In a word, he was to answer for General McNaughton. The Progressive Conservatives having made a dead set on McNaughton, and having spared no efforts to beat him in North Grey, there had to be somebody who could answer for National Defense in army affairs. Mr.

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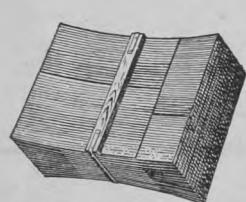
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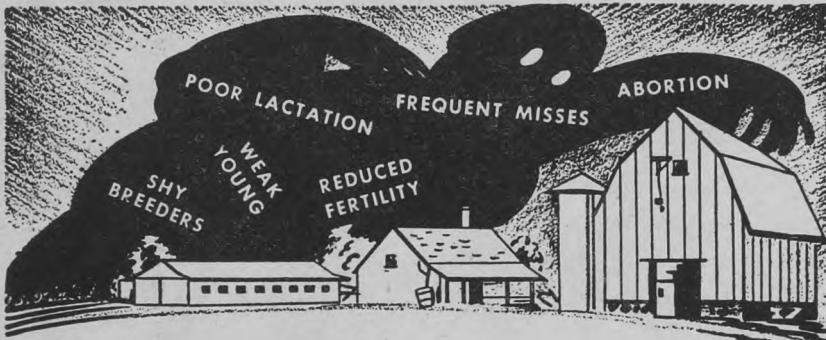
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West better. He met me one night in the Chateau, after I had been out West, and said he had kicked himself for not having seen the prairie and the Pacific. Likely he has rectified all that by now, but he should have got going earlier.

As King glides through this last regime of his, and keeps on insisting he'll face no more elections, he thereby creates an open season for all who seek to pick his successor. I notice lately, that quite a few think Abbott could do the job as well as anybody else. Certainly, the potential ability is there, I think, and his bilingualism could hold Quebec easily. Naturally, he lacks the experience of others. But never let this be forgotten. He's young. At 46, he is approaching the prime of life. Meanwhile, Howe will be 60 soon, Gardiner is 62, St. Laurent is 63. John Bracken is 62. Hon. J. L. Ilsley, at 51, is the only one of the older privy councillors whose age does not bar him from succeeding King on a permanent basis. The reason I put this accent on age is that I have noted that all our successful prime ministers—note that word "successful"—got started young.

What I have to say about youth, I shall refer to again, only incidentally, in discussing our other young hopefuls, but I did want to stress this point before moving on. Therefore, I don't think you can write off Douglas Abbott when it comes time for Elijah King to get into his fiery chariot, and mount up to Kingsmere to start his memoirs, and when there must be an Elisha to whom Elijah can pass down his toga.

BROOKE CLAXTON was born August 28, 1898, and therefore is 47 years of age. He is harder to get to know. I have described him before as having an owlish mien, as being professorial in his approach. You have to break down a certain diffidence to get to the real Claxton, and I am not sure that I have done that yet. Still, on occasion, you can get close to him, and that, I consider, is an intellectual treat. Claxton has a great brain.

What keeps Claxton aloof a bit is that he is keen about international affairs, and for some reason or other, these people never seem to be the back-thumping type, the good-time Charlies, the fellows who always say they're glad to see you. While some of the M.P.'s would be joking over a cup of coffee in the parliamentary cafeteria, Brooke Claxton would sooner be away some place dissecting Bretton Woods, or analyzing the latest Laski release. Thus, he seems sometimes to be an intellectual prig. Actually he isn't. He's a first-rate thinker and next to King, probably has the finest internationalist brain on Parliament Hill. (That sideswipes Hon. Paul Martin a bit, but we'll come to him later.)

I think I first became aware of Mr. Claxton's truly great cerebral machine the night he endeavored to outline Canada's foreign policy. I listened to him carefully, and am afraid that I did not get a great deal out of it. That is because of Brooke's delivery, which is not always easy to follow. I think it was only when I began to pore over what Claxton had said, in the unrevised Hansard, that I realized that here was a first rate bit of thinking. More than that, it indicated a brand new foreign policy for Canada. Like a classical piece, the more I explored, the more I saw of it.

This new statement of policy caused a storm among the Tories, but it was widely approved by the three other parties. In its way, it is a classic, and though most people forgot it, yet it in a sense has been the keynote of our foreign policy ever since.

What also most people overlooked, is that Mackenzie King is our foreign minister, not Mr. Claxton, and that this political novitiate should so ably divine Mr. King's foreign policy, half impromptu, reflects acute intellectual brilliance.

Today Hon. Brooke Claxton is minister of National Health and Welfare, and in this has been doing a great job. Blazing the way with a brand new portfolio, he has been going great guns. All those who have come in contact with him professionally speak enthusiastically.

I have a feeling however, that he should be our first foreign minister. Up

till now, Mr. King has always acted both as minister of external affairs, and prime minister. They say the P.M. will soon abandon the dual role. If that is so, certainly no better man could be chosen for the new portfolio than the brilliant Montrealer. King knew his stuff when he singled out Claxton for stardom.

IT would be hard to put your finger on Lionel Chevrier's attributes unless you have seen him in action. His capacities are harder to analyse, his excellences more difficult to define. But his quick quiet rise to the top is no surprise to those who know him best.

Hon. Lionel Chevrier was born in Cornwall in 1903, and is therefore, even now, only 42. He got to parliament when he was a mere 32. (That early start again which I keep emphasizing). He went to University of Ottawa, followed that up with Osgoode Hall, and graduated in 1928. He settled down in his old home town, Cornwall, to study law. He converted a Conservative seat into a Liberal one, and piled up big majorities both in 1935 and 1940. His 1945 triumph was

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most impressive. Quite recently, he managed Mackenzie King's campaign in neighboring Glengarry, got out the vote, and proved himself finally, the political strong man of eastern Ontario.

What will impress you first about Chevrier will be his fine looks. When he starts to speak, you are impressed even more. This man handles the King's English as few English speaking Canadians can. As to French, well, he's a whirlwind.

But Chevrier has balance. Where most French Canadians get intoxicated with their power over a crowd, and are carried away with their own oratory, Lionel Chevrier has a sense of patness like a chamber of commerce president. He does it neatly, and does it well.

Lionel Chevrier and Bill Bennett, who is executive assistant to Hon. C. D. Howe, were great friends. Bill Bennett is an enormously efficient man with a hard boiled exterior, and a gruffness that is belied by better acquaintance. Chevrier is just the opposite. The courteous Canadian and the forthright Ben-

nett were complementary; they each had what the other lacked. One thing led to another, until one day the logical man to use as parliamentary assistant to Mr. Howe was seen to be Chevrier.

Now with Mr. Howe, a man doesn't want to go shoving his weight around much, and Chevrier knew that. He let his boss take the lead, but was always Johnny on the Spot when needed. Behind the scenes Chevrier worked long and hard. I used to see him here on holidays when the others were holidaying, toiling late on some problem. The result of his doing his homework could be discerned when one day in April, Mr. King announced his name as the new Minister of Transport.

Mr. Chevrier will contribute to his portfolio, the energy and enthusiasm of a young man. Not likely to experiment, not a man for sensational exploits, he will bring a calmness and serenity to a department that needs it.

Only of late has anybody suggested that Chevrier would some day be the man to lead the Liberal party. Cer-

tainly, if it does fall into the hands of a French Canadian, he's got as much right to be considered, as anybody. But that's something for the future.

PAUL MARTIN, fourth man alphabetically of the able young parliamentary assistants who graduated magna cum laude from Mackenzie King's School for Politicians, is last but by no means least in the talented quartette. A French Canadian from Pembroke now living at Windsor, he is, for one thing, the best educated of all the four. After his elemental schooling, he went successively to St. Alexander's College, Ironside, P.Q.; St. Michael's College, Toronto; Osgoode Hall Law School; University of Toronto; Harvard Law School; Trinity College, Cambridge and Geneva School of International Studies, Geneva, Switzerland. He holds the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts; and law degrees. He has been, among other things, a college lecturer.

Not as highbrow as Brooke Claxton, he nevertheless is more widely educated,

in the sense of the extent of his formal education.

Born in 1903, he tried to get into the Ontario Legislature when only 25, but finally made the political grade in 1935, when he successfully contested East Essex for the federal house. Since then, he has taken the riding easily for two more general elections, giving him to date, three unbroken successes in the federal field.

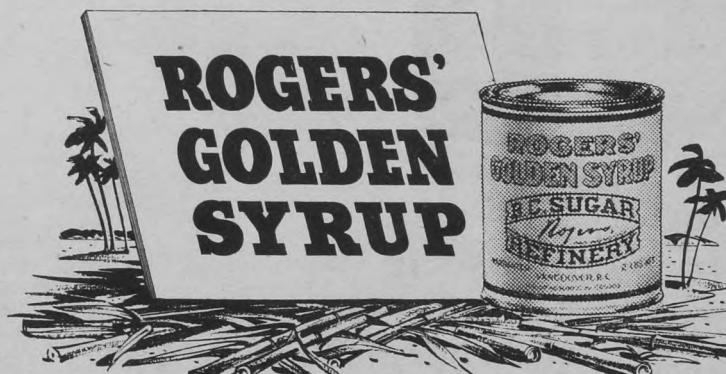
Long interested in international affairs, he reached what was the apex of his career up to that time when he was selected to be one of the delegates from Canada to the League of Nations in 1938. Since then, he has attended many other important international functions, from labor conclaves in London, to UNRRA at Atlantic City and the ILO at Philadelphia.

Paul Martin used to be too earnest for his own good. Moreover, he wore his ambitions on his sleeve. Now surely there is nothing wrong with a fellow wanting to get ahead in the world, particularly a politician. But the fault seems to have



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lain in his over-obviousness. Trouble with Paul Martin in those days was that he wanted to hasten natural processes, he seemed to want to be able to plant the seed one day, harvest it the next. He could hardly hold himself despite the fact he must have known that sooner or later, Mackenzie King's unerring eye for talent would mark him down for preference if he were worth it.

I cite this, to give you an earlier glimpse of the man. Then too, he seemed largely humorless in those days, a charge he has refuted ever since, an allegation he has elaborately lived down.

King selected Paul Martin to be parliamentary assistant to the Minister of Labor in the middle of the 19th parliament, and he has distinguished himself ever since. The choice was a good one. First of all, in his riding is the greatest concentration of CIO strength in Canada. The prime minister probably reasoned that if Roosevelt could grab this labor vote, so could he. As it turned out, he could, and Paul Martin was able to swing the vote for the Liberals, rather than toward the C.C.F., or its latter day rival, the Labor-Progressives.

The next point was that King needed to back up Hon. Humphrey Mitchell, Minister of Labor, and a practical union man, with somebody who was detached and removed from labor union struggles for power. Above all, however, he wanted to bring Paul Martin along, to encourage him, to induce him to test himself to be ready for even bigger things, if and when they came.

Paul Martin flew part of the time on the wings of labor, but he also took the occasional flight too into international politics. He and Brooke Claxton have almost identical interests, and while their approaches are widely different, they still must be considered as the only two logical candidates in the cabinet for the Ministry of External Affairs, when and if Mr. King divests himself of same.

Mr. Martin is a very human man, a very likable man. He is now reposing—perhaps temporarily—in the secretaryship of state. This can be, and often is, a sinecure. But the ambitious and aggressive Paul has not chosen to see it

that way. In his custody is the welfare of the civil service. So you find him going out to government cafeterias, to see how the public servants are eating. You learn he is interested in their baseball leagues. He is always eager to hear what the civil servants are doing, of the way they are thinking.

Often your internationalist is a cold, detached man, who can discuss the problems of mankind, but really doesn't care for them in the mass. Like the scientists who through a microscope calmly views microbes destroying each other, your aloof internationalist all too frequently scrutinizes the world. None of that stuff for Paul. He really wants to mould this world closer to the heart's desire, and he would go a long way, and give a lot of his life, to do it. Not exactly a reformer, nor precisely a healer, he just wants to see the other guy get a better break.

So there you have them, the first graduates from Mackenzie King's School of Politicians. Others graduated, but like people who take medicine at college then never practice it, some of these alumni have taken the politicians' course as parliamentary assistants, but have not made the grade yet, as ministers.

There is one exception, perhaps, Hon. Joseph Jean, solicitor general, a quiet, self-effacing man of 55, a Montreal lawyer who in a sense is under-study to the brilliant and colorful Hon. Louis St. Laurent, Minister of Justice. Monsieur Jean has ability, and is both a faithful servant and a loyal Liberal. But he does not come into our present picture, since I have been trying to show how King has taken young men, trained them as parliamentary assistants, then promoted them to full privy councillors. A man who makes the grade at 55 can no longer be considered young, however many other virtues he may possess. Of Jean more again sometime, perhaps. But meantime, the Messrs. Abbott, Claxton, Chevrier and Martin constitute the something new that has been added. They are the accent on youth. You could call them Mackenzie King's latest blood transfusion.

ALL-WESTERN LIVE-STOCK CHAMPIONS

Continued from page 9

from Weston, Ontario, Aberfeldy Butterfly, and the Edwards Brothers Aberdeen-Angus cow from Watford, Ontario, Barbara M. of Anoka 8th. Both were bred by their present owners; both come from a line of champions; and both are testimony to the value of good breeding. Aberfeldy Butterfly was sired by Glenburn Gold Cup and the Champion Aberdeen-Angus cow has a particularly interesting pedigree, being the product of a half-brother and half-sister mating. The sire was Bandolier of Anoka 10th formerly a champion over the Western circuit and now in service for Edwards Bros.; and the dam was Barbara M. of Anoka 4th, grand champion Angus female at the Toronto Royal in 1936. Both parents were by that great breeding bull Blackbird Bandolier of Page. With almost as good a 1945 show record is the Edwards bull calf Lucy's Bandolier of Anoka 5th, grand champion at four of the five exhibitions and also sired by Bandolier of Anoka 10th.

For consistently strong competition over the entire exhibition circuit, the Shorthorns could claim first place among the breeds. It was a great Shorthorn year and the final "All-Western" honors were distributed to four provinces as follows:

The senior-yearling bull Killearn Monarch 38th was shown at two exhibitions only but secured a top score by gaining the grand championship at both. It will be noted that W. E. Parker & Sons of Ontario won the largest number of "All-Western" awards. The three Sunnyhill Shorthorns listed are sired by the Imported Royal Edwin, now heading the Parker herd. The Manitoba winner, Searle Alfred, was American bred, having been imported in dam by the Searle Farms.

The "All-Western" tops are clearly defined in the Aberdeen-Angus breed, with the major honors being divided

between Edwards Brothers of Watford, Ontario, and the comparative newcomer to "big league" competition, Kenneth Holt of Craven, Sask. Both the Ontario and Saskatchewan herds completed the circuit and with Gwenmawr Stock Farm, T. E. and E. Robinson, Warren and Garbutt and others at some of the shows, there was unusual interest in the placings.

A study of records leaves no doubt about where the "All-Western" championships in Aberdeen-Angus would belong; Lucy's Bandolier of Anoka 5th with a score 33 would be the "All-Western" bull champion and Craven's Bonnie Lad with 29 points would be reserve. In the female classes, the two-year-old Barbara M. of Anoka 8th with five grand championships and a score of 48 would qualify for "All-Western" championship and Craven's Revolution Blackcap 5th with four reserve grand championships during the season, would qualify easily for the "All-Western" reserve.

The Hereford competition was good at all the exhibitions and excellent at Calgary. But not many entries remained on the circuit for two or more shows and hence an "All-Western" analysis loses something of its significance. The only Herefords completing the five-show circuit were those entered by O'Neil Brothers of Denfield, Ontario. In those classes in which it seemed advisable to name "All-Western" Hereford winners, the individuals named in the list concluding this article were elected.

Jerseys Led in Dairy Competition

The Mid-Western exhibitions brought out more good Jerseys than in any former year. Indeed it was a Jersey Year so far as the dairy breeds were concerned. Classes were well filled at every exhibition and quality high. Qualifying on the basis of score for "All-Western" championship and reserve, were the great Bellavista bull, Lindell Lady's Royal and the Fairmeade bull, Fairmeade Standard Rodin. For the second year, Lindell Lady's Royal was undefeated for the supreme championship at each of the four exhibitions at which he was exhibited. Bred by A. E. Duvill, sired by Lindell's Lady Volunteer, he

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Cartels and Commodity Agreements

TWO extremely costly and disastrous world wars with twenty years of cut-throat international competition in between, have developed a very censorious attitude on the part of many people towards Cartels and international commodity agreements. The latter type of agreement touches Prairie Canada very closely, since there is now on record an agreement reached in June 1942, between the United Kingdom, the world's largest importing country, and the four major wheat exporting countries, Canada, Argentina, Australia and the United States. The agreement provides for action between these countries on the basis of full international co-operation, and its text is to be submitted to an international conference, which the government of the United States will call as soon as conditions permit. This international agreement, if and when consummated, will be the second of its kind, following the development of a wheat surplus in the late twenties, which was created by high prices and expanded acreage during World War I, and the resumption of full production in Europe, coupled with efforts towards self-sufficiency and economic nationalism in Europe, especially in Germany and Italy during the twenty-year period. These conditions produced a decline in world demand of about 250,000,000 bushels; and stocks of old wheat in July 1942 in the four principal exporting countries totalled more than 1,500,000,000 bushels.

In the same twenty-year period there were world surpluses of cotton, sugar, and coffee, each of which reached notable proportions. With each of these crops, as in the case of wheat, efforts have been made towards international co-operation in handling surplus production. In the case of cotton, no international agreement was ever secured, although there have been several international meetings, the latest one in September, 1939. International co-operation in sugar marketing began in 1931, with what was known as the Chadbourn Plan, replaced in 1937 by an international sugar agreement signed by 22 nations. The lowest coffee prices on record occurred in 1940, in which year 14 coffee-producing countries and the United States produced the Inter-American Coffee Agreement late in the year. In 1933 the first wheat agreement was arrived at, but soon became ineffective because it was not sufficiently broad and lacked effective control.

Some authorities contend that because the surplus problem in farm products existed for some of the principal agricultural products before the war and because it has been since aggravated by shortage of shipping and by war conditions generally, it probably will persist after the war. Economists, and persons whose approach to problems of this kind is doctrinaire and based on principles rather than practice, tend to oppose such international commodity agreements, as do others who believe in trade and freedom of enterprise. In the minds of other people, such agreements seem to offer about the best solution to the problem in the light of our present experience, if some measure of orderly marketing of important internationally produced farm products is to be secured.

Smithfield Peanut-fed Hogs

SMITHFIELD ham is a specialty product, the name of which has been protected by state law in Virginia since 1926. The law stipulated that Smithfield ham may be cut only from hogs raised in the peanut belt of Virginia, or North Carolina. Hams carrying this name have been famous since the small town of Smithfield on the James River was chartered in 1754, but after the Civil War in the 1860's, the reputation of Smithfield hams spread widely.

In 1934 about 300,000 hogs were slaughtered in the vicinity of Smithfield, of which about one-third were sold under the Smithfield label. One Smithfield company carefully guards a Smithfield ham cured in 1902 and insured against fire and theft for \$5,000. The meat is said to be in perfect condition still.

The Smithfield-ham, peanut-fed hog practically raises itself. It goes on a picnic all summer long through the woods, living on herbs and nuts. By fall it is



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lean and healthy, by which time it is brought in from the woods and intensively fattened on corn, soybeans and grass, then turned into the peanut fields. After this it is penned, fed on straight corn for a few weeks and slaughtered before it grows too fat or flabby. Curing Smithfield hams takes from six to eight months, but the trade prefers those that have hung for 12 months or longer.

Our Trade with Argentina

EIGHTY per cent of all exports from Argentina are farm products. Five principal items which before the war made up practically all of our imports from Argentina were: cattle hides, flaxseed, corn, corned beef and quebracho extract, used by tanners. During the war we have imported quite a long list of other materials, including raw wool, vegetable oils, soap grease, casein, cheese, broom corn, lard compounds, seeds, wheat extract, fresh vegetables, cottonseed cake, oil and other products.

Our exports to Argentina consist largely of newsprint and farm implements, together with a long list of manufactured products, as well as a few fresh apples, sweet potatoes, whiskey, codfish and similar products.

ALBERTA'S SCHOOLS OF AGRICULTURE

Continued from page 8

The purpose of these schools, to quote an official statement, "was to provide educational opportunity to farm young people, both boys and girls, which would fit them for their future calling as farmers and homemakers; and to fill a gap in the system of education as provided by the Department of Education, which made no provision for the further education of the large number of country boys and girls who may not continue through the high school grades."

In 1913 there were established three of these schools, located at Claresholm, Olds and Vermilion. Enthusiastic pioneering is seldom entirely successful. The Olds school of agriculture was, fortunately, located centrally in a large area, which was settled early and was adapted to mixed farming. Its success has been real and lasting.

The school at Claresholm, located in the southern, semi-dry portion of the province, could only draw from a smaller area; and in 1931, early in the depression of the 30's this school was permanently closed and converted into a mental hospital. Vermilion, located in the northern part of the province, was poorly located in its territory. It was closed in 1923, re-opened in 1925, closed again in 1933 for one term, re-opened again until the close of the 1940-41 term, when it was closed as a measure of wartime economy. Its buildings, until this year, have been utilized by the Department of National Defense, but it has been announced that the Vermilion School will re-open again this fall.

In 1920, three additional schools of agriculture were built at Raymond, Gleichen and Youngstown. The latter two areas suffered from a protracted drought period and the schools operated only two years, since when they have not been re-opened. The school at Raymond was active until 1931, when it and the Claresholm school were closed and the buildings taken over by the Department of Health. The record of these schools in Alberta might at first thought be deemed an unenviable one, but the course of events and the trend in agricultural education indicate clearly enough that the mistakes made were due rather to enthusiasm than to concept.

In the original schools, classrooms, laboratories and equipment were planned to accommodate a comparatively small student body, of not more than 100 students. Students at first depended for room and board, on private homes in the town. Such living accommodation was ultimately to prove unsatisfactory and in 1927 and 1928, dormitories were erected at Olds and Vermilion, as a result of which an immediate increase in attendance was experienced. Life together in the residence presented distinct advantages to the students; and to the school as a whole, constant supervision of the student body, by a resident staff, was helpful.

Economic conditions on the farms had an inevitable influence on attendance at the schools of agriculture. There were 159 students in attendance at Olds in 1920. By 1923, the attendance had dropped to 114, rising to 222 in 1929, dropping to 132 in 1933 and, by 1939, reaching 212. Including both boys and girls in the proportion of about two to one, the figures take in students taking both Agriculture and Home Economics courses. The present establishment at Olds accommodates, comfortably, from 180 to 200 students, but during the war years, with only one school in operation, Olds has lacked capacity to take care of the numbers who applied for entrance. For the school year of 1944-45, it was necessary to reject approximately 150 applications from Alberta boys and girls.

Since the inception of these schools, which teach a two-year course (from the middle of October to the second week in April in each year) an endeavour has been made to keep costs down to



a reasonable minimum. With no tuition fees, the principal items of cost are for board and room, textbooks, materials and incidentals. The total runs to about \$200 per year. Similarly, courses have been made essentially practical, much of the boys' time being spent in shops, laboratories and in the handling of livestock, while the girls spend much time with cooking, sewing, home nursing and household management. Standards of entrance have been kept low enough to provide a wide opportunity for farm boys and girls to attend; so much so that there is generally a wide range in the amount of previous education gained by students before coming to Olds. These differences have presented rather serious problems, which have developed to the point where it is now considered advisable, as soon as practicable, to raise the entrance age, perhaps ultimately to as high as 18.

On the successful completion of the two-year course, diplomas are granted. Under certain conditions, the course will help the student to obtain not only a high school diploma, but entrance to the University of Alberta. For some years, applicants who have Grade XI standing or its equivalent, have been permitted to devote their whole time to the practical work of the course and are excused from purely academic subjects so as to complete the two-year course in one year, provided they have the necessary farm or home training as a background. Graduates from the Olds school are admitted to the degree courses in Agriculture and Home Economics at the University, provided they have the equivalent of Grade XI, whereas students not entering through the schools of agriculture are required to have their full Grade XII for university entrance.

It is of interest to note that of the 753 students registered in the Faculty of Agriculture at the University of Alberta, for the thirty-year period 1915-1944, there were 339 who entered from the schools of agriculture and 414 from high schools. Of the 417 graduates in Agriculture from the University during the same period, 210 were originally from the schools of agriculture and 207 from the high schools. However, these students who go on to university, are, so to speak, only a by-product of the schools of agriculture. The chief function of these schools is to fill in the gap between the comparatively limited education of farm boys and girls, which as a rule does not go beyond the early high school years, and the necessities of a well-rounded, vocational education for those who will live on the farm after graduation. Today, perhaps 7,000 Alberta farmers and farmers' wives are proving out the value of these schools. Many others take advantage of the summer activities at the Olds school, including the annual Farm and Home Week, Farm Women's Week, the Annual School of Community Life held by the Extension Department of the University, short courses for members of girls' clubs and for proficiency winners among the junior farm clubs, and for meetings and conventions of various rural organizations.

Thirty years' experience has confirmed those who have been closest to the schools, particularly the Olds institution, as to their value and ultimate place in the scheme of agricultural education. In addition to re-opening the school at Vermilion, it is said to be not unlikely that within a reasonable time, one or two additional schools, carefully selected as to site, may also be established. With a satisfactory working arrangement between the schools and the University, there yet remains to achieve a planned integration between the schools of agriculture and the high school system of the province. There should be, and ultimately there is bound to be a satisfactory working arrangement whereby high school students, who would otherwise not complete their courses and might forever lack further education such as could only be given suitably at vocational agricultural schools, will be steered in the direction of these schools as their inclination and means permit.

Still another problem is concerned with a more complete utilization of the ser-

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National Clothing Collection

will be conducted by a National Committee under the chairmanship of W. M. Birks, of Montreal. You are asked to get into touch with YOUR LOCAL COMMITTEE who will receive YOUR contribution, either through your church, community or other locally appointed body, October 1st to 20th.

- Please be as generous as you can in your support of this most vitally urgent need. Your contribution will help to avert certain injury and perhaps death from exposure to millions of persons living in war-ravaged Europe, who, through no fault of their own are in dire need of absolutely essential clothing.

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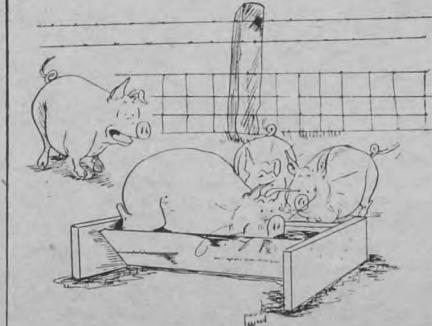
vices of the staff throughout the year. The custom has been, when the school year closes, for several of the staff members to be employed in extension or other work of various kinds, for the balance of the year. This is not conducive to the most closely integrated teaching at the institution, nor is it entirely fair to staff members who may, for a portion of the year, be required to engage in work for which they have no particular liking or aptitude.

With the prospective opening of the Vermilion school, the Board of Agricultural Education of Alberta, originally provided for in the Agricultural Schools Act, and which has not functioned since 1920, is being re-established, following an amendment to the Act at the last session of the legislature. Membership in the board has been widened and S. H. Gandier, formerly principal of the Vermilion school, has been appointed recently Superintendent of Agricultural Schools and Secretary of the Board of Agricultural Education.

Students entering the Olds School of Agriculture last year illustrated a rather remarkable change in educational standing, from those entering the schools of agriculture when they were first opened in 1913. In that year, only five per cent of the boys and 27.3 per cent of the girls had better than Grade VIII standing. Last fall at the Olds school, 79.5 per cent of the boys and 79.1 per cent of the girls had better than Grade VIII standing. Better still, nearly 60 per cent of all the students entering Olds last fall had Grade X or better. This higher standing is of distinct advantage to the students, notwithstanding the fact that a number have entered Olds with only Grade VIII standing who have later acquired additional high school credit, gone to the University and some of them continued until they had secured their Masters Degrees and in a few cases their Doctorates.

Perhaps the best vindication of the original conception in the minds of those who established Alberta's schools of agriculture, lies in the fact that Manitoba and Saskatchewan are giving careful attention to the establishment of similar institutions. Those closest to the Alberta schools are proud of the fact that these were not established at, or in conjunction with the University. They claim distinct advantages for the separate institution dedicated to a specific type of student, and providing for such students a school life entirely their own, with the opportunity of social, athletic, and other activities of their own making and at their own common level of interest.

How far agriculture in western Canada may consider it advisable to encourage the further development of such schools, will depend entirely on the circumstances of available youth population and public interest and policy. Vying with agricultural schools of distinctly vocational character in the minds of some interested students of the question, are the various short courses of from two to three and four months duration. It is claimed for short courses of this character that the schools themselves can be moved from one locality to another; that they do not require any considerable investment in land, buildings and equipment; and that they will reach a much larger proportion of farm boys and girls at suitable ages than can be reached even by a number of permanently established schools over a period of years. Locke, the philosopher, once wrote that "No man's knowledge, here, can go beyond his experience," and if this is true, we are certainly in need of more experience in the field of education designed to meet the needs of farm young folk over 16 years of age.



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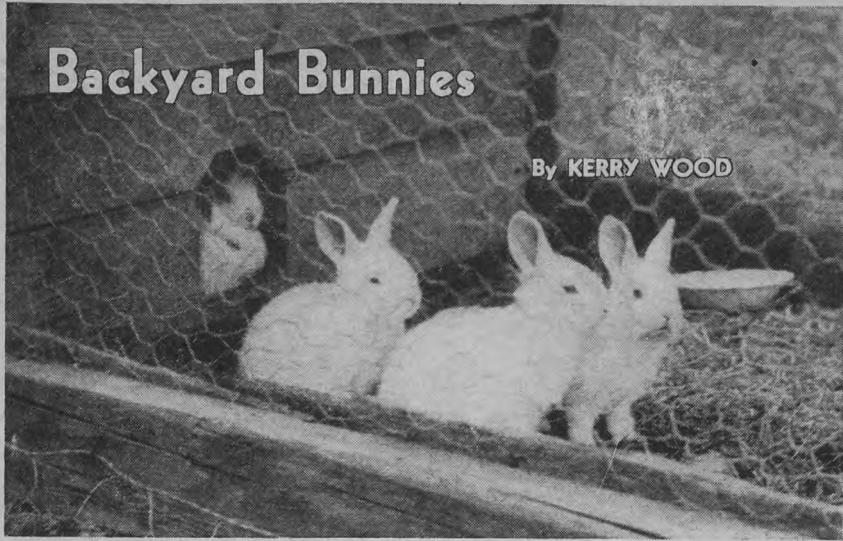
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Backyard Bunnies

By KERRY WOOD



WE no longer laugh when we hear that Neighbor Jones is keeping rabbits. In fact, some of us have slipped over to Jim Jones' place and tried to coax him to part with that big doe of his. There's a rumor that meat rationing may become necessary again shortly, but there's no rationing of rabbits and rabbits themselves are notoriously ignorant of rationing, especially where rabbit-families are concerned.

Rabbit meat has the highest nutritional value we can get in flesh. Beef rates 50 per cent, poultry 75 per cent, and domestic rabbit 85 per cent. The meat of properly fed domestic rabbits, even of the scrub varieties popular with small boys, is always tender and is all-white meat and everyone who has tasted it agrees that it is not so dry as poultry flesh and has much more flavor.

Old Country folk need no convincing that rabbit flesh makes a succulent dish, but native-born Canadians who base their opinions on experiences with the wild rabbit, or varying hare, should be informed that any similarity between domestic rabbit and wild meat is purely coincidental. The finest of the wild rabbit flesh is provided by white-tailed jack rabbits of the west, and such flesh is as good as deer meat. But varying hare or snowshoe rabbit flesh is very inferior stuff, dry and flavorless and with a low nutritional rating. One taste of domestic rabbit meat will convince you that it's altogether different from game flesh and is really yummy stuff.

A back-yard hutch, even built with a few old boards and some left-over chick wire like the one in the accompanying picture, gives us the happy solution to meat rationing. One doe will raise three families per year in almost any district in Canada, and she'll raise one or two extra litters per season if you happen to live in a warmish province. Most litters average six young, but some does scorn to stop at that small number. Flemish giants are the largest meat rabbits, though they take longer to raise to maturity than smaller breeds. New Zealand reds are good all-round meat rabbits, but even the mongrel stock obtainable from boys yield tasty rabbit flesh when properly fed with oats, alfalfa, and table scraps such as waste greens and stale bread. The young reach "eatin' size" within ten weeks under summer conditions, producing around three pounds of cleaned flesh per rabbit at this age for the smaller varieties while giants yield eight pounds of table meat per rabbit when mature. Ten minutes' work twice a day suffices to keep a couple of hutches clean and the occupants well fed and well watered. Thus it will be seen that one doe rabbit, with three average litters per year, produces close to sixty pounds of succulent meat per year for an outlay of two or three dollars for oats and alfalfa and very little time.

Returned soldiers tell us that every German family with a backyard was compelled by law to raise rabbits, and our men all say that the Germans looked well fed. Rabbit flesh helped. Domestic rabbits and wild stock helped Britain during her leanest rationed days, too. We are just getting wise to the advantages of rabbit flesh on this

continent, but prospective meat rationing has re-awakened our interest.

One returned soldier who wishes to be nameless has swiftly built up a good paying business out of meat rabbits near Victoria, B.C. He has five thousand breeders, which give him an average turn-over of one thousand meat rabbits per month. He has gone in for Flemish giants, killing them young when they average five pounds of flesh per animal. These are quick-frozen in blocks of four, then wrapped in cellophane and fancied up with a colored cellophane tie. The Victoria and Vancouver meat stores buy all he can produce and resell at 50 cents per pound and have no lack of customers. This successfully rehabilitated soldier sells the thousand skins a month for a average of 25 cents each, a little more than enough to pay for his baled alfalfa food at \$35.00 per ton. He wouldn't say just how much hard cash he was clearing monthly, but he smilingly offered to bet that he'll be able to retire a lot sooner than the average!

Quite apart from the commercial possibilities, a back-yard hutch and a matronly doe can give the average Canadian family's meat requirements a very substantial boost, and you'll actually rave about rabbit-pie and drool over fricassee rabbit, while fried bunny in butter is something that'll positively ecstasy your appetite.

Climate and Civilization

STUDIES made on the subject of climate and civilization show that on a world map of annual mean temperatures, a band which passes around the world on which the mean temperature is always 70 degrees Fahr. includes all the centres of early civilization, Egypt, Palestine, Assyria, Sumeria, Persia and the valley of the Indus. In other words, early civilizations arose in regions where the mean temperature of the year was around 70 degrees Fahr. This is about right for a nude man and it is almost certain that the creators of early civilizations wore very little clothing.

But an annual mean temperature of 70 degrees implies hot summer days and cold winter nights. So we find that indoor heating was developed. When that practice spread, civilization spread too. After Rome fell, indoor heating was not common. As a result, the next civilization, that of the Moslems, was again in the region of 70 degrees Fahr. Later, when western Europe heated its dwellings in winter, civilization again marched on to the north.

Evidence gathered by one investigator indicates that when a white man migrates to a country where the mean temperature in the hottest month exceeds 75 degrees he finds that, whereas he and his children are fairly comfortable, his grandchildren are less energetic mentally and physically. The case of the lazy "poor whites" in hot countries may thus be explained, but it is unlikely that any simple hard and fast rule can aid in settling the problem of a desirable climate. The largest single area that meets the specifications of an ideal climate includes the British Isles and roughly the northwestern part of Europe from northern Spain to the southwestern shores of Scandinavia.—W.K.

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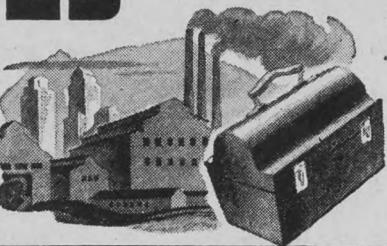
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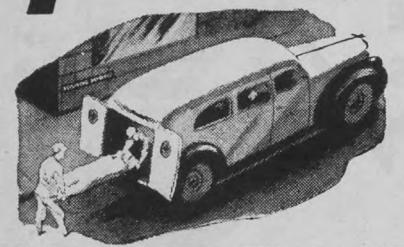
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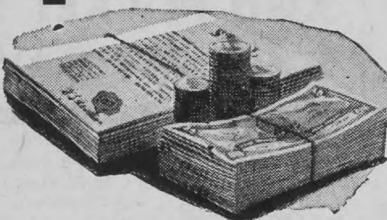
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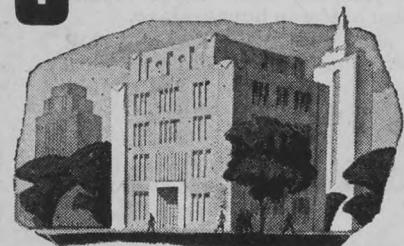
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THE WOLF TRAIL

Continued from page 7

egress. It was highly probable, Dan reflected, that the girl was even now engaged in a murder plot more efficaciously conceived than the one which he had frustrated the night before. And he had no revolver. Still, there was nothing to do but go on. At last he was going to know the truth.

That was the last thought that passed through his mind before he dropped asleep, convinced that the subconscious would arouse him in time in case any danger threatened him. Yet when he started up hearing his name spoken, the Indian, Louis, was already at his side.

"Monsieur, Mademoiselle Camille is waiting for you outside the chateau."

"Tell Madame La Rue that I'll be with her in a few moments," answered Dan with emphasis.

For an instant he thought he saw a flicker of emotion in the impassive face of the Indian, but it was succeeded instantly by the same stolid mask. Dan fastened his belt and went out into the dawn. Jehane La Rue was waiting just outside the building.

"Well, Monsieur Keane, I am here," she said, "trusting in the honor of a policeman, as you see. Permit me to fasten the handkerchief."

SHE had a dark silk cloth in her hand. Standing on tip-toe, she began fastening it about Dan's forehead. He felt her soft finger-tips about his eyes and in his hair. Then he was standing beside her in darkness.

"Come, Monsier, permit me to guide you."

Dan had expected to cross the muskeg arm; instead, he could discern that she was taking him around the head of the lake. It was evident that there was no way across that narrow strip, where it might be presumed the swamp, being deepest, was always impassable. As he moved, Dan kept his hearing strained for any sounds that might be indicative of a treacherous attack, but he heard nothing.

With the girl guiding him, Dan moved forward. Sometimes she would utter a brief warning as to a tree in the way, but for the most part they walked in silence until Dan estimated that half an hour had elapsed; then the girl stopped.

"You can take off the handkerchief now, Sergeant Keane," she said briskly.

Dan removed it and handed it to her. During the half hour that they had been traveling the day had broken.

Dan discovered, as he had thought, that they had circled the head of the lake; they were actually upon the extreme point of the island, with the mass of rock looming in front of them, and the muskeg swamps behind.



"You are satisfied that I have kept my word, as you have kept yours?" asked the girl.

And, without waiting for Dan's answer, she broke away and began running back over the muskeg. Dan watched the course she took, but it was impossible to draw any deductions from it. Sure-footed, she seemed to skim the treacherous surface almost like a bird. In a minute or two she had disappeared among the trees.

Dan turned again. Who was within the cabin, La Rue, or Lafontaine? Was La Rue alive or dead? The girl had said both. Would his approach be greeted with a fusilade from the murderous outlaw, concealed behind some loop-hole?

Dan thought the latter possibility about the strongest. And those few moments of his advance toward the rock were the culmination of all the suspense that he had endured throughout the journey. In front of him the round orb of the sun appeared, a blood-red rim above the surface of the swamp. In a minute more he would know, in a minute more he would know—in a few seconds more, Dan kept telling himself.

He was in the open now, past the trees, and expecting every moment to feel the shock of bullets.

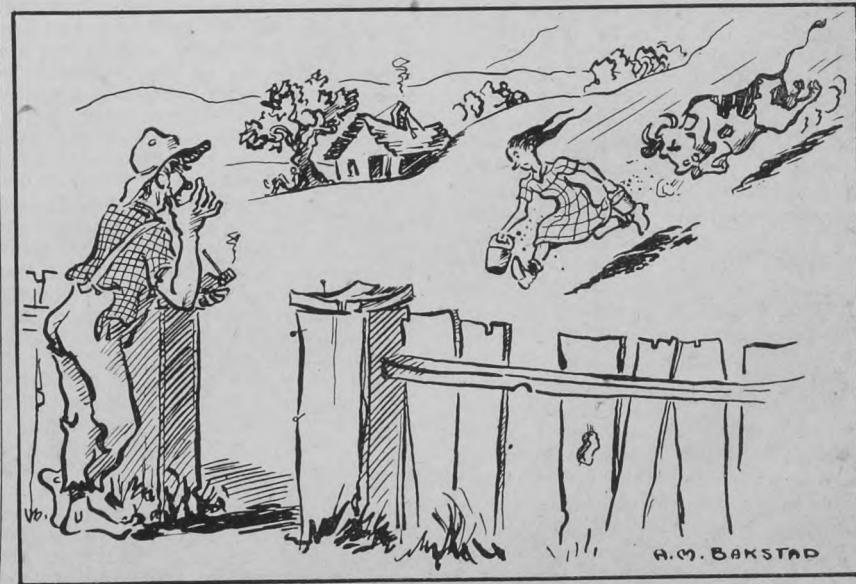
Then the figure of a man appeared in the entrance of the hut, a short and rather swarthy man, wearing the King's scarlet!

"YOU'RE Sergeant Keane? I heard you were on your way, though I'm trapped in here. You'll think that strange, but . . ."

"Corporal Lafontaine, of course? I'm—I'm mighty glad I've found you, Lafontaine." Dan found it a little difficult to keep his voice under control as he gazed for the first time into the face of the famous hunter of men. The corporal seemed very voluble, but who wouldn't be under such circumstances? "I was afraid I'd be too late."

"Nothing like that," replied the other, speaking with a strong French accent, but in a by no means unmelodious voice. "I've been here since spring. La Rue was dying for weeks, and I didn't know when I came in that it was by a freak, that this damned muskeg only freezes in the coldest weather. That freak's what got La Rue. How the devil did you make it, Keane? I tried only yesterday, and got stuck to the waist. Did you see Jehane La Rue? She came to the edge of the muskeg and shouted to me that you were on your way, but you'd never reach me. And I couldn't get my hands on her. Why, old man, you look as if you'd been up to the neck yourself! Come in and get cleaned up, and we'll talk things over after."

Dan gathered, from Lafontaine's volubility, that the corporal was slightly unhinged after his experiences alone upon the island. He accompanied him inside the long building. The place had been, as Dan had thought, a trading store at one time, but the long counter was gone, and there was a large table, with chairs, and three or four camp beds. It looked as if this had been the



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headquarters of La Rue and his gang, and it would have been difficult for them to have found a safer one.

Dan cleaned some of the mud off his uniform, and put on some clothes that the other gave him while his own clothes were drying. Breakfast was quickly prepared by his host. It consisted of bread and stewed rabbit.

"How did you get the rabbit, Lafontaine?" Dan asked.

"Wire snares. I'll tell you about those rabbits later, Keane. You'll never run short of rabbits long as you're here. God, I'm sick of rabbit! I've lived on it since summer. Did you meet the La Rue woman?"

Dan told him briefly that he had made her act as his guide. He did not feel like being confidential with Lafontaine. He was becoming more convinced that Lafontaine was a little unbalanced, principally from the disconnected way in which he talked. Dan, studying him closely as they ate, concluded that he must have suffered severely.

He was disappointed in Lafontaine. He knew that for years past the famous little corporal had been on lonely trails in quest of very much "wanted" men. Decidedly any barracks polish that he had acquired in the beginning would have worn off. Still, Lafontaine was lacking in something—and Dan was trying to figure out what that something was when the corporal rose.

"Want to see La Rue?" he asked.

"You've got his body still?"

"Sure enough! Everything was frozen stiff when he died at the end of October. I couldn't dig a grave except in the muskeg, and that seemed too bad for a man like La Rue. Thought you'd like to see him, too, and sign the certificate," he laughed.

DAN did not like that laugh. He wondered how Lafontaine had known of his journey back in October. However, he asked no questions, but accompanied the other out of the door. The Frenchman led the way toward the great mass of limestone, which, Dan now saw, was seamed with fissures, as such masses usually are. He squeezed his body through one of these crevices in the other's wake.

Dan found himself in a little hollow vault, about the dimensions of a small hall bedroom. Stalactites hung from the walls, with small stalagmites beneath, and the sun's rays, throwing a narrow beam of light through the narrow entrance, banded them with prismatic hues.

The effect was indescribably beautiful. Now blue, now green, now gold, now red, the stalactites glittered like colored ice. Yet it was ghastly, too, for the little place was like a mortuary chapel. Although the stretcher cot on which the body of the dead man was lying occupied almost the entire length of one side of the cave, for a moment or two, owing to some ocular trick, or his bewilderment at the sheer beauty of the scene, Dan failed to perceive it.

Then he saw it, behind a hanging fringe of stalactites. They drooped over the cot, reflecting the colored hues upon the face of the dead man. He lay upon his back, the arms folded across the breast. The body was, of course, frozen stiff, and it did not appear to have suffered any of the change of mortality.

Clothed in a mackinaw and heavy trousers, it lay there, a placid expression upon the hollow face, wax-white, save where the bands of light lay across it. Whatever La Rue's life had been, death seemed to have invested his features with a singular dignity, almost nobility, as it invests those of so many.

And except for the hollowness of the cheeks, and the emaciation of the face, Dan could see no signs that La Rue had died of scurvy. He bent over the body, examining it closely, but without touching it.

As he did so, the other took a step forward. "I'd keep away from it," he said with a nervous laugh. "I mean there might be danger—what I mean is, I suppose it was scurvy we were suffering from but I'm no doctor. It might have been something else."

"It might have been," responded Dan placidly. Nevertheless, he stepped back from the stretcher.

"You both had scurvy badly, did you?" he asked.

"Yes, all the summer. I tell you we were in a pretty bad way. If there had

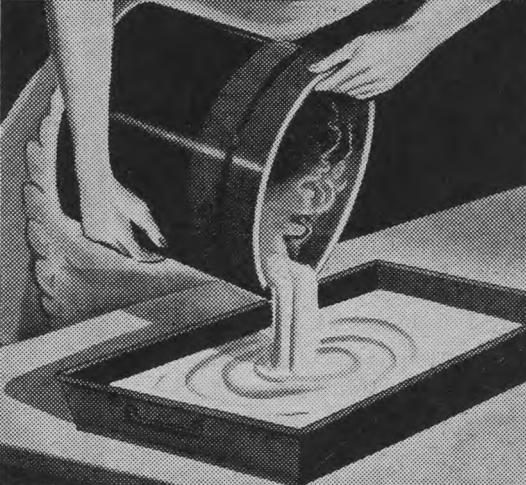
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been any means of saving him I'd have given my hand to have saved his life. But he just got worse from day to day.

"And you—recovered?"

"Yes, I'll tell you all about that. Let's get out of here. I suppose we'll have to take him down to be identified?"

"We'll talk that over later," answered Dan, following his companion out into the pale sunlight. The Frenchman led the way back into the large room, looking over his shoulder with an anxious expression two or three times, as if to make sure that Dan was following him. He closed the door, and they sat down at the table again.

The Frenchman leaned forward confidentially. "Say, Keane," he began, "I may as well tell you some good news. I came upon some of the private stock of the La Rue gang." A sort of nervous chuckling laugh came from his lips. "I'm not referring to the rotten hooch La Rue gave the Indians for their furs, but his own private brand. In fact, La Rue put me wise to the cache where it was hidden. We managed to get through the summer on it somehow, and there's still a little left. Now how would a little drink feel to you? Not a prohibitionist, are you, Keane?"

"Not in principle—only in practice," answered Dan. "The fact is, I never drink in prohibition territory. I like keeping the laws that I'm paid to help enforce. But that's only a personal prejudice of mine. If you want a drink, I guess I won't be called upon to report it at Headquarters."

"For which much thanks," responded the other with a curt laugh. "God, man, if you'd been shut up with a prisoner all summer, having to watch every move he made, and both of you sick with scurvy, I guess you wouldn't feel so straightlaced about it. Well, I'll take you at your word, Keane."

He crossed the room and took down a bottle from a shelf pouring out a liberal drink into a tin mug. Dan noticed that there was a fine tremor of the fingers as he did so. He came back and sat down, draining off the contents. Meanwhile Dan had not uttered a word.

"Well, you want the history of this business, I suppose," said the Frenchman. "As you know, a party of us went up something over a year ago, and we got on the trail of La Rue and that gang of his. That crowd had certainly been playing merry hell up in these parts. The Indians were terrorized for hundreds of miles around. Well, we didn't get them, and we didn't find that cache of furs they stole after murdering the factor up at White's Point on the Mackenzie, but we dispersed the gang. The rest went back, but I stayed on the job. I had a hunch that I could get La Rue."

The liquor had already loosened the Frenchman's tongue; the man was gesticulating and talking loosely, tripping over the syllables. Dan, sitting opposite him at the table, was gathering his impressions by the eye rather than by the ear.

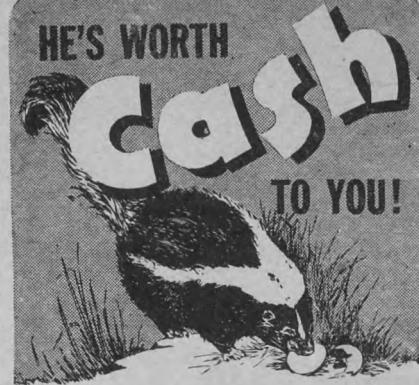
"I had a hunch that I could get La Rue, who was the brains of the gang. I knew he'd married that Desmoulins girl. Old Desmoulins built this store, you know, before the landslide came down and cut it off from his chateau over there. He was a Frenchman of the old school, with crazy feudal ideas, and he wanted to carve a seigniory out of this district. Well, as I was saying, La Rue married the Desmoulins girl, and there wasn't a trick he knew that she couldn't go him one better, after a while. I trailed her, found this hangout, and trapped La Rue here last winter."

"You remember how bitter cold it was in March. The muskeg froze, and that's something happens only once in five years or so. The gang knew the way, but I've never found it. I blundered in like a fool, without guessing what I was up against. But I guess you and I can find the way out easy enough, or maybe you've got on the right side of La Rue's woman, eh, old man?"

"Go on with the story," answered Dan.

THE other started. "The story? Why—that's all. I got La Rue easy enough, but I've been here nine months, and nearly lost my life trying to get out. And the La Rue woman got in one night and tried to knife me. Say, old man, I'm going to get another drink."

Dan watched his every movement as



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he got the bottle down from the shelf and helped himself again. He filled the mug half full and drained it. Now his manner seemed to have undergone a change. He was still more loquacious, and yet with a sub-note of sullenness and suspicion.

He flopped down in the chair. "Well, I guess that about covers everything, Keane," he said. "Now let me ask you about . . ."

"Wait a little. How about that scurvy? How did it happen that you got well and La Rue died?"

"Why, La Rue and I both had it, but he had it worse than me, because he got drunk on that hooch every night at first. I wouldn't touch it till I was left alone. Still, I didn't feel it was up to me to stop him taking a drink when he wanted one. It was all he had to live for. There was plenty of flour that the gang had left in the cache, along with the whiskey, but there was absolutely nothing else—not even a bag of potatoes or compressed vegetables. We couldn't get out of this damn' place to hunt our meat. We lived on flour and whiskey till I remembered something I'd read about snaring rabbits with a bit of wire.

"I was going to tell you about the rabbits. This island's swarming with them. You see, there are wolves all around here, and when they chase the rabbits—why, the rabbits can cross the muskeg where the wolves can't. So they come here. You hear them all night long, patter, patter, when the wolves are after them. Yes, I'll never want to look a rabbit in the face again after I get out of here."

"Well, I soon got on to the snaring trick and that saved me, but La Rue was too far gone. He died at the beginning of winter, and I've been here alone two months now, with that crazy woman flitting about outside. I've been thinking of snaring her." He laughed unsteadily. "If the muskeg don't freeze soon, I guess we're in for another year of it, living on rabbits. Why do you suppose the La Rue woman let you in?"

Again Dan left the question unanswered. "There's one thing I'd like to ask, Lafontaine," he said. "How did you hold La Rue?"

"Why I slipped the cuffs on him every night."

"Where do you keep them?"

But Dan's eyes had already followed the other's involuntary glance toward the shelf overhead, where he saw the irons.

"What's worrying you?" the Frenchman snarled suddenly.

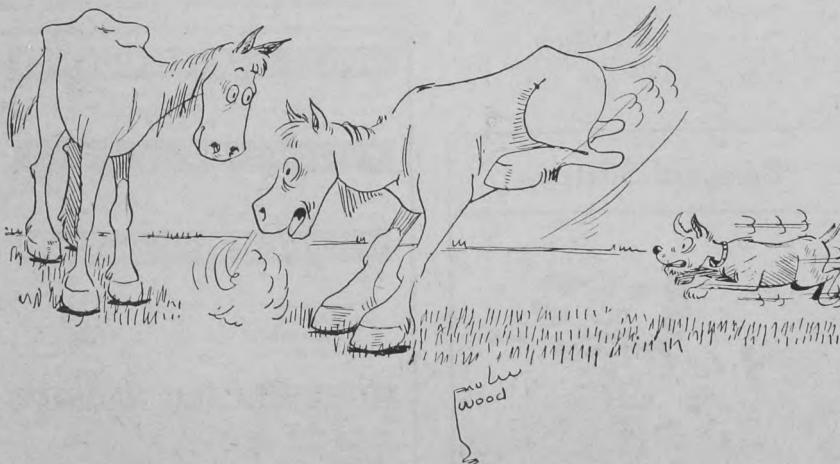
"Well, you see," answered Dan, "I've been trying to figure out if what you've been telling me's correct, how it happens that my skis are standing there against the door."

"Your skis?"

"Exactly. You see, Madame La Rue borrowed them from my sleigh one day, to leave in a hurry. There's no question but those are my skis; however, if you don't want to take my word for it, look at the leather on the right one, and you'll see that it's been ripped and sewed up with babiche."

"What the—what you mean to—?"

"Pretty clear evidence that Madame La Rue has been in this cabin lately, my friend. Sit down, La Rue, and hold your hands . . ."



"Boy, is he gon'na get a 'kick' out of this!"

The lightning leap the other made did not catch Dan napping. Before he could draw the revolver from its holster Dan had overturned the table, and come crashing down upon him with it. A brief struggle, and the weapon was in Dan's hand.

"Get up, La Rue," he said. "You might have thought out a better story than that. Or you'd have done better to have tried to get away instead of trusting to those brains of yours to fool me. You see," he added, "I saw the bullet hole in poor Lafontaine's head, under the hair, behind the ear. Just reach me down those handcuffs!"

DAN had heard many strange stories about his prisoner, but the reality surpassed them. His first outburst of malignant rage ended, La Rue submitted to being handcuffed quietly enough, and relieved of his revolver, and a knife as long as a poniard, which, being hidden in his sleeve, Dan nearly overlooked. La Rue's rage was, however, vented chiefly against Jehane.

It was Dan who spoke of her, telling La Rue—as he thought it right to do—that he held a warrant for her arrest on the charge of murdering Anderson. As it was impossible for him to take in two prisoners at the same time, particularly when one of them was a woman, Dan proposed to take La Rue first to the nearest post on the Mackenzie, returning for his wife later.

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"You're mighty sure of getting her, aren't you, Sergeant!" sneered the Frenchman. "Damn her, I told her the trick wouldn't work, but I let myself be persuaded."

"Just what was the idea, La Rue?" Dan asked.

"The idea? Just to get you out of the way instead of killing off another policeman. It happened to suit me, that's the reason."

"I guess you trusted too much to those brains of yours," said Dan. "Well, if it hadn't been for that bullet hole in Lafontaine's head, you might have got away with it. Didn't know the skin stretches after death, did you, La Rue? You all slip up in one way or another."

He was encouraging La Rue to talk, in the hope of picking up some further information, though the murder of Lafontaine had filled him with bitter hatred for the murderer. He asked him how he got the corporal.

La Rue burst into a fit of laughter. "Lafontaine was dead easy, even for a policeman," he grinned. "But it wasn't me got him, it was Jehane."

Dan felt sick with horror, no less at La Rue's incrimination of his wife than at the thought of it. Dan was sure of one thing, and that was there was still a good deal to be cleared up in respect of the motives of Jehane La Rue.

"Easy, dead easy," La Rue went on, grinning broadly. "She crossed the mus-

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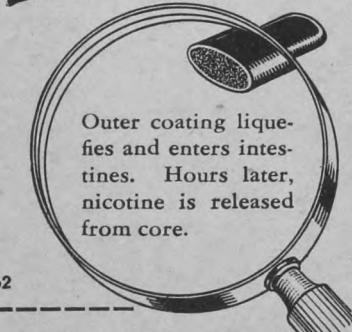
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keg and got him while he was asleep. Even Lafontaine had to sleep sometimes. He nearly caught her once. He knew she'd get him in the end, though, and the last week of his life he had the horrors. And that's the way she's going to get you," he added malignantly.

Dan was beginning to understand his prisoner's motives in hiding there instead of making a break for freedom. Undeniably he was safer there than he would be if he showed his face at any post along any of the trails. And while La Rue was of course acquainted with the secret of the passage across the muskeg, all he had had to do was to sit still and behave like a model prisoner until Jehane "got" Lafontaine. Unless, then, Dan could himself solve that secret, or unless the weather grew cold enough to freeze the surface of the bog, he might kick his heels there indefinitely.

And then some night—some night when his watch relaxed, as it must insensibly, Jehane La Rue would come creeping across the swamp, knife or revolver in her hand, and—he would be in danger of going the way that Lafontaine had gone.

The prospect was not a pleasant one, and Dan determined to maintain his watchfulness as long as he and his prisoner were there. That night he fastened La Rue firmly with a rope, as well as handcuffing him, in such a way that he could move with fair freedom on his bed, but would be comparatively helpless. He carefully searched the interior of the place for weapons, and for anything that could be used as an implement of offense. He barred the door, which was fortified with great bolts. As for the window, it was double—the gang had certainly known how to make themselves snug—and strongly nailed inside and out. Dan was at last convinced that it was impossible either for La Rue to attack him while he slept, or for anyone to gain ingress without awakening him.

As for himself, he would have to sleep like the seal, in twenty second snatches. But Dan was more or less habituated to watchful sleep.

THERE was a pile of swamp logs outside the cabin, drawn from the muskeg. Dan had noticed that logs were imbedded in it everywhere, carried down from the forest limits through centuries by the slow, irresistible movement of the slow tide. When the stove was ablaze, Dan felt more comfortable. The shock of Lafontaine's murder was beginning to pass. Horrible as his death had been, the little corporal had passed as he would have wished, perhaps, to pass. And he got his man. And Dan was holding him.

La Rue had watched all Dan's preparations with a malicious grin that seemed to hint at some card he held in reserve.

"You're taking a lot of trouble to keep alive, Keane, aren't you?" he drawled. "Do you think life's so important as all that?"

"It's worth holding on to while we've got it," answered Dan.

"Just run your eyes along that shelf of books," suggested La Rue.

Dan had seen the score or so of books upon one of the shelves; he had picked them up one by one to make sure there was no weapon behind them; now he rose and began scanning them.

They were books on philosophy, a subject Dan knew very little about. At La Rue's request, he handed two of them to him. La Rue opened one with his manacled hands and turned the



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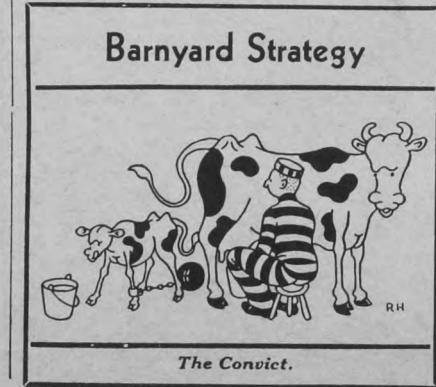
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pages until he found what he was looking for.

"We see life, then, envisaged as a struggle," he read, "in which the fittest survives. Let men prate of mercy, charity, forgiveness, tenderness toward the weak—Nature knows nothing of these things. With Nature, to be strong is to be righteous, and to be cunning is to be good. That is the really divine law of life."

He looked up, the quizzical smile upon his face. "What d'you make of that, Keane?" he asked.

"Is that the stuff you've been reading here?"

"That and twenty more volumes. They're translations of a great German philosopher, whose name has probably never penetrated to the recesses of your intelligence, Keane. That fellow's the greatest man who ever lived. He made me what I am."

La Rue spoke with sublime egotism; it was evident that he believed the philosopher in question should be proud of his work.

"Yes, Keane, I was a clerk in a bank in a small western Canadian town when I came across him. He showed me the true philosophy of life. When I realized that power and right were identical, I acted. I was twenty thousand dollars richer within a week after I read that. I don't know whether it's worth converting you, Keane, but if once you realized that duty, and mercy, and the rest of the antiquated rubbish are simply the bonds with which the strong hold the weak in subjection, you'd become a man, Keane. I'd even make you my lieutenant, because you've got the possibilities of good material, Keane."

Dan was quite convinced now that La Rue's brain was turned.

"Take pity now," La Rue went on. "A slave quality. The natural instinct of man is to torture, as remorselessly as the wolf tortures the rabbit. When I killed old McPherson at White's landing, I killed him slowly, Keane. As a matter of fact, he'd given me cause to dislike him. He was begging to be finished off before the end came, Keane."

"You—damned—hound!" said Dan.

La Rue grinned. "In yielding to the primitive instinct there, I felt a thrill of power, Keane. Do you know when I expect to feel it next? When I finish you off. There's a splendid finish waiting for you, Sergeant. Don't worry—it's on its way."

Dan rose and threw another log into the stove.

Sleep was far from him when he threw himself down on his camp-bed. He had never been in so eerie a situation before. He could see the flickering light playing upon La Rue's face across the room. La Rue seemed to be sleeping as peacefully as a child. And yet Dan was sure that he was plotting some fresh deviltry.

He had taken in desperate criminals several times, but never a madman, one filled with a strange and evil philosophy like La Rue. He had never been trapped with a mad criminal, with brains probably superior to his own, and the madman's wife outside, ready to steal in upon him with knife or revolver as soon as his guard was relaxed.

BUT either all Dan's instincts about Jehane La Rue were wrong, or else she was mad, too. He had heard that madness was contagious. Perhaps in the wilderness, fleeing with La Rue over the desolate wastes in the long darkness, Jehane La Rue had lost her mind likewise. Dan knew that in those solitudes monstrous egotisms take birth and come to dominate the mind.

There was Corporal Brody, a case well known among the police, but suppressed, as to the main details, from publication. Brody, patrolling the Arctic, had imagined himself a new Messiah, and enrolled a native army of three score who had converted the peaceful shores of the Cape Lyon district into a bloodstained hell until Brody was slain, and his empire suppressed—by a sergeant and two constables.

Certainly Jehane La Rue's attitude toward himself had not been consistent with sanity. Dan hoped with all his heart that she was not responsible, that the death of young Anderson could not legally be laid to her.

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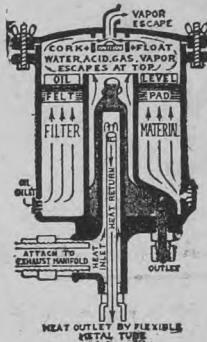
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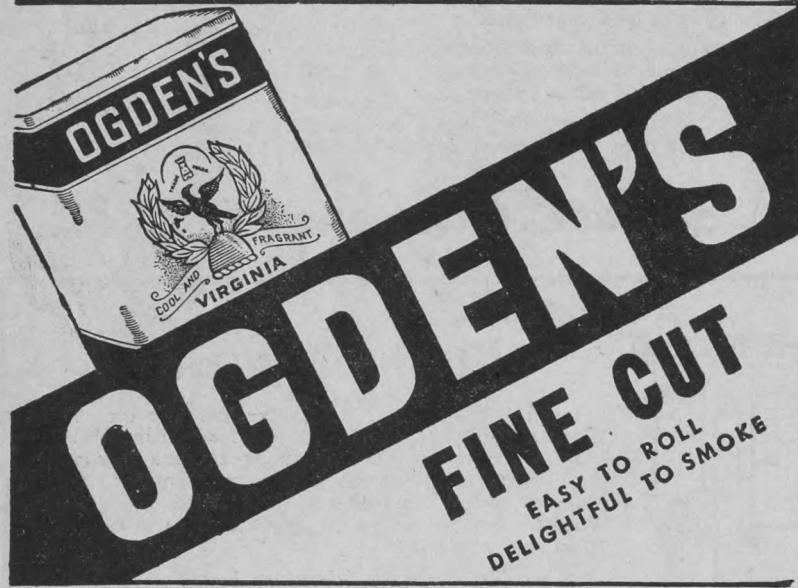
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Still, sane or not, she was a constant peril. Dan was besieged, and unless the weather changed, or he could find the exit across the muskeg sooner or later La Rue's threats would be justified. He had got Lafontaine, by general consent the best man-catcher in the Dominion, as he had got Anderson. And he had not been bluffing when he had announced so confidently that he would get Dan.

As he lay there, watching the fire-light on La Rue's face, Dan felt that his situation was impossible. Better—if he could have known that Lafontaine was dead—better to have taken Jehane in, and gone back for La Rue after. In the morning Dan meant to sound the muskeg thoroughly. In a day or two—a week at most—he must surely light upon the route across it.



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He was falling asleep when of a sudden he started into intense wakefulness, conscious of a sound that he could not place somewhere in the island. He reached out for the revolver that he had taken from La Rue, and listened. As he did so, he heard the howl of a wolf near at hand, taken up by another and another.

But that was not the sound that Dan had heard. It was a continuous patterning, more like the falling of rain than anything else. But it was not rain. The stars were shining in a clear sky, and still that patterning sound went on. Dan had thought at first that it might be some trick of Jehane's, but now he knew it could not be anything of the sort, for he could hear that sound coming, apparently, from all along the side of the island.

HE rose softly and went to the side of La Rue. The outlaw was sleeping, or, more probably, pretending to sleep, but Dan satisfied himself that the ropes which bound him were intact. Quietly he drew back the bolts of the door, and opened it.

There was nobody outside. The moon was low in the east, but the night was so clear, and the stars so brilliant that Dan could see the length and breadth of the little island, from the mass of limestone to the tip, and from one edge of muskeg to the other, and to the chateau on the elevation beyond.

Nothing seemed stirring, and at first Dan could see nothing but the trees, the muskeg, and the snow. And yet that patterning sound went on. Suddenly there sounded a scream like that of a child in mortal agony.

But he knew what it was an instant later—the death-scream of a rabbit, caught in one of Lafontaine's snares. Again a scream rang out, and then another, over by the tip of the island.

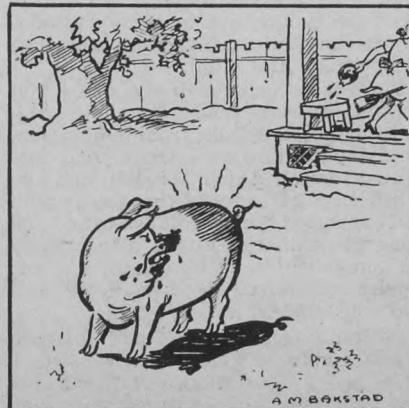
No, it was not one of the snares that had caught the creatures. It was the wolves, the pack of hunting wolves that suddenly became visible to Dan. Ranged like a file of soldiers in open order, they stood, some distance across the muskeg, the lean, long bodies, the sharp snouts and pricked ears clearly visible; and, as if they knew that the strip of muskeg acted as an insuperable bar between themselves and the island, they watched Dan, motionless and fearless.

Then of a sudden Dan saw something more, and now he knew what that patterning sound had been. Why, the snow that covered the firm ground of the island was black with rabbits, scurrying from the wolves to safety. And Dan remembered La Rue's words, "The rabbits ran across the muskeg where the wolves ran."

But, if the wolves could not cross, at least they have penetrated a measurable distance over the treacherous surface. Dan stared long at the place where he had seen those grey shadows, which had now vanished. The wolves had partly learned the secret; in the morning he would take up the study for himself.

He went back inside the store and closed the door. Looking at La Rue, he saw that the outlaw was now unfeignedly awake.

"Rabbits scare you, Sergeant?" he jeered. "You ought to have seen Lafontaine that last week before Jehane caught him. I told you he had the horrors. Thought he was being mauled by rabbits every night. Between ourselves, it was the rabbits got him in the end, and not Jehane, though it wouldn't look



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exactly well on the Police records."

La Rue was apparently accustomed to captivity. He offered no objections when, after the meal, Dan trussed him up again, only asking him sarcastically whether he expected to find the road across the muskeg by dinner time.

Dan spent several hours of methodical investigation, throwing stones along the edge of the swamp at intervals of two or three feet. The work was tedious in the extreme. Here and there a stone would lie on the surface, instead of disappearing into the maw of the swamp; then Dan would set one foot carefully upon the surface, only to feel the gentle suction of the muskeg, and to see his sole slowly subsiding into the depths.

There were hard spots everywhere, but they extended for a radius of only a foot or two, as Dan's experiments with the stones proved; they were tiny islands that had hardened, with soft mire on every side of them. Not in that way was he likely to find a passage over the muck.

He returned at noon, to find La Rue deep in one of the philosophical volumes that he had placed in his hands. The captive looked up with a grin.

"Solved your problem, Keane?" he jeered.

Dan said nothing, but began the preparation of the meal—stewed rabbit, from the half dozen frozen carcasses that were hanging behind the store.

"It's getting you the same way it got Lafontaine," La Rue observed, closing the book with his manacled hands. "Lafontaine was sure he couldn't be beaten by the muskeg. He was going to find a quick way out. Just a matter of a day or so, he claimed. He started throwing rocks into the swamp, at intervals of a yard or two. Your method anything along those lines, Sergeant?"

Dan looking into the sneering face, saw absolute confidence there, the ruthlessness of power.

"Of course, the poor devil was sick with scurvy," La Rue continued. "After the first week it began to get on his nerves. And then the rabbits started bothering him. But that last week, before Jehane got him, he was a wreck. Screamed when I showed him a rabbit I'd caught in the wire. I guess when he looked into the muzzle of Jehane's revolver he was rather glad to go than not.

It was evident that La Rue was an artist in diabolism.

"But you don't go that way, Keane," added Dan's tormentor. "Do you know what I'm going to do to you? I'm going to make a rabbit of you."

"In the meanwhile," said Dan, "the chow's ready." He unfastened La Rue's handcuffs, and they ate.

He invited his prisoner to take some exercise in the afternoon, but La Rue declined, grinning.

"Don't want to interfere with your

work, Sergeant," he answered. "It would spoil the afternoon for you, keeping one eye on the muskeg and the other on me. You see, you'd be watching my expression when you got 'hot' and 'cold,' trying to read how near you were to the jumping-off spot. No, I'll read."

DAN spent the rest of the afternoon in the same attempt, without better success. That night, for some obscure reason of his own, La Rue persisted in talking about Lafontaine.

"Haven't probed for the bullet yet, have you, Keane?" he asked. "That's important, you know. You'll find it somewhere near the other side of the head, I guess. Lafontaine's skull was thick, or it would have gone through. Once you've matched it up with the revolver, you'll have some first-rate evidence to convict. The gun you've got's the one Jehane shot him with."

He went on talking about Lafontaine. That night, lying awake, listening to the howling of the wolves again, and the scurrying of the rabbits, Dan could not keep his thoughts off the dead policeman.

He was not imaginative, but he could picture vividly Lafontaine's last days on the island, when, sick with scurvy, helplessly trapped, and knowing that the end was imminent, he had lain awake listening to the patter of the rabbits and the howling of the wolves.

And the thought that Jehane La Rue had been waiting for the end, waiting to steal in upon him with the cowardly revolver shot aroused in him a loathing of the girl that transcended the loathing he felt for La Rue.

On the following afternoon he began to despair of finding the solution that had baffled Lafontaine. It was he, the captor, who was the prisoner, and not La Rue. He knew that he was going the way Lafontaine had gone.

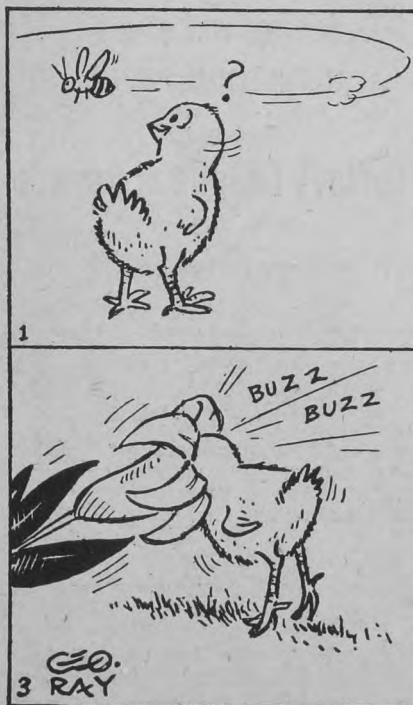
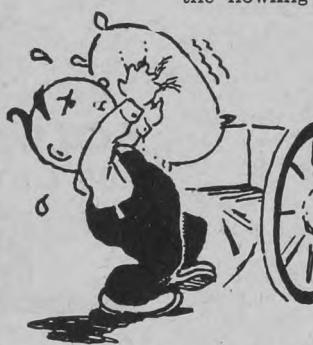
And he could see, from the quizzical, sneering glances that La Rue gave him that Le Rue knew.

More than once there came to him the temptation to shoot his prisoner and remove at least one of the factors in the situation. It was a temptation that would not even have entered his mind under other circumstances. Now, though he put it aside each time, each time it returned in undiminished strength.

At sunset, after the meal, he handcuffed and roped La Rue again and went to see Lafontaine's body.

Lafontaine lay, unchanged upon the stretcher cot behind the fringe of stalactites, which, no longer illuminated by the rays of the sun, looked like a fringe of icicles. Bending over the dead man, Dan tried to read his face.

What had been the little corporal's thoughts during those last moments when he looked into the revolver of Jehane La Rue? Despair, at the thought



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that his mission had failed, or satisfaction that he had ridden upon the last patrol? Lafontaine's face was perfectly impassive; Dan could read nothing there.

Dan wondered where Jehane had trapped him. Surely she could not have obtained entrance to the store by night, with all its locks and bars!

HE bent over the body and examined the wound. It was just behind the left ear, and Dan had seen it only by the merest accident when he looked upon the body before. He wondered how long La Rue would have been able to keep up the deception if he had not seen that small, carefully washed orifice under the hair. He wondered, too, as he had often wondered, what had been La Rue's purpose in planning such an elaborate deception—why he had not

simply taken the opportunity to get away during the period that had elapsed since Lafontaine's death.

And this seemed linked up in some way with Jehane's presence at the chateau. Surely they two could have got away instead of planning the impersonation which was bound to fail in the end.

Again Dan felt that there was some factor in the situation which, when explained, would throw a fresh light on everything.

It was beginning to grow dark. Dan rose from beside Lafontaine. He was wondering what it would be best to do, if he did succeed in thwarting the La Rue pair. He could not take in the woman as well as the man—nor the body of the dead corporal, in the absence of a sleigh. The best course would be to rush La Rue over to the Mackenzie by forced marches, and then return. He'd sweat some of that devil's philosophy out of the fellow, he thought with a grim smile. And even if he couldn't find the road, there was always the prospect of weather cold enough to freeze the muskeg. After all, Lafontaine had got in just that way, according to La Rue's story, and La Rue would have had no particular purpose in lying on that point.

As Dan rose, his eyes fell upon the opposite wall of the rock vault. On the occasion of his former visit, with the sun throwing prismatic hues over the wall and stalactites, he had not seen it clearly, but now, in the pearly opalescence of beginning twilight, the whole interior of the cave was illuminated with a diffused radiance. The wall beyond the stalactites was seamed with fissures, like the outside.

Approaching it, Dan saw that one of them was large enough to admit the body of a man. Peering through, he fancied that he could see the outlines of a second large chamber.

There would be nothing unusual in this, for every limestone formation is honeycombed with crevices and caverns, but of a sudden Dan's suspicions were awakened. For in the limestone dust that strewed the ground, he could see

what looked like the faint imprints of human feet.

Of this he could not be sure. But, squeezing his body through the crevice, Dan found that his belief had been correct.

He was standing in a second chamber, whose dimensions it was impossible to determine, but the air was fresh enough to indicate that it was at least as large as the outer one.

He advanced a step or two cautiously. Something soft and furry swept his face.

DAN leaped back. His first impression was that he had stumbled into the den of a hibernating bear. But no sound followed, and, after a moment, he advanced again, putting out his hand. Again he felt that furry object.

But this was no bear. It was the skin of some large animal; and now, as Dan's eyes began to grow accustomed to the darkness, he could see that other skins were hanging from the roof of the vault, or piled up about him on shelves.

He advanced cautiously, until he stood in the centre of the chamber. There were furs on every side of him; he could see the dimensions of the room now, and, though it was too dark for him to be able to distinguish one fur from another, he realized that he was in a storehouse containing a larger number of furs than ever came out of any single district of the north in a single season.

They were piled high to the roof on every side of him, packed close together in bales, some of them the rough, half-prepared skins, others soft as if they were on exhibition in the rooms of some great fur company.

And Dan knew at once what he had found. It was the store of furs stolen by La Rue and his gang from the warehouse of the murdered factor at White's Landing, and traded from the Indians for cheap hooch, or taken in the course of the outlaw's bloody raids through the northland.

This was the cache for which the police had been seeking in vain ever since the first patrol got on La Rue's trail.

And with that a good deal of the mystery was cleared up. La Rue had waited simply because, to have fled would have been to leave the furs behind. Whereas, by impersonating Lafontaine, had he succeeded, he could have sent Dan south in the belief that his errand had been accomplished.

The pursuit would have been called off, and La Rue would have found himself with leisure and liberty to transport the furs by degrees to points where they could enter the regular market.

Dan wondered if Lafontaine had also found the store.

He turned toward the exit, encouraged wonderfully by this discovery. All that remained now was to find the way across the muskeg. On the morrow he would renew his attempt. There was one spot where the ground seemed fairly firm.

A sound behind him startled him. He turned. Out of the darkness a form came leaping forward. Before Dan could get his revolver from his holster it was upon him. A pistol spat.

Next instant Dan was struggling in the grip of two men, and, taken unawares, he found himself helpless. He was borne to the ground, a pile of furs tumbling down upon him.

He struggled desperately, but unavailingly. And out of the obscurity he heard the voice of Jehane La Rue, screaming, "Don't shoot! Don't shoot! You swore that you would not shoot!"

With a last desperate effort Dan shook off his assailants and fought himself free. As he rose to his feet a pistol butt descended upon his head, half stunning him. He reeled—and then he saw the face of the girl peering at him out of the shadows of the interior.

At the sight of her face, framed against the darkness, his mad fury brought back his ebbing senses. He staggered toward her, shouting incoherently. He saw the terror in her eyes.

And then, abruptly as in a moving picture show, the girl's face vanished. He did not feel the second blow from behind; abruptly everything went out, and, groping through the darkness, Dan collapsed in unconsciousness at the girl's feet.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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No. 1

The Countrywoman

The Deserted House

By WILLA HOEY

With eyes plucked, a ghost of yesterday,
It stands beside the road, weird, gaunt and grey;
About its hearth the sighing wind makes moan
For vanished laughter, joys it once had known;
Sadly it dreams of roses' sweet perfume
Mingled with music and gay, dancing feet,
Perhaps on moonlight nights they all return,
To kindle friendly fires, and candles burn,
Flooding with light the broken window pane,
And the deserted house is young again.

The ghosts of lilac bend dimly down
About the lockless door whose hollowed stone
Cups twigs and last year's leaf mould,
Slow rain falls
Upon the broken roof and stains the walls,
While a wood mouse runs through tangled grass, and
leaves
The old house hunched and drowsy and alone.

—FRANCIS FROST.

Meriting Discussion

WE wanted women to express their views on the subject of better farm house planning. So we issued an invitation to them to write an open letter to an architect, telling what considerations should be kept in mind and stating special problems they might have either in remodeling an old house or planning for the building of a new one. We admitted, at the start, that there are not now available adequate services of trained architects with experience in the rural building field to answer all their questions. We made no promise of free advice. We have repeatedly urged farm men and women to take a lively interest in better housing; to be prepared to stand in judgment of ideas and plans submitted. In line with this policy adopted, we consider that airing of further discussion is all to the good, and long overdue.

A number of readers responded quickly to our invitation. Some of the representative letters sent in appear on another page of this issue. They make interesting reading.

In travels this summer in search of material on housing, we talked with one man in an important administrative position who queried the need of special planning of the farm house. Wasn't a good house plan, good for either town or farm, he asked. One did not expect to have to argue that point. The letters printed give effective answer. Another, a building engineer expressed dislike of "standardizing" house plans. He considered that it was better to allow plenty of scope for variety of taste. We put in a strong plea for a dozen or a score of approved plans being turned out so that people could be readily shown what are desirable new features of a house, designed with purpose, for farm living.

As one goes along collecting information on house planning through reading, interviews and discussions, it becomes noticeable that: On the whole men tend to concentrate on costs, materials and construction, and that: Women stress the function of a house, the planning of rooms for use, comfort and convenience with emphasis on storage, step-saving arrangement of equipment and furnishings. When the ideas growing out of the knowledge and experience of both are combined in a plan, it can have happy results. If one viewpoint predominates to the exclusion of the other, the results can be most disappointing, if not disastrous, either on the cost side or on the comfort-in-living side.

Women often want more shelving, closets, cupboards and windows than the man builder wants to include. He is apt to regard these things as unnecessary frills adding expense and to close the argument with the statement that it is not possible to satisfy any women with the number of cupboards and closets she wants in a house. It is possible, with wise planning, to put in more cupboards and closets in a house than perhaps any man has dreamed of. Leave it to the woman and she will find a place for them because she knows that their addition will save her rooms from clutter of many articles and help her to keep the family clothing and other possessions in good condition. They may be built at small cost and may save much actual cash outlay later, in the purchase of pieces of furniture. Sometimes women will ask for a whole wall to be lined with kitchen cupboards, without sufficient planning beforehand as to what is going to be put into them. The secret of satisfaction with

On search for ideas and plans for the building of better homes

By AMY J. ROE

the finished job is to plan the location and spacing of shelves well beforehand.

Once the farmer and his wife agree as to what they want and can afford to have in their new house, they may have to do some educational work on the builder who does the job of constructing it. At first he may not welcome new ideas but if the owner-to-be is definite in his plans and willing to explain the reason for improvements, he will win the co-operation of the builder.

Shortage of Homes

THERE is an acute shortage of homes in Canada today, in urban and rural areas. Public opinion has become aroused over the housing shortage and is demanding action. It is easier to arouse local government and public bodies to action in cities and towns than it is in villages and rural communities.

The Dominion government has announced its policy is to see that at least 50,000 homes will be built this year; that supplies and labor will be provided on the basis of "proven essential need." That number of houses is the largest ever to be built in any one year in Canada, yet it will fall far short of the actual need. Overcrowding will continue in many centres throughout the Dominion. Families will have to double-up, to share their limited living space with others who will be unable to find a house to rent or buy. Many old folks, who would like to retire to a village or town, when they sell the farm or leave it to some younger member of the family, will not be able to do so.

War made heavy demands on supplies essential to building. Effort is being made to cut back supplies to civilian needs but time is required to make the change-over. Such items as: soil pipe, concrete blocks, lumber (particularly dressed lumber), roofing of all kinds, bricks, hardware, sheet metal will continue in short supply for some months to come. It will be necessary to share what is available among those who are in greatest need of them.

There is naturally some anxiety as to how they will be apportioned across the provinces and between the agencies asking for supplies.

How often in all the public discussion on building needs does one hear any reference to rural needs? Who has concern for stating the amount of supplies and labor that should be devoted to filling country demands? Farm organizations should accept some responsibility on these important matters.

About two years ago Saskatchewan set up a Farm Housing Committee working under the general Reconstruction Committee. The general report is done but the Farm Housing Committee report though expected ready for distribution in March is not off the press, at the time of writing this page. Its appearance is eagerly if not impatiently awaited. Manitoba has during the past month set up a Rural Housing Committee under the minister of agriculture to study: "planning, designing and remodelling of Manitoba farm homes, water pressure systems, sanitation, kitchen aids, heat-

ing, other labor-saving appliances and general improvements." The writer has not been able to discover through correspondence what plans, if any, Alberta has for improvement of housing in rural areas.

The work of the Saskatchewan Farm Housing Committee and what is hoped the Manitoba committee will do should help define what is desirable and possible in building a farm dwelling, suited to the needs of the farm family. It is very difficult to get house plans in Canada suited for farm living. Whether it is the function of the Dominion or provincial governments or of private building companies still remains in vague realms of uncertainty. The fact, that is now apparently accepted that we shall have to wait a year or two for supplies, makes the average citizen tolerant of lack of planning.

It would give a good boost to the spirits of would-be-home-owners in the country areas if they could have some approved house plans to pore over. They would not be then inclined to accept outmoded arrangements when they do start building. Looking for permanent satisfaction with the finished home they would be willing to wait. Where are those plans to come from? The National Housing Administration hasn't them in sufficient numbers, fully approved by agricultural engineers, the provincial governments are not yet ready through extension services and universities to give advice on rural housing. If farm people themselves do not speak up and make their needs and views felt the whole question may drag along for some time.

IT is difficult for country people to get the opportunity of viewing new types of houses, fitted with modern equipment, except those which may be built near or in their own community. We need practical demonstration either in models built for inspection or educational films, having wide distribution. Elizabeth Montizambert, writing in *The Gazette*, Montreal, June 27, had this to say of an exhibition in the National Gallery, England: "Another wing at present contains an admirable exhibition of furniture and design for many types of small homes . . . and an index of its success is the number of young people who have earnestly examined these charming furnished rooms as if they had every chance of stepping into the cottage of their dreams tomorrow."

Hot Dish Mats

By ANNA DEBELLE



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Letters To An Architect

Dear Mr. Architect:

We live in northern Saskatchewan. Many of the settlers are now more prosperous and are building or planning to build small frame buildings in place of the log cabins which were first used. So, would you please discuss the different materials that may be used for finishing the outside of a house—shingles, siding, stucco. Which one is the cheapest in the long run? Which is best for keeping out the cold? Why does stucco sometimes chip off?

Then we would like to know something about the materials used as insulation between the inside and outside walls. In this part of the country we can go to the mills and get sawdust or shavings. Which would be the best to use? Would they be as good as the insulating material one could buy, if properly dried? What should be mixed with sawdust or shavings, (1) to prevent insulation from becoming damp, (2) to repel rats, mice or insects, (3) for protection against fire? We have heard that an opening should be left to allow for circulation of air through the insulating material. How can this best be done? Is it wise to put similar insulation between ceiling and floor of storey or attic above? If boarded in, should one allow for ventilation here also?

Could you tell me, Mr. Architect, why frost enters some cellars and not others? Is it caused by the type of soil, the depth of the cellar, the insulation of the floor above? Should one need banking with a cement foundation? If so, what would be most suitable—earth, sawdust, snow?

Most of the cellars in this district are small, one-room cellars. They are used for the storing of vegetables in winter as well as for other purposes. Quite often in the fall and early winter they are warm and damp, causing the vegetables to grow and sometimes to spoil. Could you tell us of some good way to ventilate a cellar. Would windows be most satisfactory? Or should a ventilating shaft be built in.—Mrs. O. Marshall, Saskatchewan.

Whether To Remodel

Dear Mr. Architect:

These things I would like in my farm home:

1. Double windows in kitchen facing the east to get the morning sun, the view of the farm, and the road. A south window for sun in the winter time.
2. Utility room, ground floor, handy to kitchen, yet built so that every visitor does not have to trail through it.
3. One doorway opening into a hall and to enter from there into kitchen or front room.
4. Kitchen neither too big or too little, 10x14 preferable.
5. Full size basement, and big cistern (60 barrels).
6. Bathroom, and running water upstairs and down.
7. Lots of cupboard space for kitchen, storage and clothes.
8. Floor drain in utility room for washing machine.
9. Linoleum cemented to the floor for utility room and kitchen.
10. Electricity for laundry and lighting and water pressure.
11. Good size windows everywhere for lots of sunshine.

These things I would like, but would forego if needed to, to have the first mentioned articles. Fireplace in front room. Summer outside sleeping porch above utility room. Playroom for children in the basement.

What good is it to remodel an old house, no matter how good, if when you are finished you still have a big house

On invitation from **The Country Guide**, women readers, in open letters, define special considerations which must be kept in mind when remodelling or building a new farm house

you do not want? Think of the expense of upkeep year by year, by having a house 13x20 bigger than needed, enormous rooms nobody needs, we would rather sleep out under the trees in summer anyway, why have these big rooms to heat in the winter time?

Our present house is 20x33, the house is in good condition, well painted, the living room and present den have been recently plastered, but as there is no basement under the house, we would need to put in a basement first, before doing any more plastering; upstairs, the plaster all needs to be removed and redone, but as we don't like the present plan, that is a minor detail. The foundation is good, timbers are good, chimney needs rebuilding about two feet over. The roof needs re-doing—re-shingling, and we would like to remove the roof, cut it down, and replace with a cottage roof. The present roof is ten feet to peak from floor and has an angle of 50 degrees from the eaves.

The floors downstairs need to be refloored with maple, or maybe oak in the living room. The present floors are fir. In either the old house or the new we would like linoleum cemented down in the hall, kitchen and dining room. At present we are a family of two, with my mother-in-law, and my father with us, (needing three bedrooms). We hope to have a family of two boys and two girls.

Would it be possible to cut down the big house to the smaller plan? Or would it be possible to completely tear down the big house and rebuild it? Our problem is we would rather build a small

house, but what to do with the big house? The present house is heated with furnace, but upstairs is cold in winter. Furnace isn't big enough for big house.

We could spend \$2,000 to remodel the house, but if we built a new house, how far would that go? We would like to wait for five years after the war is over to have materials available, and hope the boom in price will be over.

We want your opinion about remodelling the big house, or building a new small house.—Mrs. Kenneth Graham, Saskatoon.

Kitchen Priorities

Dear Mr. Architect:

My chief concern, and, I think, that of hundreds of farm women, is the kitchen. Much of our time is spent there, and certainly a cheerful, compact, efficiently planned kitchen is essential. A city dweller may select at random any current woman's magazine, and find therein any number of modern kitchens, from which she can draw ideas and labor-saving hints for her own.

The farmer's wife has been relegated to the realm of *The Forgotten Woman*. She may store away ideas from the magazine illustrations, but they are usually trivial; the over-all picture is lacking. Take any one of these as an example: remove the electric stove and try to fit in a wood range and wood box, and right there your plan is ruined. You may leave the sink—even the soft water tap, but you must find room nearby for the pail of drinking water. If we want a small radio to cheer our working hours, we must, in most cases, also plan a space

for batteries. A separate laundry room is often lacking, therefore the kitchen must accommodate the washer. A concealed ironing board would be an excellent idea, as would a closet for brooms and other cleaning equipment, and provision must be made for men's rubbers and outer garments. Space for a table and chairs is most important, so that any or all meals may be eaten in the kitchen. If the rest of the house is to be kept reasonably tidy on a reasonable expenditure of energy, we can't have dirt from field and barn tracked constantly over it.

And please, Mr. Architect, no suggestions for combined kitchen and dining-room. I have one, and I know. With all this, including, of course, commodious built-in cupboards, can you keep the floor space within reason, so that labor can again be cut to a minimum? Help us make the most of what we have now, and when funds permit the introduction of Hydro and its labor-savers, we'll manage very nicely, thank you.

Generally speaking, the same applies to the farmhouse as a whole. Here, briefly, are the points I consider important:

1. Remodelling—as being of greater interest to farmers than new construction. Here the kitchen comes first.

2. Estimate of costs—more important when monthly installments aren't practical. Everyone wants "the most house for the least money."

3. Flexible plans—something we can start on now and work up to.

4. Not copies of city residences, but plans for rural homes, suited for rural living.—Ruth Hedley, Man.

Designed For Purpose

Dear Mr. Architect:

After more than sixteen years as an active farm wife I have developed some definite "musts" as to what I want in my new farm home. I know very vividly from year-to-year experiences what adds to my work, and what could, I imagine, be done about it.

No one but a trained architect could take my practical knowledge of what a farmer and his family need in a house, and arrange it to form a practical building.

Let me begin with the entrance. Perhaps a minor matter but to me a very continuous source of annoyance is that, in farm homes, literally everyone comes to the kitchen door. I have always felt that the kitchen is a very private part of the house, entered by strangers only on special invitation.

I want (and I think it is practicable) an entry—not an inch larger than necessary, which opens on the basement stairs and has doors to the kitchen and the living-room.

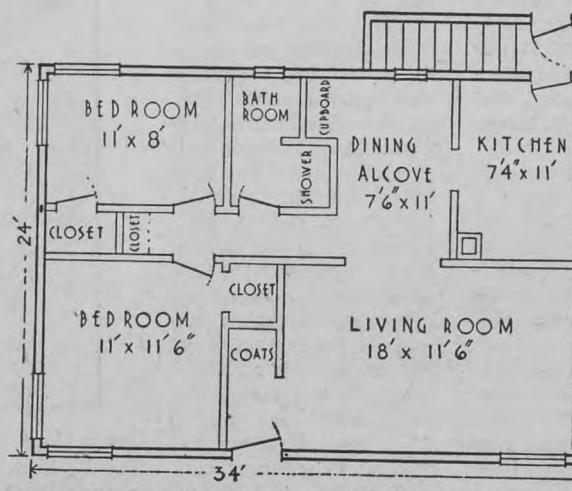
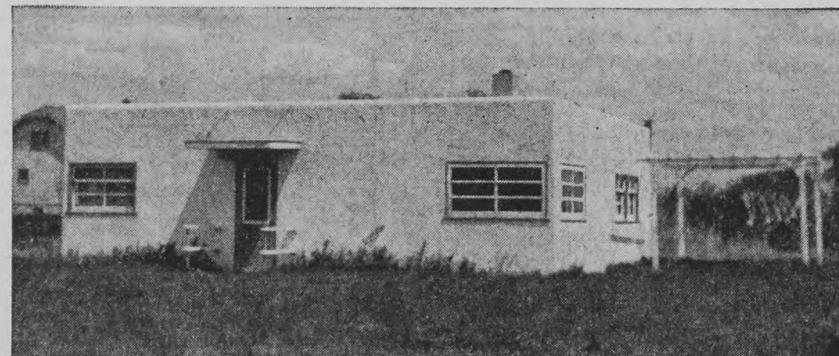
I want a kitchen, in it work and storage centres as efficient as a scientist's laboratory. Balancing the laboratory effect, I would have a corner as homely as a corner of my grandmother's kitchen, where dad, or the children, or even mother can relax. I have dreamed of a small fireplace and an easy chair. With clever planning the kitchen fireplace could use the same flue as the living-room fireplace. This is a dream, not a "must."

I have no use for a basement laundry, necessitating endless trips up and down stairs. Nor do I want a washroom which is another room to clean. I should like two closets off the kitchen: One to shove the washing-machine into when not in use; the other just large enough for a wash basin and the men's work clothes.

We feel that we want a dining-room, as small as possible to accomodate the

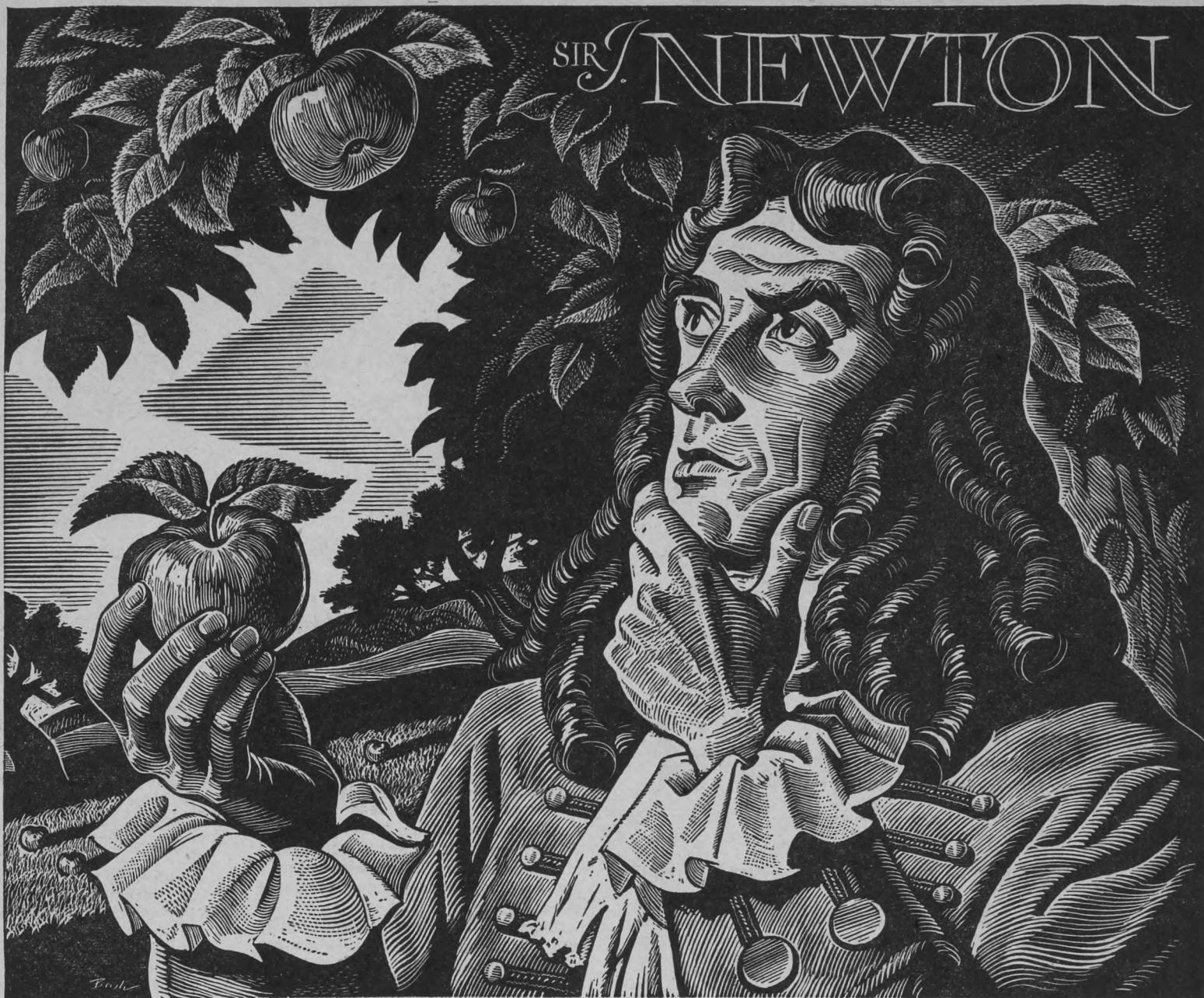
Turn to page 66

How Do You Like This One?



THIS California bungalow is the home of Mrs. Froebe in the village of Homewood, Man. Whether or not it would be suitable for a farm home is open to question but there are many people in this country who have reached the retiring age and may be interested in the design of a home to retire to. The roof is felt and pitch and may be flooded in case of a fire in a neighboring building? With the siding of stucco, this makes it practically immune to danger of fire from outside.

The bungalow is 24x34 feet. It is heated with a furnace. The water is piped from a well on the Froebe farm, run by her sons, which adjoins the village. One suggestion is that the land be terraced up around the house for a couple of feet to provide surface drainage away from the basement. This house is fully electrified. It would take a four-color photograph to do justice to the beauty of the flowers inside the corner windows of the living room.—R.D.C.



He found what makes the Planets move

As a boy Isaac Newton (1642-1727) built a clock, a mechanical carriage, and dreamed of sailing through the air. One of the most brilliant mathematicians of all time, he discovered the binomial theorem and the elements of the differential and integral calculus. He studied the heavens, carried on experiments in optics and color, and built a reflector telescope. Observing an apple fall from a tree in his mother's garden, he began to ponder on the attraction of mass to mass, and so evolved the theory that the law of gravity governs the whole universe.

Just as a falling apple suggested to Newton a line of research which had far-reaching results, so such things as a broken gear, a worn-out grinding plate or a burnt-out heating element have started industrial scientists on researches which have saved thousands

of dollars to users of a great variety of products. Research on Nickel has helped industry in scores of ways to save money by using Nickel and its alloys. That meant more Nickel could be produced and sold from Canadian mines.

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11 teaspoons baking powder. Sift, then measure flour. Sift three times with salt and baking powder. Cut shortening.

TO MAKE ONE DOZEN BISCUITS

1. Add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk to $2\frac{1}{4}$ cups Ogilvie Basic Biscuit Mix. 2. Mix until dough is soft and leaves sides of bowl (Dough should be as soft as can be handled.) 3. Turn on to lightly floured board and knead vigorously for 20 seconds. 4. Shape into ball and roll to $\frac{1}{2}$ " thickness and cut with floured biscuit cutter. 5. Bake using oven temperature — 425-450°. Time — 12-15 minutes. Amount — 12 $2\frac{1}{2}$ " biscuits.



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Quick Breads

Easy-to-make, flavorful breads, make cakes and cookies unneeded

By DORIS J. McFADDEN

QUICK BREADS are unfermented breads which are mixed and baked at one time. These mixtures also include popovers, griddle-cakes, muffins, fritters, biscuits, Johnny cake, gingerbread, etc. Instead of yeast, these breads are leavened with air, baking powder, soda or cream of tartar.

Requiring little or no precious butter and a minimum of sugar, they are excellent substitutes for cakes in these days of rationing. Make them with a baked topping and you'll never miss your cake. Also they are ideal for summer picnics and carry well through the mail.

Adjust the fruit and nuts in these recipes to fit your pantry, just keep the quantity the same. Figs and prunes should be soaked overnight, then simmered slowly in the same water for two or three hours before using. If necessary, add water to keep the fruit covered. Cooked slowly like this, they are very sweet. When fig or prune juice is used in the recipe, measure out about double the required quantity, then boil it down. It will be much sweeter and thus save your sugar rations.

How to Mix Quick Breads

Measure, mix and sift the flour, baking powder, salt and soda if any. Add the bran, graham flour, etc., called for.

Beat the eggs, if any, thoroughly. Beat in the sugar, then the liquid.

Combine the wet and dry ingredients with a minimum of mixing.

Stir in the fruit and nuts and the melted shortening.

Turn into greased loaf pans, let stand for 15 or 20 minutes, then bake in a medium hot oven (350 to 375 degrees Fahr.) for 50 to 60 minutes.

Quick Fig or Prune Bread

4 c. flour 2 c. fig or prune juice
4 tsp. baking powder 1 c. chopped figs or prunes
1 tsp. salt 1 c. other fruits or nuts
4 eggs
2 c. brown sugar

Graham Fig or Prune Loaf

1 c. flour $\frac{3}{4}$ c. sour milk or buttermilk
3 tsp. baking powder $\frac{3}{4}$ c. fig or prune juice
1 tsp. salt 2 c. graham or whole wheat flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. soda 1 c. chopped figs or prunes
2 c. sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ c. other fruits or nuts

If desired, use sweet milk and omit the soda.

One-egg Fruit Loaf

4 c. flour $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. soda
4 tsp. baking powder 1 egg
1 tsp. salt $\frac{1}{2}$ c. sugar

$\frac{3}{4}$ c. fruit juice or water
1 c. sour milk or buttermilk
2 c. mixed fruit and nuts

Sally Lunn

2 c. flour 1 c. sweet milk
2 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. baking powder 2 T. melted shortening
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt 1 c. chopped fruit or nuts if desired
1 egg
2 T. sugar

Honey Sandwich Loaf

Follow the recipe for Sally Lunn using $\frac{1}{2}$ cup honey in place of the sugar. Add $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon soda with the dry ingredients.

Quick Bran Bread

1 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. flour $\frac{1}{2}$ c. molasses, honey or syrup
4 tsp. baking powder 1 c. sweet milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt 1 c. chopped fruit and nuts if desired
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. soda 3 T. fat
1 egg

If desired, use sour milk or buttermilk and $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons soda. Omit the baking powder in this case.

Corn Bread

1 c. corn meal 1 egg
1 c. flour 1 c. milk
3 tsp. baking powder $\frac{1}{4}$ c. melted shortening
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt

Sift together corn meal, flour, baking powder and salt. Beat egg; add milk and shortening. Add to dry ingredients, stirring just enough to moisten. Pour into greased pan 8x8x2 inches. Bake in hot oven (400 Fahr.) 30 minutes.

Cheese Corn Bread

1 c. flour $\frac{1}{2}$ c. cooked or canned whole kernel corn
1 T. sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ c. grated Canadian cheese
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt $\frac{1}{4}$ c. melted shortening
2 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. baking powder

Sift together flour, sugar, salt and baking powder. Beat egg; add corn and cheese. Add shortening or salad oil. Combine with dry ingredients. Pour into greased pan 8x8x2 inches; bake in hot oven (400 Fahr.) 35 minutes. Serve hot.

Baked Toppings

Sprinkle one of these combinations on top of your cake or quick bread batter and take a ready-iced loaf out of the oven:

—1 tablespoon shortening, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 4 tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt, and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon or other spices.

—1 tablespoon shortening, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, $\frac{1}{3}$ cup chopped nut meats or dried fruits.

—2 tablespoons shortening, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup dry fine bread crumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon or other spices.

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The Pickle Pot

Tasty foods for the season

By JANE PERRY

HERE we are back to the pickling season and no sugar for pickling with. However that does not mean that we must do without pickles altogether. There are many pickles that do not require sugar or require very little. Most people are not fond of the sour mixed varieties but such pickles as chow chow and gherkins are always popular.

Pickles should always be prepared in a porcelain kettle and never use a metal spoon. Pickles prepared with metal utensils have an inferior flavor and may not be safe for use.

Green vegetables should be soaked in a brine (1 1/2-2 cups coarse salt to 1 gallon of water) and then thoroughly drained to remove all strong flavors and surplus water.

For best results always use the best quality vinegar. Do not boil the vinegar any longer than necessary since boiling weakens it and reduces the flavor.

If fruits or vegetables require blanching, cover with boiling water, allow to stand for 2 or 3 minutes and then pour off the hot water.

Spice very carefully, measuring accurately so that one flavor will not predominate.

Chow Chow

2 qts. small green tomatoes	Salt
12 small cucumbers	1/4 lb. mustard seed
3 red peppers	2 oz. turmeric
1 cauliflower	1/2 oz. allspice
2 bunches celery	1/2 oz. pepper
1 pt. small onions	1/2 oz. cloves
2 qts. string beans	1 gallon vinegar

Wash and pick over the vegetables. Chop in small pieces and cover with the salt. Let stand for 24 hours, drain thoroughly. Combine the spices and the vinegar and heat to the boiling point. Add the vegetables and cook until they are tender. Store in a stone crock or glass jars.

Gherkins

4 qts. small unripe cucumbers	1 gal. vinegar
1 c. salt	4 red peppers
2 qts. boiling water	2 sticks cinnamon or
1 T. alum dissolved in	2 T. nutmeg
1 gal. boiling water	2 T. allspice berries
	2 T. cloves

Wipe the cucumbers, place in a stone jar, add the salt and boiling water and let stand for three days. Drain. Bring the brine to the boiling point and pour back over the cucumbers. Let stand three days again, then repeat. On the ninth day drain, wipe dry and add the boiling alum water. Let stand for six hours, then drain thoroughly.

Combine the vinegar, peppers and spices and boil 10 minutes. To a quarter of this liquor add the cucumbers a few at a time and boil for 10 minutes. Place the cooked pickles in a stone crock or glass jars and strain the remaining liquor over them. Store in a cool place.

Cucumber and Onion Pickles

12 young cucumbers	2 tsp. mustard seed
6 onions	2 tsp. celery seed
1/2 c. salt	2 tsp. black pepper
2 c. vinegar	1 tsp. ginger
1/2 c. sugar	1 tsp. turmeric

Slice the onions and cucumbers, add the salt and cover with water. Let stand for two hours. Combine the vinegar, sugar and spices and bring to the boiling point. Drain the vegetables thoroughly and add to the hot liquor. Pack hot into glass jars and seal.

Uncooked Sliced Cucumber Pickle

2 doz. 6-inch cucumbers	1/4 lb. white mustard seed
2 qts. boiling water	1/4 lb. black mustard seed
1 1/2 c. salt	6 c. vinegar
1 c. olive or salad oil	

Wipe the cucumbers and slice thinly but do not pare them. Combine the boiling water and salt and pour over the cucumbers. Be sure that they are covered. Let stand overnight, then drain thoroughly and place in a stone crock

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MAGIC FRUIT SCONES

2 cups sifted flour	6 tbs. shortening
4 tsps. Magic Baking Powder	1 egg, beaten
1/2 cup finely chopped raisins	1/3 cup corn syrup
	1/2 tsp. salt
	1/4 cup orange juice
	Grated rind of 1 orange

Sift dry ingredients together. Mix in raisins. Cut in shortening. Combine egg, syrup, orange rind and juice; stir into dry ingredients. Knead on floured board 30 seconds. Roll into a round; cut into 8 pie-shaped pieces. Brush over surface of scones with milk. Bake on greased baking sheet in 450°F. oven till lightly browned—about 12 minutes.



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or glass jars. Combine the remaining ingredients and pour over the cucumbers. Store in a cool place, stirring frequently.

Cherry Olives

Use Royal Anne or Bing cherries (preferably the latter). Wash the cherries and leave about 1 inch of stem. Pack in clean pint jars. Into each jar put 1 teaspoon salt and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar. Fill to the top with cold water. Seal and let stand at least 1 month before using.

Put to the Test

Mrs. Leslie's canning at experimental farm

SO you think that you have done a lot of canning in your day. How would you like to test all the fruits developed on the Morden Experimental Farm every year as well as carry on all your household duties? That is the job that Mrs. W. R. Leslie, wife of the superintendent at Morden, has undertaken for some years. We were at Morden and spent a very pleasant afternoon with this charming, gracious lady while she told us "all about it."

Mrs. Leslie carries on her experimental work in her own kitchen which is no super-laboratory but an ordinary home kitchen such as you or I have. A kitchen capable of producing a dainty luncheon for visitors or a hearty meal for hungry men and well equipped for training her four engaging daughters in the art of homemaking.

In this kitchen Mrs. Leslie tests all the fruits which Mr. Leslie brings her. She has tested over 400 types of plums alone. That's quite a large order isn't it? The fruits are tested for cook-ability and keeping qualities. The former refers to their flavor and texture. That is whether they are tasty or dull, bitter or sweet, tough or tender and whether or not they keep their shape satisfactorily. If these results are satisfactory then a few jars of the fruit are set aside for several months or a year or two to find out whether or not they will stand up to time.

In the meantime Mr. Leslie watches and propagates the tree or bush to see if it is satisfactorily hardy and sufficiently fruitful. Then, when this working team find a fruit satisfactory in all respects, Canada has a new variety suited to its peoples and its climate.

When testing fruits Mrs. Leslie uses a standard method. All her testing of a fruit is done by exactly the same process. Otherwise they would not be able to compare results. She picks over and

prepares the fruit as for all canning and, using a syrup of one of sugar to two of water; she processes her jars in a Toledo steamer. Some fruits, such as plums, she does by the open kettle method as this is more suited to all types of plums. When using the open kettle she must keep a close watch on quantity and time in order to standardize the method.

While we were visiting Mrs. Leslie she brought up samples of various fruits and jellies she has made from farm fruits. Among these was a delicious dark wine-colored jelly made from Nanking cherries. Although named for a Chinese city these are a Japanese cherry. These cherries do not hold their shape well when canned but they require little sugar and they make a good substitute for maraschino cherries.

Another jelly which we tried was one made from green gooseberries and white currants. The jelly is a sort of a dull red color and Mrs. Leslie says that before the sugar is added the juice is a most unattractive grey color. In fact it is so unattractive that one lady who tried it, threw the juice out because she thought it was spoiled! In spite of this it produces an attractive and tasty jelly.

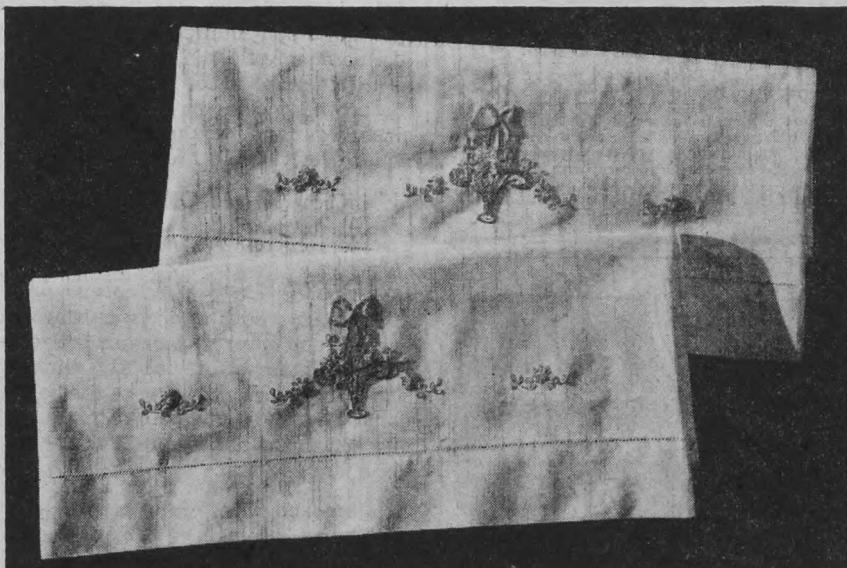
Mrs. Leslie has some beautiful raspberry jam which she thickened with Epsom salts. To do this she boiled two quarts crushed raspberries with six and one-half cups sugar for five minutes. Then stirred in one teaspoon fresh Epsom salts, boiled one minute and then cooled. She left the pot open overnight, then turned the jam into sterile jars and sealed with wax. This made a beautifully colored jam. Jelly made with Epsom salts is excellent also and the quantity of salts used is too small for anyone to fear.

Have you ever tried making grape juice from native wild grapes? There are many of these growing along the fences and Mrs. Leslie has made some delicious juice from the fruits. We thought it put the commercial varieties to shame.

We also tried Mrs. Leslie's crabapple juice. This is nippier than apple juice and is an excellent starter for a meal.

While we were enjoying our tea, served by one of those four daughters, Mrs. Leslie showed us a fascinating cook book which is about 50 years old. It is called "Mrs. Beaton's Book of Household Management" and is full of all sorts of ideas besides cooking. However most of them call for a very fine establishment with butlers and such so we returned to canning problems.—D.J.M.

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By ANNA DeBELLE

Healthy Scalp--Prettier Hair

Hair reflects the condition of the scalp . . . Correct care insures a well-groomed coiffure

By LORETTA MILLER

SEPTEMBER steps in with a slightly formal air . . . and suddenly we become conscious of all our beauty problems which didn't seem so important during the lazy summer months. Most important to many will be the solution to their hair problem: how to make the hair prettier, healthier and more manageable.

Hair problems are no respecters of persons and its doesn't make the slightest difference whether one's hair is black, brown, red, white or blond, or whether it is coarse, medium or fine in texture. It is the health of the scalp that actually affects the basic appearance—and naturally the condition, of the hair. Even though the hair is of exquisitely fine quality, it cannot possibly look lovely if the scalp is not healthy.

Of all the troublesome hair and scalp conditions it is pretty safe to say that oiled hair is the most unattractive and difficult to handle. Oiled hair is really dry at the ends, though the scalp and a span of hair close to it are oily, or, to be exact, oiled. This type of hair, regardless of its texture, appears oily within two or three days, sometimes within a few hours, after it had been shampooed.

If your hair needs too frequent shampoos, check it at once: Oiled hair does not mean that the full length of hair is oily, but only the scalp and a span of hair close to it. This condition is caused by the abnormal function of the glands which throw off a large quantity of oil. This oil spreads over the scalp and runs down the outside of the hair, instead of into the hair shaft to nourish it. This oiliness separates the hair, it appears soiled and cannot be nicely arranged, or, once dressed, will not remain in order very long. When thin hair is oiled, it is almost impossible to handle. Thick hair may be easier to dress, but it separates and looks untidy.

If you have oiled hair, don't make the mistake of thinking that frequent shampoos will solve the problem. As a matter of fact, too frequent shampooing has a tendency to aggravate the condition. The best procedure is to first soften the hair so it will be more receptive to its own oil. At the same time the function of the sebaceous glands should be regulated so that the correct amount of natural oil flows into the hair shaft instead of over the scalp and on the outside of the hair. And all of this requires time. It may take weeks, or months, of almost daily care before this unattractive condition can be overcome. But if nothing is done, the hair simply becomes more unmanageable.

FIRST, trim off all broken, split and brittle hair ends. Then find a flattering hairdo that won't require too much pampering, and one that does not depend upon waves and curls for its good looks. The simplest coiffure will be more easily kept in order during the corrective period.

Once the ends are clipped off and the hairdo settled on, the next step is the daily application of a softening agent to the hair. You can make an excellent softening aid by blending three parts pure olive oil to one part castor oil. Place three fourths of a cupful of the olive oil in a slightly warmed bowl and to it add one fourth cupful of castor oil. Then use an egg beater and blend these two oils. (Don't substitute any other oil for either of these. A cooking oil in place of olive oil will make the hair sticky and will be almost impossible to shampoo from the hair.) When

the castor and olive oils are well blended, pour them into a bottle. Keep corked when not in use.

To apply: after thoroughly brushing the hair, apply the oils. Here is the trick: Pour a small amount of the oils into the palm of one hand. Then rub the hands together until the oily blend is warm. Next, rub the ends of the hair between your hands. This method will prevent the oils from being too generously applied. Repeat every night. Don't use a heavy application of the oils or your hair will look unattractive within a few days. The proper application will be absorbed by the hair and will not be noticeable enough to disturb the appearance of your coiffure, providing an easy-to-keep hairdo has been selected.

ONCE each week, before the regular shampoo, a more thorough routine should be followed. Brush and comb the hair as usual. Then, after applying a very generous application of the oil blend to the entire scalp and the hair close to the scalp, use your comb for distributing the oils to the full length of hair. If necessary, make an extra application of oils to the hair ends. In any case, be sure that scalp and hair are well covered.

Next, wring out a bath towel in very hot water and wrap it turban fashion around your head. Replace it with a hot towel and continue this step for fifteen minutes. Then, using the cushions of your fingers, massage your scalp. Begin low at the back of your head, moving the fingers in small circles as you press firmly against the scalp. Be sure that the scalp moves with the action of your fingers. This stimulates circulation and aids in normalizing the action of the oil glands.

Massage upward from the hairline to the top of the head. Then from the face-framing hairline up and backward. Finally press the fingers firmly against your scalp and move it in large circles until it feels warm and refreshed. The thorough shampoo is next.

In selecting the best shampoo it is necessary to choose one which will remove every trace of the oil application, without leaving the hair dry. A good shampoo with hair conditioner added may be purchased in every drug and department store. After lathering the hair well, rinse thoroughly. Lather again and follow with the final rinse that removes every trace of shampoo, soil and oil. Use a bath towel for partially drying the hair.

Before the hair is completely dry, use a clean brush and remove all tangles. Then put the hair in order. If the ends seem dry, use a very, very sparing amount of the oily blend. Always rub the oils between your hands before applying them to your hair. Also, if the scalp at any time feels dry and tight, pat on to it a very sparing amount of the oils. In applying any corrective to the scalp, it is not necessary to get it on the hair, providing care is used when making the application.

Watch the ends of your hair during this series of scalp and hair treatment and if they seem split, dry or brittle, clip them off. In addition to the daily use of oils, it is well to comb and brush the hair thoroughly. Let the teeth of the comb and the bristles of the brush touch and gently stimulate your scalp. Once the action of the glands has been normalized so that the correct flow of natural oil exudes, and when the hair becomes receptive to this natural nutrient, it will be lovelier, easier to handle, and will have lustre.

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Diary notes tell of election day and after-war plans

By JOAN L. FAWCETT

Thursday July 5, 1945. Our first parliamentary election for over ten years! A decade since any of us have voted; for many young people the first chance they have had to vote. And it was surprising how nervous and undecided many of them were about it.

I started the day by driving myself and my small son home after ten days' holiday with friends in a neighboring county. I had stayed there purposely until the morning of polling day, so as to vote for my husband at the village where we used to live before the war and in which we still have a house. It was nice to see it all again and even one or two of the people I used to know in the village.

It was hilly country where we were and the day started with brilliant sunshine and a clean exhilarating wind. All the greens in the world seemed to be centered in those hills: the dark green of fir trees; the brilliant green of new bracken against the softer green of upland grass; below in the valley the new green of growing corn. In every village we came through, whether it was a stone-built hill village or a coal-mining village, or our own warm lowland farming village, people were walking briskly to and from the polling booths or standing just outside their doors discussing the prospects. Some people courageously wore a colored favor in their buttonholes and so made themselves the butt of all the small boys, who delighted to suggest loudly that one should vote for the opposite color.

We arrived home at lunch time to find my sister just back from driving a carload of people to the poll. Things were going well and so far there had been no hitch. She had seen our candidate up at the committee room and he seemed very optimistic. As soon as lunch was over, I set off in my car too and we both took people to and from the poll at intervals through the afternoon and evening. We were allowed a little extra petrol but it did not really cover all the journeys that had to be made, and the cars were insured against any damage. Petrol is not so scarce now that we all have a basic ration again—mine is four gallons a month—but the tire problem is acute. You cannot buy any kind of a retread anywhere, and you cannot get a permit to buy a new tire unless you have what is called "essential" petrol, in other words petrol to enable you to work. I have been running about without a spare wheel for weeks!

For most people the drive was a real pleasure. Some, who had moved house of course had to come quite a way. "Can I bring the baby for a ride?" "Oh! come on Grandma, it'll do you good." "This is like the Mother's Union trip." "I'd like to drive on like this all night." These were some of the remarks that I remember. One old girl had red, white and blue ribbon on her hat for the occasion. By the evening, we were picking up young men and women after their day's work on the farms, still in their farming clothes, hot and dusty, but ready to find the squeeze into the crowded car and the uncomfortable journey sitting on each other's knees a good joke. Others left their tractors or hay wagons at the gate while they went in to vote. Another old woman I picked up was tramping wearily along the dusty lane from one village to another to vote, after a day's cleaning. The final rush was a family that had been house-hunting all day and could only get back to vote late in the evening. But we got there safely, just three minutes before the poll closed.

It seemed a great anti-climax to all

this rushing about, when we came home and there were no election results to listen to on the wireless. For of course usually we can hear nearly all the results by midnight on polling day. This time we had to wait until July 26, so that all the soldier's votes from overseas could be in and counted.

Monday, July 9, 1945. Staying with friends on a farm today and tomorrow. The crops are doing well so far and it looks like being a good year for hay. We went up to watch a baler working in one hay field. These are comparatively new to English farming and are viewed with a mixture of awe and distrust by the average farm hand, who still does not understand machinery. But with a climate like ours, the more machinery you have and the quicker you can work the better, so as to take full advantage of our short spells of hot weather. Italian and German prisoners are still working on the land here but I saw no Land Army girls this visit, although there are plenty still about, I believe.

I asked a lot of questions on my own behalf too, for my husband is going in for horticulture when he is demobilized next month. We plan to grow vegetables and tomatoes under glass. Like so many others, he does not want to go back to office life after six years in the open air. Life seems too short now to waste it doing something that you dislike.

Saturday, July 14, 1945. We had a garden fete here today to raise money for the Bishop's Forward Movement. This is part of the big postwar scheme of the Church of England for fitting the Church for all the work it must do in the future.

For once the weather was perfect and the garden looked its very best; green grass, bright flower beds and a blue sky. We had a jumble stall, which was very popular for here people could buy clothing, even if it was secondhand, of pre-war quality and without coupons. This last is a terrific consideration and half an hour before the fete was due to start, people were standing round the stall with garments already in their hands. We also had a Bring and Buy stall well stocked with garden and farm produce, groceries and a few fancy goods, that people had kindly spared from their stores to bring for others to buy. Every time any tea or jam was set down there was a race to see who could get there first to buy it and before I could turn round it had gone and the money was being pressed into my hand.

People began to queue early for tea and then when they had been served they sat in groups under the trees to eat in comfort. The older people seemed to enjoy this sit but the children were soon up again, racing round between the flower beds or trying their skill at the competitions. I had been given some very nice prizes for these competitions and when the evening got a little cooler, the grown-ups took turns as well and soon there was a lot of good-natured rivalry. Prams were parked everywhere; in fact if we had thought soon enough we might have had a baby show! The only thing we lacked to make it really perfect was ice cream. But this is still too short to be got for such an affair as this; the vendors have only enough to keep their own carts supplied.

When we finally sat down this evening, we found to our delight that we had made forty-six pounds. Almost twice as much as expected.



Good bread!

GOOD bread is so delicious and healthy, it's worth while to check up (if you're not quite satisfied with results) on a number of essential points in bread baking... Is your recipe a proven one? are your materials good—the flour, the yeast and the other ingredients? is your stove efficient and can you get the proper temperature in the kitchen?... Whatever type of yeast you may use, you can rely on its purity, uniformity and strength when it's made by

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For Early Fall



No. 3859—Hat and bag, cut in one size. The hat is adaptable to any headsize, requires $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 35-inch fabric; the bag, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 35-inch fabric.

No. 2531—Princess lines with buttoned side closing this dress is easy to make. Cut in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, and 20 years. Size 16 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 35-inch fabric.

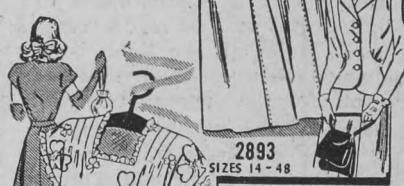
No. 2850—Soft and flattering with pleasing detail of full bodice and gored front of skirt. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, and 50 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards 39-inch fabric.



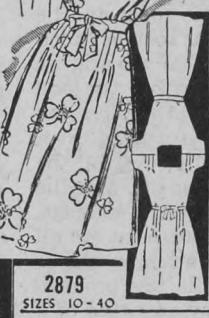
No. 2893—Two-piece dress is a standby. Softly-cut lines are becoming. Cut in sizes 14, 16, 18, and 20 years; 40, 42, 44, 46, and 48 inches bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 39-inch fabric.

No. 2879—Attractive yet casual frock that fills many needs. Simple to make. Cut in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 years and 40 inches bust. Size 16 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 39-inch fabric and 3 yards ruffling.

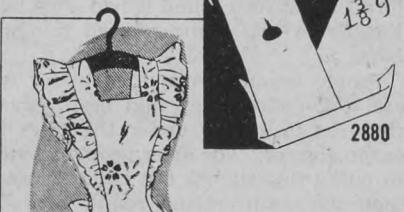
No. 2880—Fabric saving blouse, popular because it's so pretty to wear. Cut in one size. With the bow-tie neckline it takes only $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 35-inch fabric, with sweetheart neckline $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards.



No. 2806—Princess pinafore, with or without back sash or ruffles. Cool to wear, easy to launder. Cut in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 years and 40 inches bust. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 35-inch fabric.



No. 2863—Nightgown cut on simple and pretty lines. Good in cotton batistes or rayons. Cut in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 years and 40, 42, and 44 inches bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 35-inch fabric; $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards edging.



Be sure to write correct size and number of pattern wanted.

Patterns 15 cents each.

Fall Fashion Book is now available. Price 15 cents.

Address order to Country Guide Patterns, The Country Guide, Winnipeg, Man.



The Country Boy and Girl

The Cuckoo Clock

By MARY E. GRANNAN

THE clock on the kitchen shelf was just about to strike. Jennie sat watching it expectantly. It was a cuckoo clock and on the hour a little bird opened a little brown door at the top of the clock and said, "Cuckoo . . . cuckoo . . . cuckoo . . . cuckoo."

"Four o'clock," said Jennie to no one at all, because there was no one but herself in the kitchen. "It's four o'clock because the cuckoo cuckooed four times. It's a wonder to me," went on Jennie to no one at all, "that that little bird doesn't get tired of cuckooing all the time."

To her surprise the little door at the top of the clock opened again and the little bird said, "Why on earth should I get tired?"

Jennie was so surprised she almost fell from the kitchen chair that she was sitting on. She was so surprised that she didn't answer the question the cuckoo asked of her. So he asked it again. "Why should I get tired cuckooing?"

"Well," said Jennie, "well . . . I . . . well I think I'd get tired if I just stayed in that tiny house of yours all the time except when I came out to tell the time."

The cuckoo bird laughed. "So you think I'm stuck in this little house do you. Ha! That's all you know. I'm not stuck in here at all. I'm never here except when I come out to tell you the time."

Jennie looked at him with disbelief in her eyes. "But where are you then? What's behind that door?"

"All my friends I have met down through the years. There's a pair of steps out of my back door that takes me back to see all my old friends. I was to visit your great-great-great-grandmother between three o'clock and four o'clock today."

"My great-great-great grandmother?" gasped Jennie. And then she looked at him straight in the eye, "Cuckoo, you're fooling me!"

"No, I'm not. I often go down the steps of time to see her. She is one of my best friends. You see, once I saved her birthday cake for her and she has never forgotten it."

Jennie was more than excited now. She had gotten off the kitchen chair and was standing on another one looking right into the face of the bird. "Tell me about it," she said. "Tell me about my great-great-grandmother's birthday cake."

"Well!" said the cuckoo, "it was like this. Her mother had made it when Jennie was to school. Her name was Jennie too, you know. Her mother was going to hide the cake so she took it in to the parlor and put it on top of the organ. Jennie was never allowed in the parlor except on Sundays and this wasn't a Sunday."

"How come you were in the parlor?" asked Jennie if she wasn't allowed in there?"

"Oh, I was a new clock then. I hung in the parlor. I saw Jennie's mother coming with the cake. It was beautiful. It had pink frosting with chocolate roses. And Jennie's name was written on it in chocolate too. It was the loveliest birthday cake I have ever seen. I just kept watching it and watching it, every time I came out to strike the hour. It was midnight, the time I strike twelve that I saw the mouse."

"A mouse?" gasped Jennie.

"Yes, a mouse!" said the cuckoo. "He came down the curtain to the organ top. He saw that birthday cake and he squealed with joy. He was going to eat it. I knew he was. I called to him to go away. But he paid no heed. I knew I must save that cake so I started to cuckoo . . . I cuckooed the midnight hour all over again. I cuckooed one . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . I cuckooed so much that Jennie's mother and her father and all the family woke up and came to see what on earth was the matter. And they saw the mouse. And they caught it. And the cake was saved."

THE woods are full of treasures for you these days. Treasures you can gather now to use when the snow has come. The beautifully colored autumn leaves can be dipped in melted wax and hung in bunches for wall decorations or arranged in clusters on a table. You will be surprised at how many different kinds of leaves you can find in your district for a scrap book. Press them but do not use too much weight, then mount them in your scrap book and label each one carefully. Rose hips can be gathered and used. Thread them on a steel knitting needle, then dip them in melted wax. When they are dry thread them on a fine string to make bracelets and necklaces. Pine cones are falling now. You can dip them lightly in white paint and tie three or four together on a long strand of colored ribbon to hang in a window. Save them for Christmas decorations.

Did you ever print your initials on a ripening tomato? It's just the right time of year to try this out and it's lots of fun. Cut out your initials from thin black paper and paste them on a green tomato that hangs in the sun. When the fruit has ripened cut it from the vines and wash off the paper initials. You will find your initials printed in light green on the red tomato.

"Oh," said Jennie. "That was brave of you—I mean smart."

"Yes, it was," said the cuckoo. "And your great-great-great-grandmother Jennie was so glad that I had saved the cake for her that she and I have always been friends. And so now when I go back down the steps of time behind the clock I always go to see her. And then the cuckoo bent down and looked at the face of the clock.

"My! my!" he said, "Would you look at that? I'll have to go to work again. It's time to strike."

"Cuckoo . . . cuckoo . . . cuckoo . . . cuckoo . . . cuckoo," he chimed.

"Five o'clock," said Jennie. "Where are you going now. The cuckoo didn't answer. He just went inside and closed the door.

Do You Like Invitations?

YOU will be asked out again if you play the game properly and follow the rules.

Most young people like a change: new faces, new places, new ways. So it is a very good idea to learn the secret of good times and many invitations. Here are a few useful tips.

Invitations whether for house visits or for parties should come from the mother of the boy or girl who asks you to visit them. If your friend's mother does not invite you personally and you do not hear a "Mother and I would like you to come" you should ask, "Is it quite all right? Are you sure it will please your mother?"

Go when asked and leave at the time indicated in spite of all urging. If the extent of the visit is not indicated, do not wear your welcome out. Play safe; err on the side of shortness.

Take what you need. Don't have to borrow this and that.

Above all, visit the whole family, even the cat. You may be one person's special guest but remember the whole family has to put up with you if you are not pleasant and interesting to all.

Try to fit in with the family routine. Don't expect to be entertained every minute of the time. Do some entertaining yourself. If you can neither sing, play, nor carry on an interesting conversation, take a few snapshots along with you, or a parlor trick or two.

Don't be a "glued-on" guest. Give the family an occasional breathing spell. Stay in your own room some of the time or get out for a "look around."

Learn to value good fellowship. Put it above parties and frolics and theatre nights and lunches. This was the lesson Jesus taught Martha for fellowship was that "better part" which Mary had chosen and the Master of the art of friendliness insisted that it should not be taken away from her.

Know your own mind. If asked your preference, have one, and express it. It is very disheartening to hear continually, "Oh, I don't know! Well, what do you suggest?" or "I don't care what I do, really" or "Whatever you like suits me."

But once decided, fall in with plans whole-heartedly. If your hostess suggests something, be a willing fitter-in.

Help out all you can, but don't insist on doing things they obviously do not want. Make suggestions and try to be

pieces for sides of rack, one piece for bottom of rack, two pieces for support under foot rest and one for bracket under foot rest.

Attach foot rest board to back of magazine rack 6 inches from bottom. Use round head screws for assembling, also carpenter's glue, if you have it. Now sandpaper all edges and surfaces.

If you used the same kind of wood for all parts, you may stain the piece with oak, walnut or mahogany stain, and let dry. Cover with shellac, when dry smooth with fine sandpaper and polish with wax. If pieces are not the same kind of wood, paint the rack instead of staining it.—C.T.

September

"Oh sweet September rain! I hear it fall upon the garden beds, Freshening the blossoms which begin to wane."—Collins.

YOU are back at school once more; after a summer holiday the year's activities commence. What a lot of changes have taken place in a few short weeks. When the spring term was over, the country was fresh and green, roses were in bloom, and strawberries were ripe. Now, even you have changed. Your bodies are all brown with summer sun, and you have all grown taller and a good deal wiser. The world about you has altered too, for the days are getting shorter and the nights longer and cooler, though we still have some lovely hot days in September. The apples and pears are ripening but flowers are becoming scarce. Golden Rod, Fall Aster and the beautiful blue Gentian are the wild treasures, with the mushrooms making their appearance as the rains come.

Seeds are flying about on Nature's mission, birds are leaving for the south and squirrels storing nuts and seeds for their winter's food. If you keep your eyes open you will notice larvae turning into the cocoon stage, fastening themselves to a wall or under a board for their long winter's sleep. There are so many things of interest to a boy or girl in September. The buds are swelling too, and leaves changing into pretty Autumn tints, until finally, a breeze shakes them loose and they flutter to the ground.

Not only the animal and vegetable kingdom is busy, but the farmer and the housewife too. Mother is rushing around to fill her last jars with fruit, vegetable and fish. In between jobs she gathers seeds from the garden for next year; she dries her herbs and pulls up onions, while the men folk on the farm work from daylight till, yes, sometimes moonlight, haying or threshing.

September is a busy and a happy month!

I like these two lines of John Keats. They seem to fit September so well.

"Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find Thee sitting careless on the granary floor."—Effie Butler.

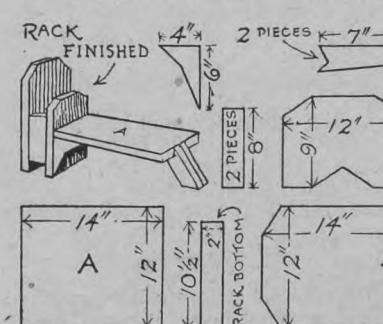
Uses for Birch Bark

I AM passing on some information that I have inherited from my relatives.

Dried birch bark has many uses such as book marks, album covers, and even picture frames.

If you can get bark big enough to cover the pages of an album, then get refill sheets (they are cheap), decorate the cover and you have a dandy album that everyone will admire. Autograph albums are very cute too, if made this way. To make an address book get refill sheets of any ring-style book (at stationary stores) and, instead of the rings, use an attractive ribbon; then you have a nice gift.

As picture frames get the bark a little larger than the picture that you intend to frame, paste the picture to the bark, lay some glass over it, fasten it with cellophane tape or picture binding, and get ready to listen to your friends ask for it to keep as a souvenir. There are many uses for this bark because it is so attractive, and always so appreciated as a gift and a good money maker.—Harvey Helm, Ebenezer, Sask.



A FEW pieces of scrap lumber, some round head screws, a can of paint or varnish stain, and presto!—a magazine rack and foot rest that will add considerably to your reputation as the family carpenter.

The boards must all be of the same thickness, $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch or 1-inch. Hard wood, oak, maple, birch or walnut is best if you can get it. Cut a piece 14 inches by 12 inches wide for the foot rest, one piece as shown for back of foot rest, another for back of magazine rack, two

Ad. Index

Apart from giving Guide readers a ready reference to items advertised in this issue, the coupon below may be used to order literature, samples, etc., offered our readers, by our advertisers. Advertisers offering literature, samples, etc., are numbered at the left and these numbers should be used in the coupon. Where stamps, labels, etc., are required an "X" appears alongside the number. The ad. itself will tell you what to send.

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THE COUNTRY GUIDE, September, 1945
Winnipeg, Man.

From the items numbered I have selected the following in which I am interested in the literature, etc., offered.

Name.....

P.O.....

Prov.....

Numbers..... Please print plainly.

STRAIGHT FROM THE GRASS ROOTS



A READER read, in last month's Time Marches Past, that Great Britain and Northern Ireland are now under a Labor government. He points out that Northern Ireland has a parliament of its own. Very true. So have the Canadian provinces governments of their own. But they, and it, have strictly limited powers. Northern Ireland sends 13 members to the Imperial House of Commons. True, they have not all been warming seats in Westminster. Back in 1935 Mr. Mulvey and Mr. Cunningham were elected in Fermanagh and Tyrone respectively. But they didn't like the British parliament. They refused to take their seats. They were known as the Abstentionists, and didn't seem to want the \$2,400 annual indemnities. But this year they were again elected and their constituents suggested to them that they could give parliament more trouble by attending than by staying away. And so, when parliament opened on August 21, the two ghost members from Fermanagh and Tyrone showed up and took the seats that had been empty for ten years.

* * *

THE new hired man was advanced in years and hard of hearing. The farmer asked him to harness up the mule that had been shod. Later he found his man busy behind the barn with a shovel "Did you say shod?" the hired man asked. "I thought you said shot. I'm just buryin' her."

* * *

A MERCHANT up the line was asked what the prospects were for wild berries this year. He looked mournful. "Not so good," he replied, "and I am not taking any orders. One of my best raspberry pickers got a family allowance check for \$53 last month, and she tells me that she and her family are through picking berries for all time."

Who shall blame her? The girls in her large family would ruin their silk stockings picking berries. To heck with the berries.—Dauphin Herald.

* * *

HARRY WESTLY, who works in the parliament buildings in Regina, wasn't going to admit that the name of his province couldn't be worked into a rhyme so, while eating lunch in the restaurant of the building, he "thunk up" this one:

There was a young man of Saskatchewan,

The seat of whose trousers had patches on;

If you asked him for why,
He would neatly reply,

Its the natural place to scratch matches on.

* * *

SINCE the last issue we have received quite a number of those Limping Limerick lines, but the subject seems to have about worked itself out. Here is something of a variation on the theme, sent in by Mrs. Sylvia Broeckel, of Star City, Sask., which will do to close the matter.

A sturdy young lad of Saskatchewan,
Had no ducks, so he thought that he'd
hatch a one,
Soon a small ball of fluff
Roiled the watering trough;
"Get out!" cried the lad, "or I'll bat you one."

ALL the way from Smith's Falls, Ont., comes a freak potato, sent by F. B. Phillips. It is a withered specimen of last year's vintage but instead of growing long shoots, it produced, within its own body, a small potato a little larger than a pigeon's egg and several others about the size of beans. It apparently hadn't been planted but it was not going to be cheated of the privilege of reproducing its own kind on that account. It went right ahead and reproduced viviparously, as some insects do. For the benefit of those who haven't been to college that big word means giving birth to living young.

* * *

WHEN a gobbler belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Joe Linnen, of Dafoe, showed signs of becoming broody, they considered it a joke but when he persisted, they obliged him by giving him eighteen hens' eggs to cover, says the Wynyard Advance. Owing to his weight, clumsiness or inexperience he broke most of them, but tried to keep up his number by pulling under him any eggs that were laid in the manger where he was sitting. When the turkey hens hatched their young and were put out on free range, it was thought he would leave his nest and join them, but he persisted in what he regarded as his duty, and at last hatched one chick!

* * *



FROM Killarney, Man. (of all places), comes this (almost) unbelievable story of the (acknowledged) fertility of the soil there: When a citizen of this district wishes to excavate a basement he merely plants a hill of potatoes on the chosen site. In our fertile soil the potatoes grow so fast, and so large, that they crowd each other out of the hill. Then the said citizen rolls up his sleeves, pours a little concrete and (presto) he has a basement. Don't bother me for more details. I'm busy planting parsnips to serve as transmission line towers for the Manitoba Power Commission.—D. M. Arbuthnott.

* * *

WE have a letter from Mrs. F. W. Simpson, of Glenora, Man., telling of the seven Lawrence brothers who came west from 1879 to 1881. Only one survives, but their ages reached an impressive total. J. H. lived to be 84; William, 85; Noble, 88; George, 69; T. L., 85; C.G., 71, and the youngest, John is now 80. The combined ages of the seven brothers therefore is 562 years, an average of over 80.

* * *

CLIFF on Embarkation Leave is the title the Rasmussens of Magrath, Alberta, give to this portrait. It shows a lot of young man and a very small parcel of horse flesh. The young man, Clifford Miller, went overseas and the colt grew up, though not very far. Grace Rasmussen took the snapshot. It is emphasized that this is not a trick photograph. We are charged with publishing some tricky ones in this pair of columns, which the same we are free to admit.



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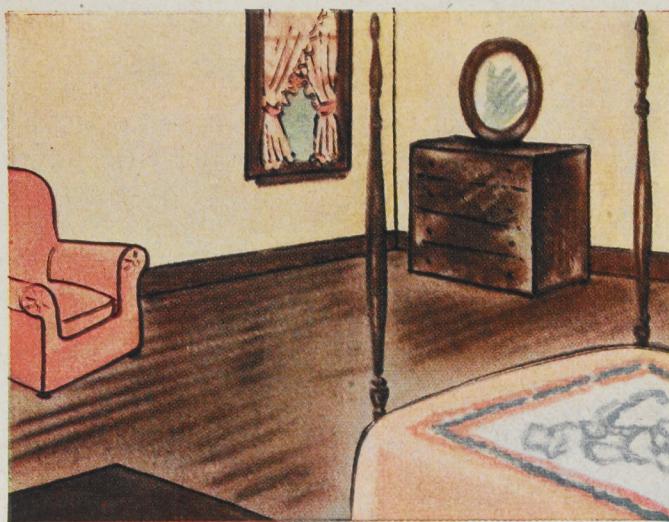
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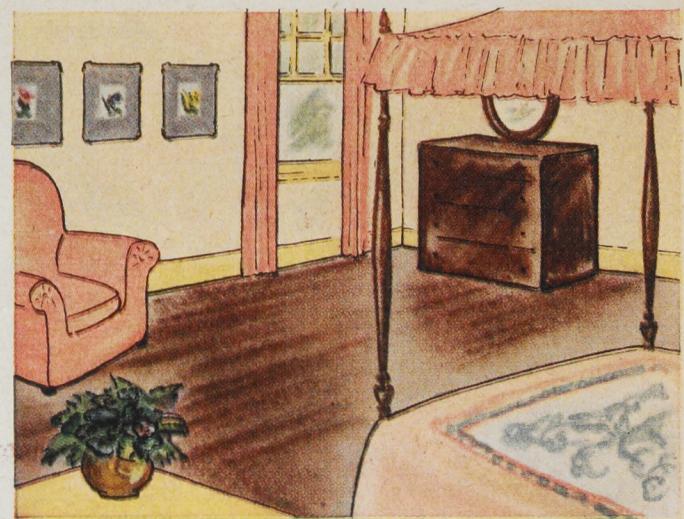
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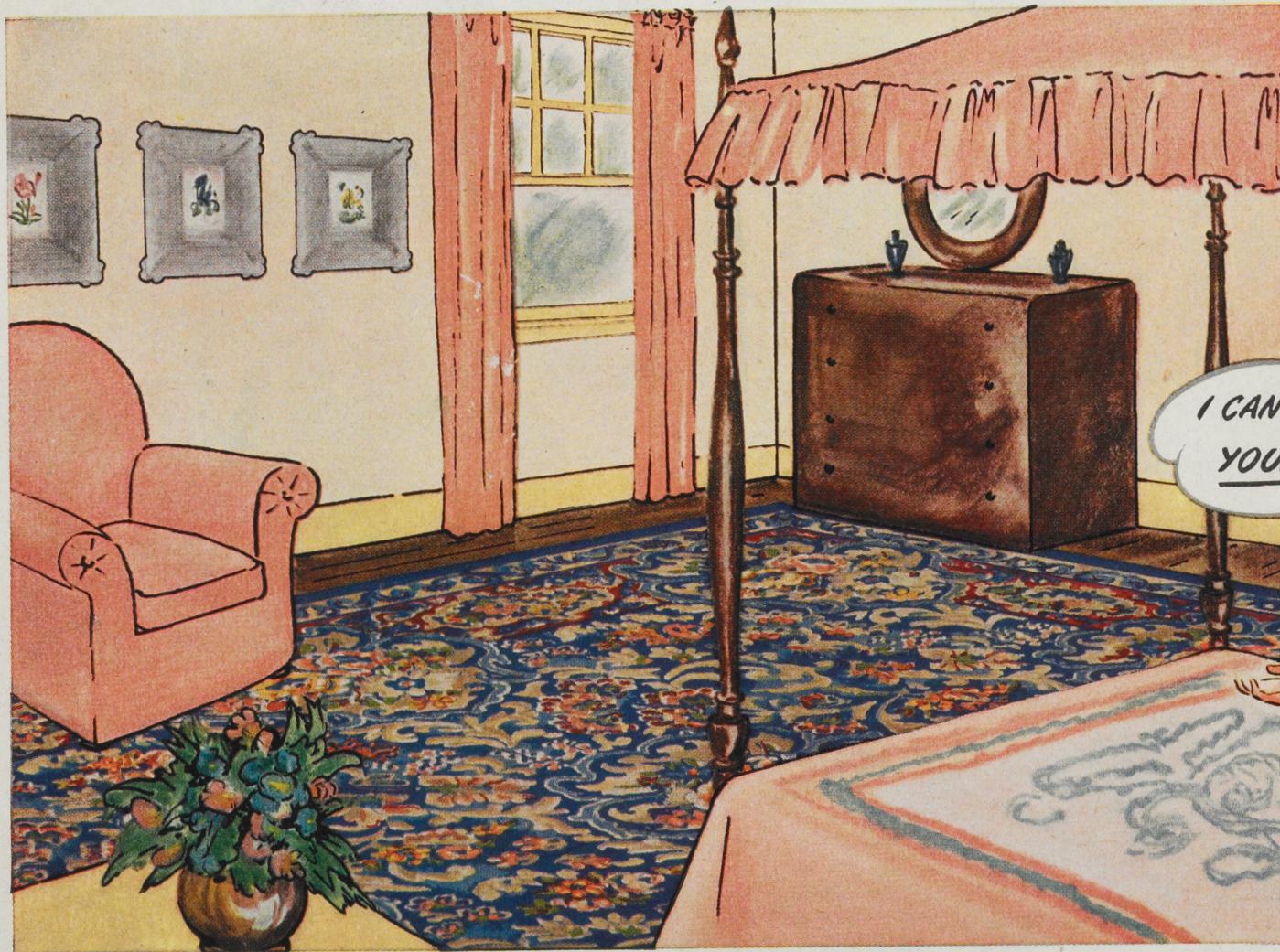
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